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*"I Remember"*

RECOLLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES  
OF ALMA MATER

*Other Books by the Same Author*

REVERIES IN RHYME

A GUIDE TO BIBLE STUDY

RUTH

MARCHING MEN OF METHODISM

WHEN CROSS ROADS CROSS AGAIN

OLD TESTAMENT DRAMAS

BISHOP'S CRUSADE PAGEANTS

HOLIDAYS AND HOLY DAYS

# *"I Remember"*

RECOLLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES  
OF ALMA MATER

*By*

HERSEY EVERETT SPENCE

*Durham, N. C.*

THE SEEMAN PRINTERY · INCORPORATED

1954

378.756

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*Because I admired, respected, esteemed and loved him, and  
Because I believe that many thousands of Duke alumni and friends  
share my feelings;  
I affectionately dedicate this book to the memory of*

DOCTOR ROBERT LEE FLOWERS  
("Professor Bobby")

SOMETIME PROFESSOR, SECRETARY, TREASURER, VICE-PRESIDENT,  
PRESIDENT AND CHANCELLOR OF  
DUKE UNIVERSITY

*In all educational history few men have ever held so many  
prominent positions in a great university.*



## Foreword

This is not an autobiography. Neither is it a history of Trinity College and Duke University. It is an attempt to relate, in simple and straightforward language, my experiences, observations, recollections and reminiscences in connection with my Alma Mater. I shall not undertake to write in formal fashion or observe the niceties of the professional writer's technique. There will be no stiff reference to the author or use of indirect discourse. I shall write in the first person the things *I* heard, *I* saw, *I* experienced.

Two obvious difficulties confront me. First, there will always be the danger that the things I think interesting and/or amusing may not strike the reader as such. Second, I shall run the risk of leaving the impression that I thought Trinity and Duke did not have much of a history outside of that part in which I participated. I might be compared to Bacon's fly that sat on the axle-tree of a chariot wheel and said: "What a dust I do raise!"

It perhaps should be mentioned that I had every opportunity to observe and take part in the majority of the events which occurred at my Alma Mater during the past fifty years. As a student I meddled in everybody's business—faculty and student body. As a teacher I continued that practice although with more justification. Upon my return to Trinity in 1918 for the second time, President Few called me to his office and gave me a "Kibitzer" card. He extended to me the privilege of coming to his office without appointment as often as I desired. If he had no previous engagements he would see me gladly. He also invited me to criticize any policy, or anything which occurred on the campus, provided the criticism was constructive. I, perhaps, over-used the card and abused the privilege. Upon President Few's death, I offered to surrender the card to President Flowers, but he urged me to keep and use it as I had done during Dr. Few's regime. Again I offered to surrender the card when Dr. Edens became President. He suggested that I continue to hold it. I have used it only slightly since he came.

In addition to my kibitzer privileges, I was for twenty years a member of one of the most difficult committees, that on Honorary degrees, and thus was kept in close touch with the thinking of the Administration. For nearly fifteen years I was a member of a most vexing and difficult committee, the Church Board, and was considered somewhat of a representative of the Administration in that committee. On many other committees and at many other times I have been delegated with the responsibility of speaking for the Administration. In fact, I think that some persons considered me the Administration's "stooge." Out of fairness both to the Administration and myself, I will state that in all those years I was never "instructed" but was always left free to use my own judgment. When I made that statement recently, some one said: "Oh, they knew you were mean enough to do what they wanted done without telling you to do it." Only once in thirty years was I told what to do and I didn't do that.

I always seemed to be the confidant of all factions. When I became a professor, the faculty talked to me about the administration and the students. The Administration talked to me about the faculty and students. The students talked to me about the Administration and the faculty. The alumni talked to me about all three, and the whole crowd talked about me. So I am in a reasonably good position to give a fairly complete picture of the life of my Alma Mater.

I repeat that this is no attempt to write a history. Nor is it, in any respect, a thesis. In due time, some one will write one or more which, it is to be hoped, may equal the excellence of the one written by Dr. Nora C. Chaffin: *Trinity College, 1839-1892*, the Duke University Press. But this is far less complete and of a more personal nature. One thing I hope to accomplish, in addition to giving some snap-shots of the life of the institution: I hope to pay tribute to some of the outstanding personalities who have contributed so much to the success of the institution and who have been mentioned only in their obituaries. Presidents will have their biographies written, as is proper, but the men whose faithful labor and unexcelled ability made these presidents successful, will remain unnoticed unless I, or some other writer, give them the credit they so rightly deserve. With this explanation I present my book to the public.

Indebtedness is hereby acknowledged to many friends who kindly assisted me by reminding me of incidents which I might otherwise have forgotten. I am especially indebted to Dr. Charles E. Jordan and my Wife, Bessie Whitted Spence, for reading my manuscript and offering valuable suggestions as to its contents.

H. E. SPENCE

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RECOLLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES  
OF ALMA MATER



## CHAPTER I

# *Prologue Ad Interim*

Dr. Nora Chaffin's thesis, *Trinity College 1839-1892*, brings the account of the development of Trinity College only to the year 1892. My account of personal experiences at the institution will begin with the year 1903. Hence, there are eleven years of very important history which are not covered by Miss Chaffin and which do not properly lie within the scope of my book. These are among the most momentous days of the institution, and I feel justified in giving a brief chapter undertaking to chronicle something of the events of these days. Though I was not in Durham at that time, I have made investigations by personal conferences and by research in the files of the *Trinity Archive* and the Durham papers. I have also gained much of my information by the "hear-say" route.

In the year 1890, Dr. J. S. Bassett, in connection with a dozen other students, founded the "9019," a secret patriotic and scholarship society. For many years it continued as one of the outstanding forces in the formation of the life of Trinity College. One of the most important contributions which it made to the college and the entire section was the establishment of the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, the high standard of excellence of which has placed it high among the reviews and magazines of the nation. Dr. Bassett was one of the prime movers in the establishment of the magazine.

The "9019" not only encouraged a high standard of scholarship, but it stood for patriotism, gentility of character, high morals, and good citizenship. Its avowed purpose was to stimulate interest in learning and strive to develop a high type of citizenship which would devote itself to the promotion of the welfare of the South. With as beautiful a ritual as could be imagined, with an oath of fealty which might have well inspired the knights of King Arthur's Round Table, its members were urged to do all that lay within their power to promote the true, the beautiful, and the good. Never shall I forget the night I took its sacred vows. Standing before a candle-lit altar I received the oath from that scholarly gentleman, Professor W. F. Gill. He gave us this charge: "The purpose of this organization is to see

that all possible shall be done to promote the interests of Trinity College and the South without any regard as to who gets the credit for it. It is your solemn duty to assume this obligation." I have remembered the charge many times in the ensuing years and have tried to live up to it. Later, I was initiated into a fraternity, a part of whose ritual consisted of placing the candidate in a quiet dark room for a half-hour's meditation, at the end of which period he was asked to quote his favorite poem. I quoted some lines learned from Whittier but stressed by the "9019":

"Others shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong,  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fail of win:

"What matter, I or they?  
Mine or another's day?  
So the right word he said,  
And life the sweeter made."

The pin of this mysterious fraternity was not only beautiful but sacred to its possessors. One of its peculiar charms was its use in the place of an engagement ring. A man was allowed to give it to his only true love as an emblem of their betrothal. One member violated its principles by giving a pin to two girls at the same time. His brothers resented this so bitterly that years later, when he came up as a candidate for Phi Beta Kappa, he was blackballed by some members who had been in the old "9019" and remembered his perfidy with regard to the misuse of the pin.

From the standpoint of the general public, one of the most interesting things which happened in this interim was the abolition of football. The game had made a great place for itself on the campus and throughout the state and South. It was brought to Trinity by President Crowell, who coached the earlier teams. In a few years, interest had grown to where enthusiasm was at white heat. A North Carolina State Football Association was formed with the Big Three, Trinity, the University of North Carolina, and Wake Forest. General rules and agreements governing the conduct of the sport were drawn up. The earlier games were exciting. Some of the scores were so small that they sounded like baseball scores. One game ended with the score 6 to 4. The extreme of high scores was also to be noted. Trinity defeated the University of Tennessee by the lop-sided score of 70 to 0. Even worse was the defeat administered to Furman. This game finally ended Trinity 96, Furman 0. The Trinity team scored so often and so fast that at one stage of the game the referee noticed that Furman had only ten men on the field. The captain was discovered leaning

against his own goal post. When ordered to come on down and get into the game he replied: "No thanks. They'll be here again in a couple of minutes. I'll just wait for them here."

There were the usual beefings and complaints of poor refereeing, unfair playing, ineligible students, and the like. On one occasion Trinity forfeited the game at the half to the University of Virginia. The reason offered was that the referee was cheating them. They claimed that on every play the Virginia team was either offside or held the Trinity players. The referee admitted seeing the faults but refused to do anything about it, so the team walked off the field. During a game with Virginia, a Virginia player persisted in slugging the later distinguished Plato Durham in the face. Durham reported the matter to the referee and asked for protection. The referee sneeringly said: "Take care of yourself, cry-baby." Plato said: "Do you mean that, sir?" "Yes," sneered the referee. When the ball was snapped the next time, the player came rushing into Plato wide open. The latter took one long stride forward to gain momentum and caught the man on the point of the chin. The game was delayed five minutes until the player could be brought back to consciousness.

The usual complaints were made about the ineligibility of players as well as the bad decisions of the referees. After one game played against Wake Forest, which Trinity won rather easily, the Wake Forest group complained of both the referees and the players. An enthusiastic sports writer in the *Archive* retorted with the statement that Wake Forest always found fault with the refereeing when her team lost, but never if it won. The writer also undertook to justify the playing of every participant. He declared that the captain of the Trinity team had presented a paper guaranteeing the status of the players. Among those he named as being bona fide was Whitaker, the great center. I suspect the Wake Forest man had some ground for his quarrel. It is commonly reported that Whitaker was the station agent down at the Southern Railway. His name does not appear in any Trinity Catalogue as a student nor did he ever have a grade recorded so far as I can discover. But it cannot be doubted that he was an amateur. The boys on that team not only played for nothing, but they had to furnish their own equipment. He certainly was playing for the fun of playing.

There were great celebrations in connection with the games. An *Archive* account tells that on one occasion the Trinity students had an entire railway coach set aside for their use and gaily decorated. Fifty students went on this special coach to Raleigh, where Trinity played Wake Forest. A delegation of University men were there and matched Trinity yell for yell. And such yells! Below I give the official yell for each team in the Big Three:

- U. N. C.:      Rah—Rah—Rah,  
                   White and Blue,  
                   Vive la, Vive la,  
                   N. C. U.
- Wake Forest:    Rah—rah—rah  
                   We are—we are  
                   Wake Forest.
- Trinity:        Rah, rah, rah,  
                   Hip whoopee,  
                   Fizz boom tiger  
                   Hip hurrah, hip hurrah,  
                   Trinity

College songs were scarce and of poor quality also. The main one for Trinity seemed to be a parody on an old hymn and sung to the tune of "Hold the Fort."

See Tom Daniels fairly flying,  
 'Round the end he goes;  
 The University men are crying,  
 Hark ye to their woes.

*Chorus:*

Hold the fort, Maytubby's coming,  
 Breaking through the line,  
 After him the team is coming.  
 Don't they do it fine?

One piece of prose written concerning the young woman who sponsored the Banquet, or who was the queen of that Banquet, is so poetical as almost to make up for the mediocrity of the yells and song. Someone described her thus: "Cream and roses for a complexion; two amethysts for eyes, under a forehead like a snowdrift; an indescribably pretty mouth, the very mother of kisses." As Artemus Ward used to say: "I call that air rite purty." I wonder if anyone living today can identify this indescribable beauty. Perhaps she herself may read these lines.

Opposition to the game gradually developed throughout the state. Complaints were made that the game was too rough. It probably was, with the old "flying wedge" formation. In answer that some students had been killed while playing the game, and, therefore, it ought to be abolished, the Editor of the *Archive* responded with the information that a student had become frantic over examinations and killed himself because of them. He advocated that examinations should be abolished along with football. President Crowell wrote a lengthy article defending the game and hailing it as one of the greatest of morale

builders. But the opposition mounted. The Western North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Church passed resolutions declaring that it would not support Trinity financially if it continued the barbarous sport.

It is not quite clear just what was the final "straw that broke the camel's back." Rumor had it that the final decision to abolish the sport came about after a game in which President Kilgo and Professor Flowers were grossly insulted at a neighboring institution. It is not certain as to whether or not the offenders were students, but a group of persons are said to have shaken their money close under the noses of these two gentlemen and in obscene and profane language dared them to bet on their team. Almost indescribable epithets were heaped upon them if they were too yellow to back their team. Football was discontinued intercollegiately but was allowed as a campus sport between classes until the second year of my college life. Trinity put out some splendid class teams and repeated demands were made for the renewal of intercollegiate football. Then one day a student broke an arm or leg, and President Kilgo forbade any further participation whatever in the sport. The temper of the student body was not improved by the fact that the injured student was the son of one of President Kilgo's closest friends. This may not have entered into the picture at all, but students will think—and talk.

The coming of President Kilgo was probably the greatest event which happened during these years. In fact, it is perhaps as great an event as ever happened at the institution. For I frankly and sincerely believe that, had it not been for John C. Kilgo, there would never have been a Duke University. He will appear again and again in these pages. Here let me say that he was one of the greatest personalities I have ever known and one of the most puzzling enigmas. He was strong, dominating, overbearing, fierce, resentful, relentless, kind, gentle, gracious, affable, courteous, and friendly. Through his work and his overwhelming personality, he attracted the attention of the whole country to Trinity College and commanded the interest of the Dukes long before Duke University was ever thought of.

Dr. Kilgo came to Durham in 1894 and remained President of Trinity College for sixteen years. During that time it made a name for itself throughout the nation. His coming was hailed with gladness. At his inauguration Dr. E. A. Yates, who introduced him, closed his introduction with the exhortation, "Kilgo, go slay." He almost literally did just that. No man ever caused more disturbance in a state than did he. I suppose no one will ever know the whole story of the quarrel which developed between him and certain outstanding religious and civic leaders of the state. It was commonly supposed that the chief struggle was between him and Judge Walter Clark and that this

was back of the whole regrettable incident known as the Kilgo-Gattis Controversy. For years a damage suit against President Kilgo and Mr. B. N. Duke was bandied about in the courts, only at last to be thrown out as not meriting further consideration. But the damage had been done. The Methodists of the state lined up on either side and the hurt done to the cause of Methodism and religious education was incalculable. For fifty years this unpleasant controversy hampered the work of Methodism in North Carolina. My own judgment is that it has cost Methodism in this state a hundred thousand adherents. It brought about a coolness between the advocates of state-supported education and the Trinity-Duke group which is slow in disappearing. Why this should have centered around President Kilgo is not quite clear. President Braxton Craven had made perhaps more definite attacks upon state-supported education than did Dr. Kilgo. But the controversy was state-wide in the latter case. In fact, it became the knowledge of the common people and was not restricted to academic circles. One little Negro boy was named Kilgo Gattis Controversy Jones. I had the good fortune to have Judge Clark as a member of my first congregation and learned to know him well. Knowing him as I did—fine, honorable, well-meaning and conscientious—it would be hard for me to imagine that he did not fully believe in the righteousness of his cause. I could say the same thing for my beloved friend and president, Dr. Kilgo. I am sure that they were both thoroughly convinced that they were right and were actuated by the highest motives in all their conduct. It is to be regretted that the old prejudice has not entirely died away. What a kindness it would be to the memory of these two great men if their respective adherents would forget their differences in the assurance that both were probably partly right and partly wrong.

One further incident connected with Dr. Kilgo during this period will illustrate something of his pride and also his good sportsmanship. He was right much of a busy-body when it came to nosing around in student affairs. The lights were turned off at eleven o'clock in those days. The appearance of a light in a room after that hour frequently indicated that a card game or some other forbidden activity was in progress. One night a group of boys were indulging in a little card game when they were startled by a knock on the door. One of the boys called out: "Grease your stomach (although he used the coarser equivalent) and slip under the door." The knocking continued. The boy asked: "Who's there?" "It's me, President Kilgo," a stern voice replied, "and I demand immediate entrance." "It's a d— lie," the boy replied. "President Kilgo is an educated man. He would have said 'It is I.' You can't pull that stuff on us." Whether the President was ashamed to admit his grammatical blunder or whether he was

good enough sport to appreciate the boy's come-back is not known. But he slipped away quietly and the poker game continued.

The boy in question was said to be the later distinguished Colonel John D. Langston, outstanding soldier, lawyer, churchman and politician, one of Duke's most prominent alumni. He was one of the charter members of the Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity at Trinity. Colonel Langston was the principal speaker at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of this fraternity at Duke. I was acting as toastmaster and told this story on him. I said that I did not know who the others were but that perhaps the Colonel might tell us. When he arose to speak he told the assembly that Professor Spence need not be nervous, he would not give him away. I wasn't there the night of the game but the group thought I was. The Colonel is still quick on the come-back.

## CHAPTER II

### *School Days — Trinity, Here I Come!*

I was in my early teens when I first heard of Trinity College. The section of the state from which I came (the part north of the Albemarle Sound and east of the Chowan River) was within the bounds of the Virginia Methodist Conference. Naturally, our ministers were Randolph-Macon men. I think there was one Wake Forest man in my county. I was the first Camden County man ever to enroll in Trinity College. Nearly all of the outstanding professional men, other than the ministers, were alumni of the University of North Carolina. My own uncle, Dr. J. H. Pool, was an alumnus of the University. He urged my father to send me to Carolina but father insisted that if I were to be a minister, I ought to attend my church college. I have often wondered how much I wouldn't have liked Trinity had I gone to Carolina.

How I ever managed to get to college at all, I shall never know. We were miserably poor. I was the youngest child in the family and both profited and suffered by that fact. I profited by it in that I was a spoiled little "brat" who was petted and helped by everyone else in the family. I suffered in that I was the last child to leave home, and since my parents depended upon my help until I was a grown man, I could not get away to school earlier. I was not allowed to attend public school until I was ten years of age. However, my older sister tutored me and my father and mother also taught me all that I would learn. When I was two and a half years of age, father bought me a First Reader which I learned to read within a few weeks. I then taught the alphabet to my sister and my foster-sister, both two years older than I, at that same age. Reading easily at four and having mastered the greater part of the story of the Bible as a very small child, I was something of a "wonder child" in my community. When I reached Trinity College, I learned that my fame had preceded me in a very exaggerated form. Clarence Pugh, a student from my section of the state, pointed me out as the fellow who could read newspapers before he could walk and who crawled across the floor to the table, pulled the newspaper off and sat down on the floor to read it. It did not

take the College long to whittle me down to the proper size. Years later when I took my young bride home for the first time, she said: "Daddy Spence, I want to ask you one question: was my husband as smart as they said he was when he was a little boy? I know you'll tell me the truth." Father replied: "Yes, daughter, I think all they told about him was true." Looking straight at me she asked this disconcerting question: "With that good a start, how does it happen that you didn't get any farther than you did?" I don't know the answer to that one yet.

My ability to learn easily was probably responsible for the fact that I picked up a great deal of knowledge without benefit of the schools. There was no high school in Camden County at that time. I did not attend any school, except such as were held in one-room school houses and conducted six months or less at the time, before I went to college. I had access to good libraries and read voluminously. All of the Classics were familiar to me as a boy. I feel sure that I read more standard English and American Literature before I entered college than the average English major does during his entire scholastic career. I had private tutoring in mathematics and Latin. A fine young teacher saw my eagerness to get an education and volunteered to "hear my lessons" every Saturday afternoon free of charge. At night and during the noon hour while the horses were eating, I studied and reported to him each Saturday afternoon. My debt to him is immeasurable. His name was Edward T. Burgess. I think he is still living. I also studied Latin grammar at odd moments, frequently when I was helping my aged mother fix breakfast. I learned every section of Allen and Greenough's Latin grammar almost literally by heart. In my college years I never failed to be able to give the rule governing any exception or special situation in Latin. I learned it the hard way.

After I heard of Trinity, I was obsessed with the idea of attending it. My constant talking about it irritated my father so much that he told me one day if I got to be a good bookkeeper I would do about as well as I could hope for. I flared back: "I expect to graduate from Trinity College before I die." He wished me well but said there was little he could do about it. When I was almost grown, he helped me to get a five months' school to teach and allowed me to stay at home at his expense so that I could save all my money. I cleared one hundred and twenty-five dollars. This was the entire amount of money at my disposal during my freshman year, with one exception. Father sent me twenty-five dollars during the spring term. I wondered where he got it. It was with real heartache that I learned that he had sold their only cow and sent me the money. What sacrifices parents will make for their children!

About a year before I came to Trinity I learned that its President, Dr. John C. Kilgo, was to dedicate City Road Methodist Church in

Elizabeth City, which was about three hours' drive from my home. A friend offered to carry me to the city to hear him. There I heard a most eloquent sermon by the man who was to mean so much to me in the after years. A few months later, I went to Hertford to a district conference. When I got on the train at Elizabeth City, I found Dr. Kilgo and others on the train going to this conference. I introduced myself to him and told him I hoped to be able to go to Trinity some day. He was very cordial and urged me to come if at all possible.

In September of that year, 1903, I took my one hundred and twenty-five dollars and a few clothes and set out for Durham. Bear in mind that I had never seen a high school and had picked up such information as I could mostly by private tutoring in spare moments. Trinity Park School was the first high school I ever saw. My first night in Durham was spent in its dormitory. I was afraid I couldn't enter college and did not want to be humiliated by having to move from the college to the high school. The next morning I went over to the college office and asked to see President Kilgo. When I entered his office, he stared straight through me for a moment and then said: "Don't bother to tell me. You're the boy that spoke to me between Elizabeth City and Hertford." I admitted that I was. He said: "Well, you're too old to start to high school now. I think you had better try it here and see what you can do." He then called in the proper committee and told the members that I was to be admitted without examinations, credits, high school diploma, or anything else. I entered literally on trial and managed to stay it through. When I reached home at Christmas time, a friend of mine inquired: "Did you enter the high school or college?" Proudly I replied: "The college." His next question floored me: "How long will you have to go there before you can enter the high school?" What a let down!

I wasn't at Trinity long before I began to wonder if I were wise in undertaking to study on the college level. I had not done a great deal of work in algebra and found mathematics rather difficult. The first assignment which Professor Flowers gave the class was thirteen pages of original problems in quadratic equations. Not knowing then that college teachers give an unreasonable assignment in the hope of getting a little out of the pupils, I took him seriously and undertook to work the whole assignment. At the end of hours of hard work I had solved only seven problems. Thoroughly discouraged I wandered down to the gymnasium for a bit of exercise and a bath. As I came out from the shower a friendly student looked up from paring his toenails and said, "Howdy." I replied to his salutation. He then asked: "How are ye gittin' on?" All of my homesick, discouraged feelings boiled over, and I told him I wasn't getting along at all. I had jumped in over my head and wasn't able to do the work. I thought I would quit and go home. He wanted to know what my trouble

seemed to be and I told him about my inability to work my algebra. I had only worked seven problems. He said: "I am taking that work, too." I asked him how many he had worked and he replied: "I ain't worked nary one yet." I said: "What are you going to do about it?" He told me that he was going to stay on and keep on trying. I resolved right there that if he could stay on "nary" a problem, I could stay on seven. So I took heart and kept on at work. Weeks later I discovered that the fellow was the College Fool. He had been there three years and had not finished the work of the freshman class. In fact he was taking full freshman work after having been there three years. In those days students were so scarce that a man would be allowed to remain in college as long as he showed any signs of progress, even if he were not a good athlete. This boy stayed on three more years without ever completing the work of the freshman class. The only time he was ever known to hurry in all those years was the night when the boys at Mrs. White's Boarding House put croton oil in his coffee. He quickened his pace slightly at that time. I am still grateful to him for his encouragement.

If I had known just what a delightful teacher my mathematics professor would prove to be, I would not have been so blue. The next time I went on class I discovered one of the most affable, interested and interesting teachers I have ever known. That old mathematics room is quite clear in memory even as I write. The blackboard was built around practically the entire room. A natty, neat, good-looking, smiling man appeared and put everyone at ease in a moment. After greeting the class he assigned problems to as many students as could work at the board. Then he would take a piece of chalk and in almost a continuous walk, so swiftly did he work, he went from student to student, offering suggestions, encouraging those who were perplexed, and actually working practically the entire assignment before our very eyes. If ever there were a mathematical magician, Professor R. L. Flowers was one. We went from his classroom with a feeling of renewed confidence, good cheer, and with a real devotion to our teacher.

And so I met Trinity and it met me. My very first recitation in English literature was inspiring enough to keep me going these fifty years. That matchless and incomparable teacher, Dr. Edwin Mims, was my English Professor. The class had been instructed to prepare Tennyson's *Ulysses* and to memorize the closing lines. Dr. Mims had a style all his own. With his musical whine he encouraged, teased, taunted, shamed, and bragged on his pupils. Dull, indeed, was the student whom Dr. Mims could not inspire. As a definite part of that first recitation, he had us repeat the closing lines from *Ulysses* in concert. We went from that room feeling that we were indeed venturing upon a new enterprise. While I taught English at Trinity I followed

his example and started my pupils off with that poem. The lines required to be memorized read:

“Come, my friends  
’Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
Tho’ much is taken, much abides; and tho’  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.”

Every freshman went from that room inspired. All of Dr. Mims’ pupils were encouraged to memorize those lines and make them a life’s motto. At our Fortieth Anniversary a few years ago, with some of us old and weak, and others sitting at the banquet table literally dying by inches, the reuniting members of the Class of 1907 recited that poem together with as much vim and eagerness as if they were expecting to live forever.

While I am writing about Dr. Mims, I may as well pay him a just tribute now. I have never known a man who tried harder to inspire his students than did he. Not only in the class room, but on the campus and in the halls, he was ever on the alert to discover some new interest for them or some new capacity in them. He was truly “a friend to those who would live in the spirit.” A staunch friend, a great teacher, a versatile scholar, he was almost in a class by himself in his ability to inspire and instruct students. I took all of the work he ever gave at Trinity, on both the undergraduate and graduate level. He was wonderful in every class and at every stage of teaching. The suggestion that he might have been more of an inspirer than a scholar is not well based. Fortunately for his students he did not allow his scholarship to dim his vision or dull his enthusiasm, but he had profound scholarship. He was one of the few men I ever knew who could mix learning and enthusiasm, almost approaching rapture, and get both across to his students. Nor was his interest in the students limited to the classroom. He exerted a far-reaching religious influence upon them also. He encouraged debating, preaching, writing, and every other form of wholesome activity.

Dr. Mims, however, was only one of a number of remarkable young instructors who formed the faculty of Trinity College. Many of them made great names for themselves in the educational world. Two—Doctors W. P. Few and Robert L. Flowers—became Presidents of Duke University. Dr. John Spencer Bassett attained a great reputation as a historian and writer of textbooks. Professors Albert M. Webb, William I. Cranford, Charles W. Edwards, and W. F. Gill became teachers of great distinction at Trinity and Duke. Dr. William H. Wannamaker was on leave of absence during my first year but came back later to become one of my greatest teachers. His work as instructor and administrator at Duke is hard to evaluate properly. Dr. W. H. Glasson was also outstanding as a teacher and official. The inimitable "Cap" Card, the soft-manner Librarian, Mr. J. P. Breedlove, and the genial treasurer, D. W. Newsom, rounded out a group of men who were respected and beloved by the students. More will be written about some of them later. Dr. Plato T. Durham and Professor Arthur H. Merritt were also on the staff, but I did not have the privilege of studying under either of them. Dr. Durham later made a great name for himself at Emory University. Professor Merritt was rated among the most popular teachers at Trinity.

To me the campus was very impressive. At the front was the Washington Duke Building with its great bell tower. This tower had been the source of a great deal of trouble when the building was erected. It fell down several times before it was finally made permanent and secure. When the building burned several years later, this tower was almost indestructible. It required nearly a score of blastings with dynamite to raze it.

The Main Building, as it was called, was a combination building. On the first floor were located the literary society halls, the library, the book room, the administration offices, the women's parlor, and several classrooms. The second floor contained a lavatory, and a half dozen classrooms. The top floor was turned over entirely to the students for rooming quarters. A large stairway went from first floor to third. On the first night in April it was traditional for upper classmen to spread theater powder across these steps about half way up the staircase and set it afire, then give the fire alarm to the terror of the freshmen who were not onto the gag. I remember how terrified I was when the alarm was given. Jumping out of bed, I ran down the hall clad only in a long nightshirt, wearing my new derby hat, and pulling my old trunk behind me. Over in the Inn, a similar alarm was given. Jim Templeton escaped with a lamp chimney and an unabridged dictionary. Zalph Rochelle saved an apple and an umbrella.

There was no drinking fountain in the lavatory. Students who wished a drink of water would lean over the wash basins and put their mouths to the spigots. One day Pat Eakin saw a student thus bending

over and offering an unusually attractive challenge for a spanking. He drew back and let the person have a resounding thwack with a trigonometry book. Judge of his astonishment when the genial grinning face of Dr. Cranford turned and looked at him. Pat was profuse in his apologies, but the Doctor was always a good sport and the affair was soon forgotten.

The Main Building was perhaps the most unsanitary building ever attached to a first-class institution. How Trinity got by with the health department I do not know. In the basement there were a series of dry closets. A fire was built under them to keep them dried out, and thus conditions were kept bearable for the greater part of the time. During the spring when the weather began to get warm, conditions grew worse. There was no janitor service on Sundays, and hence no fire was built. By night the place was unbearable. Even on Monday mornings the stench was very offensive in the classrooms just above. Incidentally the boys nicknamed the place "Egypt." One Monday morning when things were worse than usual, the dignified Dr. Durham was teaching a class in Old Testament history. Describing conditions among the ancient Israelites he ejaculated: "Things were in a terrible mess down in Egypt." The resounding roar of a group of devil-may-care college students broke up the recitation.

Two rooms of unusual interest were those occupied by the two literary societies, the Columbian and Hesperian. Practically every student in college belonged to one or the other of these. They met every Saturday evening for a program consisting of declamations, debates, and orations. The freshmen were expected to declaim, while the orations were reserved for the dignified seniors. All were eligible for the debates. The societies were conducted strictly according to Roberts' Rules of Order and afforded excellent practice in speaking and parliamentary procedure. Intercollegiate debating was engaged in with such outstanding institutions as Vanderbilt and others. But the main event of the year was the inter-society debate between Columbia and Hesperia. For days enthusiasm ran high. On the night of the debate, pep meetings were held and cheers resounded over the campus to encourage the champions of each society. The favorite yell was:

Loop de loop, loop de loop,  
Old Columbia (or Hesperia)'s in the soup;  
S-o-u-p, c-o-u-p, soup, a soup, a soup.

When each speech was delivered cheers were loud and prolonged. The final decision of the judges was received with great cheers by the victors and cat-calls by the vanquished.

The most attractive feature of this building was the window seats. Down the long hallway, which ran along the outer edge of the building rather than down the center, there were many windows furnished with

broad ledges which could be used as window-seats. These were crowded with boys who sat there to watch the lovely co-eds pass. Or perchance a boy might be fortunate enough to share a seat with one of the bewitching creatures.

Closely rivalling the Main Building in importance was the Epworth Building, commonly known as the Inn. Here was located the only public dining room managed under college auspices. The building was four stories high. On the first floor was the Y. M. C. A. Hall, a spacious room accommodating a couple of hundred students. Here public debates, religious exercises of all sorts, class meetings, and other public gatherings were held. Some dormitory room was available on the first floor. The majority of the rooms, however, were on the second and third floors. Fantastic names were given the various sections of the building. Among these were Ragged Row, Wall Street, and an Alley whose qualifying adjective is unprintable. The fourth story consisted of one lone room—a fraternity initiation room. Just before its mysterious door was reached, there was a long circuitous stairway opening out on nothing but a four story drop. The candidates were especially reminded of this as they entered the hall. A part of the initiation consisted of blindfolding the candidate, bringing him to where he could feel the edges of these open arches and then throwing him downstairs. Of course, he was thrown down the steps instead of out the window, but the thrill of that ten or fifteen foot drop before he hit the blanket, held by waiting students, was a rather graphic experience.

On the first floor there was a lounging room where many of the students met after supper for bull sessions. Here was formed one of the most unusual organizations I have ever known. The chief person responsible for its formation was Charles R. Warren, better known as Bull. (The resemblance was not too far-fetched both in mien and manner.) He was a prime favorite with the entire college community. One night he and several other students, including Zach Beachboard, Paul Webb, and others, were sitting around the room when a student walked in. Without any previous agreement, they sat silent for a moment, then broke out in a huge guffaw of laughter. The student looked puzzled. The more puzzled he looked the louder they laughed. In that way the D. F. L. A. was born. It became one of the most popular gathering places on the campus. When a new student came into the group, every man in the room would laugh as though he were looking at the most ridiculous spectacle ever to present itself. I was fortunate enough to have a sense of humor the first night I walked in on them. I hadn't the slightest idea why they were laughing at me but joined heartily in with them and told them if they got any joy out of it I was glad. If a student could not stand the gaff, he left and never came back. This was one of the most democratic groups

ever organized. In it were all classes from seniors down to freshmen; fraternity men and non-fraternity men; rich and poor; wise and foolish; religious and tough. Few students of that period will ever forget the Damn Fools Laughing Association.

The remaining buildings on the campus were the Crowell Science Building, the Angier Duke Gymnasium, the Craven Memorial Hall, the Library, and the Mary Duke Building. The last named was the co-ed building, where the women were housed. If that old building could only talk! Well, I would be one of the scores of boys who would be willing to pay "hush money" to keep it quiet. There was only one parlor but a dozen or more cubby holes, staircases, window ledges and other points of vantage for courting. Mrs. Franklin and her beautiful daughter, Alice, were living there in those days. An old apple tree stood near the door and some chickens used to roost in the limbs. The mystery of their disappearance could probably have been explained by the local chapter of Pi Kappa Alpha. They were understood to have a chicken stew supper about that time. One student, who afterward became a wealthy alumnus and influential trustee, wrote that he wanted to room in the Mary Duke Building. So did we all, but most of us knew that it was reserved for women and did not make formal application for a room there as did he.

The Science Building housed the leading physical sciences—biology, chemistry and physics. Professor Pegram also taught a class in astronomy in that building. The basement of the building was occupied by the heating plant for the campus. As I remember, the physics department occupied the first floor: the biology department was on the second floor, and the chemistry department was located on the third floor. So far as I know, the apparatus was fairly satisfactory. We always managed to do the major experiments successfully. It is a far cry from that simple old building with its limited equipment to the modern magnificent set-up with tremendous buildings and elaborate equipment for each department. I doubt, however, if the students get any more fun out of experimenting with all sorts of combinations of acids to see how much pressure a test tube will stand before exploding than we did. I also carry a picture of those old seats with their individual arm-tablets in my mind even now. Some of these seats showed the thoughtlessness of careless students who scratched their names on the desks. Others, more thoughtful, scratched the principal formulae there, "a very present help in time of trouble" for use in quizzes and on examinations.

The Gymnasium was considered quite smart, too, even though only a couple of hundred spectators could be accommodated whenever a contest was staged there. The building was so small that a strong man could stand in the middle of the floor and throw a basketball into the basket at either end of the court. Today three large gymnasias

serve the students, but there is no more zest and zeal among the students than in the long ago.

Both the Science Building and the Gymnasium have been converted to other purposes than those served during my student days. Where the old heating plant was housed in the basement of the Science Building, there is now a recreation room, a sort of dating place for students who find the parlors of the dormitories rather crowded. Equipment for various indoor games may be found there. The first floor is occupied by the local post office and the Woman's Campus Store, popularly known as the "Dope Shop." The remainder of the building has been remodelled and contains the various sorority rooms, which are "things of beauty" if not a "joy forever." The Gymnasium is now known as "The Ark" and is used strictly for recreational purposes. It contains a bowling alley, ping pong tables and other recreational paraphernalia.

The pride of the campus was the new Library Building. As libraries went in those days, it was magnificent. The building was imposing in appearance. One of its prize possessions was a fine statue of the Venus de Milo, which was presented by a friend and dedicated with proper ceremonies. I do not know what went with the statue. Years later some prude objected to its suggestiveness, and it was taken from its conspicuous place. The dedication of the Library itself was quite a momentous occasion. Walter Hines Page, the famous editor and later Ambassador to the Court of St. James, came down from New York to make the dedicatory address. Just before leaving New York, he went to see Mr. J. B. Duke and asked him if he had a message to send to the students at Trinity. Mr. Duke is said to have replied: "Tell them every man to think for himself and do what he dern pleases." For many years a sundial stood on the East Campus bearing that inscription. Of course, the whole sentence was too long to be inscribed on the dial so the latter part was omitted.

Craven Memorial Hall was in many respects the real center of public interest. A splendid building seating about twelve hundred persons, it was the auditorium in which were held all of the larger public events. For many years some of the most distinguished clergymen of the country, and even the world, were heard there on state occasions. Compulsory chapel was in vogue at that time, and five mornings in the week the students and faculty gathered for morning devotions. These usually consisted of announcements, song, prayer and a short meditation. The rather monotonous proceedings were frequently enlivened by unexpected incidents. I recall several which occurred over the years. Perhaps the most spectacular was when John Hutchinson turned a billy goat into the chapel. Dean Few usually made a short announcement as a preliminary. Just as the exercises began, John shoved the goat through the door and on to the rostrum.

He said he wanted to see the goat butt Billy Few off the stage. The goat took one look at Dr. Few and dived head first through a window. What John wouldn't do wasn't in the books. At another time Dr. Few was entertaining a group of special friends in his apartment in the North Dormitory. When the hour came to serve the ice cream it was missing. Dr. Few's intuition pointed to John Hutchinson's suite. There he found the missing ice cream. When he was a freshman, John blacked a large '07, the numerals of his class, on a sheet and swung the sheet from the top of the flag pole. The incident caused no excitement compared with the furor that came later when the Buffalo Class flung its standard high above the American Flag.

On another occasion, someone had scratched some of the new glass windows in one of the buildings. With great reproof and deprecation in his voice, Dr. Few made a strong speech against vandalism. When he finished, Dr. Pegram apparently intending no contrast, read quietly: "Fret not thyself because of evil doers." A little later Professor Ormond, who was not noted for the plentifulness of his hair, stood and read: "O Lord, we stand before thee with uncovered heads." Professor Aldridge turned and looked at me and said "Tee hee." A ripple ran over the entire audience. Perhaps the greatest disturbance came one morning when we were to play Wake Forest in baseball. The team and student body were preparing to leave by special train with Big Bob Gantt as our pitcher. Unintentionally the hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers" was selected and sung. A roar shook the roof of the hall. Incidentally we won, 9 to 0.

Craven Hall was the site of the intercollegiate debates, the Wiley Gray Contests, the commencement sermons, and literary addresses. Commencements in those days were gala occasions. There was nothing hurried about them as in these later days. Commencement began on Sunday after the seniors had a week of loafing and gaiety. Sunday evening the President's address to the graduating class was delivered. Monday the Board of Trustees met and the buildings were decorated. Monday evening was given over to the Wiley Gray oratorical contest. Four seniors were selected to speak for the coveted medal. I was badly needed at home for work on the farm and did not stay for the entire commencement. I missed the sermon, which was delivered Tuesday morning, the alumni program on Tuesday evening, the Baccalaureate address on Wednesday morning, and the grand reception on Wednesday evening. All Durham and much of the surrounding sections of the state turned out in finery and glory. Refreshments were ordered from Washington. The splendor of the coaches of the Dukes, Southgates, Carrs, Jones's, McCabes, and the other first families was manifest. It was not until my junior year that I remained for an entire commencement. But since I was to be a minister and since I wanted to see what the Wiley Gray contest was like, I remained for that. I shall

never forget those men and their speeches. Hal B. Adams, Paul Frizzelle, Lem Gibbons, and Gilbert Smith were the participants. And what eloquence! Years later I was invited to speak at a reunion of that class as a guest speaker. I told them of the impression made upon me by that group. I said that I thought that night if only I could ever attain the handsomeness of Cap Gibbons, the suavity of Hal Adams, the cool logic of Paul Frizzelle, and the fervor of Gib Smith, I would be happy. Jocularly I added: "You may judge my surprise when I discovered that I had all four." The impression made upon me that night probably weighed as heavily in my determination to continue my college career as any other one factor. I wrote home and told father: "There's too much difference between a freshman and a senior to suit me. I am going to stick it out."

How I ever managed to stay through I hardly know. From the very first I discovered that my hundred and twenty-five dollars would hardly be sufficient to see me through. The self-help jobs had all been taken by older students before I arrived. I had to eat at a boarding house. Mrs. T. L. McClees, whose boarding halls were always attractive to the students, had two classes of fare. In one dining room she served good and wholesome food but with only one dessert a week. For this she charged eight dollars a month. The other was too expensive for me to investigate. But even that small price was too high for my ever-shrinking income. So I planned to eat in my room. I invested in a porridge dish, a knife and spoon, a quart kerosene can, and a sixty-five cent oil stove with one burner. With this meager equipment I took care of my own food. Three five-cent loaves of bread and one pound of butter a week, and a dish of oatmeal a day constituted my diet. I grew so fat on this that I was afraid I would have to buy new clothes. During the persimmon season I made at least one meal a day on the ripe persimmons which grow on the campus. At Christmas time my father gave me a ham to carry back with me. This was cooked by the obliging wife of our janitor, Mr. Brown, without charge. She said if a boy wanted a college education that badly, she was willing to help.

The kerosene can reminds me of the three types of students so far as the kerosene can category was concerned. There were the students who had both lamps and kerosene cans. There were those who had lamps and no cans. There were those who had cans and no lamps. The first group were the earnest boys who "burned the midnight oil" at their work. The second, burned the other fellow's oil and never owned a can or paid back what they borrowed. The third group knew where they could leave the can and some money in a nearby wood yard and find the can filled with whiskey a little later. They were the group that "burned the candle at both ends."

When I think of those days of meager eating and hardships, I be-

come thoroughly disgusted with the students of modern days who seem to have such a difficult time securing a college education. Men on the G. I. Bill will complain that they are compelled to scrimp and save in order to get through. Divinity School students have a hard time living on six hundred dollars a year. Yet, they have money for cigarettes, coca-colas, milk shakes, mid-morning snacks, and automobiles. For many months I limited my spending for extras at five cents a week. I allowed myself the luxury of a half-pound of stick candy every Saturday afternoon.

The succeeding years were not so difficult. I secured a job cutting wood for the Inn, waiting on tables, putting up and taking down the flag, and working anywhere else whenever I could secure a few hours extra work. In my senior year I was given an appointment as supply pastor in a Raleigh church, and my days of privation were ended. "What price education!" I know the answer to that.

The most interesting event of my freshman year was what is known far and wide, even today, as the Bassett matter. In the fall of that year, Dr. John Spencer Bassett, Professor of History at Trinity College, wrote an article in the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, which magazine he was instrumental in founding. The article had to do with the status of the Negro in our civilization and the duties of the white man in connection with the inferior race. The article was sane and sensible and today would not cause the lifting of an eyebrow. The center of interest in this article was Booker T. Washington, the remarkable Negro who was at that time the head of Tuskegee Institute. After praising Washington, Dr. Bassett made it very clear that one was not to judge the Negro race by this isolated individual. Booker T. Washington, he declared, was not an average or normal Negro. He gave credit to the help which the white people had given Washington and suggested that he would never have reached his prominent place without their help. In fact, he gave the white people credit for practically every great influence which had come in Washington's life, except the real influence—his paternal ancestry. Booker T. Washington was commonly reported to have been the son of a prominent southern governor. The article closed with such a sane observation that I think it worth quoting:

If some day the spirit of conciliation shall come into the hearts of the superior race the struggle will become less strenuous. The duty of brave and wise men is to seek to infuse the spirit of conciliation into these white leaders of white men. Shall they also be beasts like the dull-faced black men who stand over against them? Is the white man not superior to the black man—superior in mind, superior in opportunity, superior in obligation to do acts of charity?

But Bassett had made one unforgiveable statement. He had written that with the exception of Robert E. Lee, Booker T. Washington was the greatest man the South had produced in a hundred years. Shades of Calhoun, Jackson, Vance and Grady! The newspapers of the state, led by the old reliable *News and Observer*, found good copy for months in this incident. At first the reports and editorials were rather sensible and what might have been expected. But as the weeks passed more fuel was added to the flames. Dr. Bassett was offered a chance to retract and explain. He did not retract, and his explanation was little better than his first statement. Then the fireworks really broke loose. It was suggested that the tobacco-governed Trinity should be classed with the University of Chicago, where the Standard Oil was exalted above the Water of Life. Men jeered that Kilgo and Bassett ought to get together on their opinions. Bassett thought Washington the South's greatest man, while Kilgo was equally certain that Duke deserved that honor. One newspaper spelled Bassett's name bASSett. Another proclaimed him the greatest ass since Balaam's day. He was accused of sacrificing truth and decency for the purpose of attracting attention. Another paper dubbed the whole affair as unfortunate and unhappy. The ills of the state were catalogued as falling into four parts: Carpet-baggers, Reconstruction, Fusionism, and Bassett. It was declared that the fires of racial hatred would be fanned to a fierce flame. One of the most amusing and striking statements was made by *Webster's Weekly*:

The thing is logical. First Duke robs the people; then he establishes an institution whose professors, independent of the public as to salaries, proceed to make asses of themselves. They should invite Booker to be president and open the doors to the coming race. Why delay? The wife of one of Trinity's professors said that with two exceptions every professor was a free thinker. Let them be free thinkers but for God's sake let the Methodist Church withdraw from the whole mess its seal of approval.

It was recommended that Bassett should pack his pack for Liberia.

Indignation increased in the state. The *News and Observer* reported that three trustees from the eastern section of the state were determined to demand an investigation. Individual churches passed resolutions calling upon the college to clean house and expressed indignation that President Kilgo was said to take the part of the offending professor. The *North Carolina Christian Advocate*, under the able editorship of Dr. T. N. Ivey, defended Kilgo and suggested that Kilgo was drawn into the controversy through personal animosity resulting from the earlier Gattis-Kilgo matter.

Later in November, it was learned that Dr. Bassett had offered to resign if his resignation were desired. Mr. James H. Southgate, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, admitted that this might be considered. A week later the *News and Observer* asked the pertinent question: "Will Kilgo risk his head to protect Bassett?" It reported that there were rumors that the student body of Trinity had met and passed resolutions demanding Bassett's retention. At least the paper had that much right. The students did meet in Craven Memorial Hall. The suave W. P. Budd was in charge of the session, as was the prerogative of the President of the Senior Class. Excitement ran high. Charles Scarlett made a blood-and-thunder speech recommending that the students inform the President that if Bassett's resignation were accepted, every mother's son of them would pack his trunk and leave the institution immediately. Clarence Pugh stood up excitedly and yelled: "Hear! Hear!" Raymond Browning, a sophomore newly arrived from the Bellbuckle School in Tennessee, arose with a strange glitter in his eyes and while apologizing for daring to cross swords with a Trinity College senior, protested that the mob spirit which actuated the crowd was exactly the thing we were protesting against in the settlement of this matter. He was jeered down and the motion to send an ultimatum to the President prevailed.

Finally, on December 2, the great and famous trial was called in the Hesperian Literary Society Hall. It was really a momentous occasion. The issue had been very definitely and clearly defined: should outside influences dominate the thinking of free institutions? This may seem rather incidental today, but it was of far-reaching implications at that time. One of the greatest saints the Methodist Church ever produced, and one of the finest teachers the South ever knew, had been fired from a southern church school because he had dared to say that the burning of two Negroes in the public square at Atlanta, Georgia, was unchristian. Public opinion was dominating education in no uncertain or small way. Free speech in the South was on trial for its life and the trustees and faculty of Trinity College were quite well aware of this fact.

Twenty-five trustees were present at the meeting. It had already been stated in the *Advocate* that the Church would stand by the College whatever the outcome of the trial might be. Senator F. M. Simmons and Editor T. N. Ivey led the attack upon Bassett. They made it very clear that they were not animated by personal prejudice or animosity but were conscientiously trying to do what seemed best for the Church and College. A letter from Dr. Bassett was read but it was not quite clear whether he was resigning or was offering to resign, if it seemed desirable. Dr. Kilgo then spoke. Paying his respects to meddling newspapers in his inimitable style, he spent more than an hour lambasting the attackers of Dr. Bassett and pleading for the rights

of professors to say what they thought to be true, just as the average man had that right. Everybody in the room spoke, some of them several times. The atmosphere was literally electric.

The faculty sent a lengthy communication deploring the unfortunate utterance and assuring the trustees of their disagreement with Dr. Bassett, but pleading for freedom of thought and speech. A similar communication was presented from the student body. It is not known just how much influence the resolutions passed earlier by the student body had on the final outcome of the matter. What even the *News and Observer* failed to learn was that President Kilgo had in his pocket that night the resignation of every member of the teaching staff to be presented if Dr. Bassett's resignation had been demanded or accepted.

A committee from the Board of Trustees presented a report which was finally adopted. In substance the report was as follows:

It was admitted that the resignation of Professor Bassett had been received but suggested that it came about as the result of coercion. The disapprovals of students and faculty of Dr. Bassett's statement was noted, and the Committee also expressed its own disapproval of the statement. But the following points were emphasized:

1. Any form of coercion of thought and private judgment is contrary to the constitution of Trinity College.

2. The members of the committee were unwilling to lend themselves to any undertaking which would destroy or hurt academic liberty. A college professor was declared to have as much right to free speech as any other person.

3. Reasonable freedom of opinion was the very breath of life for an institution. Any official throttling of this freedom would place a stigma upon that institution.

4. The expulsion of Dr. Bassett would be a reflection upon the spirit of tolerance in North Carolina. The rights of free thought and free speech were bought with blood and must not be endangered by lack of patience, tolerance, and self-restraint.

5. Trinity College was connected with a great church whose spirit and doctrine were tolerant and generous. No charges have been made against the moral character of Professor Bassett. It is the duty of the trustees to decline to accept the offer of resignation.

The report closed with the following statement: "Great as is our hope in this college, high and noble as are the services which under God we believe that it is fit to render, it were better that Trinity College should suffer rather than that it should enter upon a policy of coercion and intolerance."

The memory of that night will remain with me as long as I live. I am one of two living men who heard that trial. Mr. Robert Mayer

of Charlotte was a youthful trustee at that time and he still lives. I think that perhaps Dr. Edwin Mims listened in on the latter part. I heard it rather imperfectly because of the awkwardness of my listening post. I was eavesdropping from a reclining position on the floor outside the door. But enough of it came to me to enable me to report results to various students who eagerly hovered near. Professor R. L. Flowers wouldn't have thought of eavesdropping, but he came at frequent intervals to get my report on the progress of the trial. At last the debate was over. The verdict was against accepting the resignation 17 to 8. I shall always remember the sensation I felt when Mr. James H. Southgate, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, announced the decision. I turned as cold as if I had been doused in a bucket of ice water. A mighty man in stature, voice, heart, mind, and soul, he spoke in a great guttural tone. It was like the roar of a huge lion flinging out a challenge to a yapping pack of jackals of prejudice and oppression: "Let there be one little spot on God's green earth where a man can think for himself." The fight for academic freedom was won! What a contribution for an institution to make to a narrowed, prejudiced world! The sons of Trinity have treasured this above all other contributions of their Alma Mater. At time there have been complaints that this spirit has been violated, but these have come only from those who undertook to foist their own personal prejudice and put across their own selfish plans under the guise of freedom. It is to be deplored that in recent years a sociology professor has sought notoriety by meddling in the personal affairs of public men, pleading as his right to do so, the heritage of academic freedom. There is no kinship whatever between the recent event and the Bassett matter and the struggle for academic freedom.

An unfortunate aftermath to this great victory happened that very night. Student emotions had been pent up so long that when the results of the meeting were made known, pandemonium broke loose. The great bell was rung, even though the hour was late. A mob gathered under the persimmon tree near the building and started a bon fire. Soon a figure was seen to be hanging by its neck from a limb. The effigy had placarded across its breast, Josephus Daniels. Although I was a freshman, my sense of propriety was shocked. I had the audacity to challenge the right of the mob to do such a thing and charged them with giving evidence of the same spirit which they were deploring. My protest was short-lived. In orthodox terms I was told where to go and was warned that if I had any respect for certain sections of my anatomy I had better go to bed or there wouldn't be any left by the time they got through licking me. I went to bed.

The only other outstanding aftermath was a resolution passed by the North Carolina Press Association in session at Washington, D. C., a few days later. A resolution condemning Trinity College was re-

jected, but resolutions were passed deploring the lawlessness of the students and expressing regret that they had seen fit to burn Mr. Daniels in effigy.

The state soon forgot the matter except in the case of those who wanted something to grouch about. The general public was not greatly disturbed over it. In fact, many of the people never heard of it. One student, John Bull England, was visiting his girl friend during the Christmas holidays. She asked him how things were going at Trinity. With a certain degree of pride he remarked that they had a little trouble over the Bassett matter. She said "What's that? Never heard of it."

As I look backwards over the fifty years of my experience with college life, it seems to me that there is very much of a sameness running through the years from the standpoint of religion. In our modern days there are many more opportunities for evil doing, more temptations and less restrictions. On the other hand, the things which were considered evil or were forbidden were much more numerous when I was in college than now. One of the greatest offenses possible was leaving town without permission of the dean. Only distance marks the limits of the freedom of the student now, and that distance is marked only by the possibility of his missing classes. Too, the things which are taken for granted now and even promoted by the colleges, and the religious groups to some extent, were taboo then. Cards were forbidden in the dormitories. Janitors had orders to search the students' rooms and destroy or bring to the president's office all cards found. Even simple games of setback and whist merely for fun were forbidden. Of course, this made beating the game and bootlegging a little playing the more enjoyable. Even the ministerial student took an occasional hand at an innocent game so as to get the thrill of the "verboden." One such game came very near ending disastrously. Four students, a ministerial student, the vice-president of the Y. M. C. A., a son of a minister, and a son of a presiding elder, were indulging in a game of setback after the lights had been turned off. A small lamp burned on the table. Down the hall came one of the perpetual pests, a man with a lamp and no kerosene can, to borrow oil. The boys determined not to listen to his knock and turned down the lamp so that its light would not appear over the transom. To their consternation the flame left the chimney and went down into the bowl of the lamp. It is said that in the last few seconds of his life a drowning man can see all that he has ever done pass in quick review before his eyes. This is a slow process compared with the thoughts that can race through a boy's mind when he faces immediate extinction by the threat of an exploding lamp. Visions of an explosion, a newspaper account of students being killed at a card game, especially religious students,

crowded thick and fast in the minds of these boys. One boy calmly picked up the lamp and asked another to raise the window so that he could throw the lamp out. Just before he reached the window the flame went out and the danger was over. How do I know what was thought? I was the boy that raised the window.

There were occasional cheatings on examination, the perpetual "cussing," some drinking, and a great deal of hazing. A small amount of gambling and betting was indulged in but this was kept pretty well under cover.

The actual religious attitudes and activities were more pronounced than they are today. Chapel was compulsory. Church-going was advised but not required. Class meetings of the old-fashioned Methodist sort were held. A general class meeting was held every month with President Kilgo in charge. Stirring hymns were sung. An exhortation was given by Dr. Kilgo and reports were made by each class leader. Usually these leaders were Drs. Mims, Cranford, Gill, and Merritt. Each of these held a meeting with his group once a week. These meetings were not compulsory but were largely attended.

The greatest disturbances were in the field of religious thinking. Evolution was just beginning to be a disturbing factor in the South. The Wellhausen School of Biblical Criticism was disturbing orthodox thinking. Boys who were brought up in the orthodox faith were shaken badly, and despair was seen on the faces of many. Rumor had it that the majority of the professors were skeptics and that no one believed in the biblical concepts of the nature of man, the divinity of Christ, and the resurrection of the body. So great became the disturbance that Dr. Kilgo called a great religious mass meeting and called upon each of the teachers to state his position on the chief points of controversy. The sum total impression was left that the professors had a very firm faith in the fundamentals of religion and the boys were reassured.

Personally I was one of those who suffered most. I had been brought up with the strictest belief in all of the fundamental of the Christian religion. When the new ideas began to take root and the old faith began to be a bit shaky, I was literally sick, in body as well as mind. A teacher who had made little impression upon us as being religious came to my rescue in a rather amusing manner. He was Dr. John C. Ransmeier, who was teaching German during Dr. Wannamaker's leave of absence. One afternoon he came up to his office, which was just across from my room. He asked me to come over and chat with him a moment. We entered his office. He lit an old oil stove, pulled out a pipe, packed it full of tobacco, lit it and took a few draws. Then rather abruptly he asked me what was wrong with me. I denied that there was anything wrong. "Oh yes, there is," he said. "When you first came into my class you were eager, bright,

enthusiastic, and cheerful. Now you are sad and droopy. Something is wrong. What is it?" I blurted out my woes. I had learned that there was doubt being cast upon the truth of the actual physical resurrection of the body. With a curious twinkle in his eyes he said: "Is that what's wrong? Now, Mr. Spence, why should you worry about that? Suppose you lost a leg. Would you want to be hopping around heaven on a wooden leg?" My sense of humor came to my rescue. The spectacle of myself hopping along the golden streets on a wooden leg was so ludicrous that I got to laughing and haven't worried very much over that particular problem since.

But those men were greatly concerned over the moral and religious welfare of their students. They were also men of unquestionable religious experience. The fiery enthusiasm of Dr. Mims for righteousness, the friendly assurance of Professor Merritt that he had found religion good, the deep faith of Dr. Cranford with his encouraging words: "The remedy for darkness is more light," the prophetic fervor of President Kilgo, called the boys back to a belief in the fundamentals of faith. The men under their care learned to think carefully through the most perplexing problems with calmness and dedicated their lives more fully to religious service because they had doubted and then had believed.

A few pages back I mentioned the prevalence of hazing. This was really a momentous problem in the colleges of fifty years ago. Sophomores were supposed to regulate the morals of the freshmen. The fact that they had been hazed the previous year made their eagerness to get it back on another class more pronounced. In some colleges property was damaged. At a neighboring institution a boy was accidentally killed. At Trinity one student was shot and another cut badly. I have always felt that a little hazing under the auspices of the proper committees might not be a bad thing. Freshmen this last decade have become almost obnoxious in their impudent attitudes toward everything and everybody. There was no such spirit allowed fifty years ago. The difficulty was that hazing got into the hands of cowards and bullies, and the whole affair was subjected to the same abuse that is practiced by any masked group.

For the most part hazing was rather trivial and good natured. Sophomores would whistle tunes for the freshmen to march by. Or they would give them the taunt: "Hum ya ya, Hum ya ya, Freshmen, Freshmen, hum ya ya." A favorite song was the couplet:

"O Freshmen you'd better lie low  
If you want to see your mama any more."

They were required to dance, do unpleasant chores, shine the shoes of upper classmen. Buckets of water would be placed over their doors and they would be called out only to dump the pail of water on their

heads. The worst form was the blacking parties which usually took place in the dead hours of the night. Clad in long white robes and with masks, the hazers would force their way into a freshman's room, drag him from bed and give him a coating of lampblack or some other indelible blacking. If he took things in good humor, he might get off light. A now venerable minister decided that he would crusade against hazing when he was a freshman. A student who tried to climb into this boy's room over the transom was promptly knocked in the head with a table leg which was torn from one of the tables. Whether the broken head or table was resented most was not clear, but the boy was compelled to withdraw from school for a term. He came back as a freshman during my freshman year. His old fervor as a reformer had not abated. The sophomores decided not to trouble him, but he wasn't content to let well enough alone. He heard that there was a hazing party planned on one of the boys in my building and came over to spend the night with the boy and protect him. When the hazers came they found him there. He was informed that they were not after him, but he persisted in defending the other boy. During the scuffle he pulled a pistol and shot one of the hazers through the foot. A bystanding junior missed being shot only because he was bow-legged. The bullet passed right between his bowed legs.

I shall never forget the night I got mine. I had been especially obnoxious to the sophs, teasing, taunting, and daring them while the lights were on, and then quickly going to my room and barricading my door so that they could not get me. They prevailed upon a couple of classmates to persuade me to sleep in their room with the door unlocked. My treacherous friends dared me to do this, and I was sucker enough to fall for it. Being aroused by a noise shortly after midnight, I looked up to see the room filled with masked men. It must have been a momentous occasion. I learned twenty-five years later that the senior class had a delegation attending that hazing party. I was dragged from the bed, stripped, and saturated with black oil from my neck to my toes. They were careful not to put any where it could be seen when I was fully dressed. After having a good laugh with them, I said: "If you fellows think you're going to spoil my night's sleep you've got another thought coming." I crawled back into my clothes and went to sleep. I later discovered that this was the worst possible thing I could have done. When the black oil dried in, it was almost impossible to remove the stain. I had to sweat and steam it out. I carried that blacking for six weeks. The next morning on sub-fresh Latin, "Skinny" Lockhart, my tutor, was teaching Virgil. Ulysses and his men were having a difficult time and he was encouraging them to believe that they would some day look back on their experiences with real pleasure. "*Forsans et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*" Perhaps some day it will be a pleasure to remember things. Without

knowing of my experiences, Mr. Lockhart suggested that perhaps we, as freshmen, were undergoing some experiences which seemed tough now but would some day be pleasant to remember. How right he was! I would not miss the memory of that night for anything. It stands out as one of my most treasured college experiences. And I have never forgotten that one line of Latin. Association certainly aids memory.

Another hazing experience with which I was not concerned stands out in my recollection. It was in my senior year. Hearing a noise in the hall, I went out to investigate. I saw a vast mob of masked figures surrounding one lone freshman. He was holding them at bay. In later years the experience possibly saved his life. He had become a rather distinguished teacher at Duke. In some way he contracted tularemia and was lying in a state of lethargy, almost at the point of death. I was in the hospital to see him. When the doctor came out of the room and I inquired as to the man's condition, the doctor said: "He's given up fighting. Unless we can get some fight in him, there is little chance to save him. Go in and see what you can do with him." I entered the room and the man slightly opened his eyes and grunted a recognition. I said: "Do you recall the first time I ever saw you?" He said that he did not. I continued: "The first time I ever saw you, you were holding a large group of hazers at bay in the old Main Building. With a fierce dignity you said to them, 'Gentlemen, I am not fool enough to think that I can whip all fifty of you at one time. However, if you will line up down the hall I will undertake to whip all fifty of you, one at the time.' The boys were so ashamed they slipped away and left you alone. Now stick out your chin like you did that night. You can lick this thing." This may or may not have been influential. The facts are that he put up his old time fight from that hour on and was soon well again.

Some of the hazing was in the form of class rushes and pitched battles in the day time. I recall that once the freshman class was holding a class meeting. According to tradition the sophomores were not supposed to allow the freshmen to hold their first meeting unmolested. The meeting was scheduled for the Y. M. C. A. Hall. Just as it got under way, a group of us attacked the meeting. They barricaded the doors but we smashed them down and the fight was on. A few men had been rather badly jarred and others choked when the cry came: "Here comes Dean Few." And it was he. I went head first out of the window and was in the gymnasium under the showers before he got in the room. I took the longest bath on record that day. I wanted to be sure and establish an alibi.

Hazing continued for many years. I don't know why and how it finally disappeared. I suppose the college just outgrew it. One other incident may be of interest. Dr. Kilgo, firmly determined to stamp out the practice, did not use too much discretion as to his method for doing

it. At times he seemed too severe. I recall that a group of four boys were living together in one of the suites of the North Dormitory. They were fraternity mates and on the best of terms. The upper classmen had warned their freshman roommate that if he failed to get in by eleven o'clock they would make him take a cold bath. He failed and they didn't. Dr. Kilgo heard of this and did what the students thought the unreasonable thing of expelling these boys outright for such a small offense. The students were shocked, stunned, and then indignant. Feeling ran high all over the campus, but it was recognized that there was little, if anything, that could be done about it. A group of us conceived of the plan of trying to make a deal with the administration whereby, in return for revoking of the expulsion decree, the student body would sign a pledge to refrain from hazing; then do all within its power to prevent it. The students were slow to accept this condition but they so much wanted these boys back that they were willing to settle for almost anything. The difficulty was soon seen to be with the administration. I went to the office to see Dean Few. I said: "Dr. Few, I would like to talk to you about the possibility of having those boys restored to the campus in return for a guarantee to have hazing stopped." He replied, "Mr. Spence, if an angel from heaven should come down and tell me I was wrong I would not open the matter. The decision is final." I said: "Dr. Few, you ought not to say that. In the first place, if an angel came down to talk to you it would scare you to death. In the second place, you will send for me before night and ask me what plan I had to propose." I missed my guess by a few hours. That was about ten o'clock in the morning. Around three o'clock that afternoon word came to me that the faculty would receive a committee from the senior class to discuss the proposition of recalling these students. When we walked in the room, Dr. Kilgo said: "Be seated, Gentlemen, who is your spokesman?" The other boys said: "Mr. Spence." I was elected to do one of the nicest pieces of dodging I have ever done. The faculty was trying to get us to admit that we were holding a club over their heads and forcing them to rescind a just decision. This we stoutly disclaimed (with some degree of sincerity) and urged that we were trying to break up the horrible practice of hazing and that this seemed to be the most feasible way. Backward and forward we argued, fenced, and foiled for nearly two hours. We were dismissed with the statement that the faculty would not be brow-beaten and that there was little reason to expect any results from the conference. An hour later we received word that the plan was acceptable. We set to work to get the signatures to the petition and the boys were allowed to remain in college.

One of the chief interests throughout my college days was athletics. It is true that football was discontinued and that basketball had not

yet arrived. There were some few feeble efforts at having a track team. But baseball was popular and Trinity had great teams. When I first came, the team was coached by Otis Stockdale, a popular pitcher from the Southern League. He had trained a team which was commanding the respect of the entire South. The star pitcher was Arthur Bradsher, known for many years as "The King of the Southern Diamond." Bradsher was perhaps the greatest pitcher ever produced by a southern college. On one occasion he travelled all night on a rough train and then struck out twenty-two men the next day, allowing no hits. He was one of the few left-handers who had practically perfect control. His grin was devastating. When a batter stood before him cockily expectant, Brad would wither him with a cross between a sarcastic grin and a warm smile. The batter usually struck out. Frequently we talk of "Iron Men." The entire baseball team in those days was composed of men who could take it. There was usually only one extra man on a squad. When Bradsher was not pitching, he played third base. When his companion pitcher, Paul Webb, was not pitching, Paul played second base. So these men pitched every other day and played the infield in spare moments. Today pitchers want to rest about four or five days between games. I know the story about the live ball. But even a live ball has to be hit before it can go anywhere.

During the baseball season the community was at fever heat. Spirit ran high among the students. The two or three hundred students in college at that time could make more noise rooting than a whole section at a modern football game. There was no organized rooting. The University of North Carolina introduced that feature in this part of the country. But how the students could yell! There were no college songs of dignity. Some of the doggerel, set to tunes and passing as songs, ran like this:

"Old Wake Forest your face is mighty long this morning,  
                   this evening;  
 Old Wake Forest, your face is mighty long this morning,  
                   this evening;  
 Old Wake Forest your face is mighty long,  
 Yes, by golly, it was put on wrong,  
 This morning, this evening so soon.

Another favorite with which we made the welkin ring was a parody on Johnson's Old Gray Mule. First the regular song was sung and then the parody:

Old Johnson had an old gray mule,  
 He drove him to a cart;  
 He loved that mule and the mule loved him  
 With all his mulish heart:

When the rooster crowed, old Johnson knowed  
That the day was about to break;  
He got up in the morn and fed him with corn  
And he raked him down with a rake.

*Chorus:*

And the mule he said: "Hee-haw,  
Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw,"  
And he curried him down with a rake.

Wake Forest had a baseball team  
She thought could do some stunt;  
But she soon found out her batting boys  
Could neither hit nor bunt;  
The boys all knowed when Bradsher throwed,  
The game we were sure to win;  
The ball went in and the batter out,  
Caught out by "Rummy" Wrenn.

*Chorus:*

And the umpire said, "You're out,  
You're out, you're out, you're out—  
Caught out by Rummy Wrenn.

Immediately following the famous Bradsher came the hardly less famous Bob Gantt. Bob was the inspiration of one of my poems entitled "The College Hero":

His beauty is a question, for he's never passing fair,  
And he's freckled like the hen-fruit of a guinea,  
While bristling like a new-mown field's his short and stubby hair,  
Of attractions you'll agree he hasn't many;  
But to all of loyal fandom it's a sight of beauty rare,  
As the timid trembling batsman steps before him,  
To see him freeze that batsman with a cold and horrid stare,  
And with curves and drops and "merry widows" floor him.

He's dull on economics and at logic not so bright,  
In English he's as silent as a mummy,  
The mathematics problems he could never solve aright,  
At parabolas and circles he's a dummy;  
He atones for a lack of knowledge by a wondrous lot of nerve,  
His spitballs and his drops are all a wonder;  
He can throw a "merry widow" if he can't work out the curve,  
So the theory may toddle off to thunder.

As to morals, that's a question, but I hardly think he'll preach,  
 His wings for Paradise have not yet sprouted,  
 If you cross him he can raise a row so high it's hard to reach,  
 His ability to "cuss" is never doubted;  
 He's ready for a scrimmage and he's often heard to swear,  
 His behavior wouldn't pass him into heaven,  
 But there's no one can excell him making batsmen fan the air,  
 So I guess his sins will have to be forgiven.

His gifts are rather scanty, his accomplishments are small,  
 It really is a problem where to place him,  
 But they still are in amazement at that wondrous game of ball—  
 Only twenty-seven men allowed to face him!  
 Oh he's awkward and he's gawky and he's long and lank and lean,  
 Neither saint for righteous deed nor sage for knowledge,  
 But he can hurl the horsehide in a manner seldom seen—  
 Oh he's easily the biggest thing in college.

Another poem, a parody on *Abou Ben Adhem*, written about that same time, will throw further light on what was supposed to be the general attitude toward star athletes in college in those days:

#### ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem, of the modern kind—  
 A college youth of muscle more than mind—  
 Discovered once by incidental look  
 The Secretary writing in a book;  
 The praise received for mastery of the curve  
 Had given Ben a wondrous lot of nerve;  
 "What writest thou?" he asked the College scribe,  
 Who answered, "Names of that illustrious tribe  
 Who by their scholarship or speaking fame  
 Add lustre to their Alma Mater's name."  
 "Is my name there?", asked Abou. "I don't think,"  
 The scribe replied. Ben gave a knowing wink:  
 "Write if you wish, I take exams and fall,  
 But add I pitch a winning game of ball."  
 That day before the faculty was read  
 The secretary's paper, and 'tis said  
 That by a rising vote they all expressed  
 Belief that Abou's name should lead the rest.

Does history repeat itself, or do colleges stay the same through the years? I wonder.

During my junior year, basketball was introduced into North Carolina. The incomparable "Cap" Card has been given credit for the intro-

duction of this now popular game to the state. Here I should like to digress to pay tribute to one of the most beloved and likable men I have ever known. His usefulness at Trinity College and his contribution to athletics can hardly be measured. One thing I should like to protest against is the way he has been allowed to be forgotten at Duke University. He richly deserves a monument, or at least a building named for him. About the only reminder which we have of him is an oil painting which was painted by one of his students and presented to the University. I had the privilege of making the presentation address at that time. Some of the sentiments contained therein I am presenting on these pages.

Cap, as Wilbur Card was familiarly and lovingly known, was one of the most unique and admirable characters ever to attend Trinity College and serve on its staff. From his freshman days when he burst into the limelight by knocking a baseball through a knothole in the fence, to the time when illness caused his retirement from his beloved work, Cap was always turning up with something new, fresh, and unpredictable. After graduating from Trinity he received his physical education training at Harvard, where he was the second strongest man in that university. He was known as the handsomest man at Trinity College. No one who knew him and his beautiful young wife when they first came to Trinity as bride and groom will ever forget their charm.

I have stated that Cap was popularly credited with introducing basketball as an intercollegiate sport. He also made a great contribution in the field of gymnastics in his capacity as director of the Angier Duke Gymnasium. He was not only expert in all forms of sports, but he had the willingness to work tirelessly with his men, encouraging them with friendly tone and cheering smile and actually showing them how the difficult and arduous feats were performed. His gymnasium teams were notable for their skill and ability.

Cap also laid the foundation for the great and phenomenally successful athletic program which characterizes the Duke University of today. Even in those days of small squads, little money, and no help, he showed the way for successful amateur athletics. It is a far cry from the seven man basketball squads of that day and the ten man baseball squad to the large squads of today, but there was the indomitable spirit and the careful training which made those teams compare favorably with the teams of more recent times. There was no compromise with low standards. They were a hard hitting, fair fighting group who were game losers and, what is even harder to be, gracious winners. Cap himself was so fair to his opponents that we hated to see him umpire a ball game, for he gave every close decision to the opposing team. Only once is it recorded that he complained or pro-

tested. On a southern trip the opposing team rigged up a cannon in the outfield and every time a fly ball was hit to the outfield, they fired the cannon so as to startle our fielders and make them drop the ball. Cap is reported to have observed that he didn't think this was quite fair. The spirit of clean athletics and the high standards which characterize Duke University today had their beginning to a great degree in the work of Cap Card.

Far greater than any concrete contribution of professional training, Cap was an ennobling influence in the lives of the students personally. I shall never forget my first meeting with him. He approached me genially and observed that he understood that I was a ministerial student and intended to preach. I admitted that I anticipated a useful and glorious career in that particular field. He said: "Freshman, you will never preach with that chest. You haven't a two-inch chest expansion. Come on down to the gymnasium, and I will help you build a chest." He did literally just that. Through patient personal attention he helped me to acquire a chest expansion of five or more inches which was so necessary to my work. One of the most indelible impressions I have of him was his work with a poor cripple, teaching him to use his hands and legs and enabling him to regain partial use of, what seemed at first, hopelessly useless limbs. Hundreds of students throughout the world today owe not only their healthy bodies but also their sound frame of mind to this man whose cheering smile, and hearty clap of the hand on the back made the fellow take courage and push on to success.

Cap Card was not a scholar as measured by an academic standard. No institution ever gave him a high-sounding degree. But thousands of men conferred upon him that greater title—"tried, true and trusty friend." He was not a sculptor in clay or marble, but he took the raw material of human life and molded it into manhood. He wrote no books or magazine articles, but he wrote, indelibly, messages of hope and cheer in the lives of thousands. In the forty years that I knew him, I never heard him utter an oath, tell a dirty story, lose his temper, or stoop to any low or base thing.

It was pitiful that he should have come to his later manhood paralyzed and mentally broken down. It would be a pity also if Duke University should fail to memorialize him in some adequate and befitting manner.

I am printing here the famous poem, based upon Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*. The poem was written by his good friend and student, Dr. N. I. White, during his student days. As a matter of fact, the story of the knothole was greatly exaggerated. Some declared that Cap took the board from the fence and carried it home as a keepsake. The facts are, there wasn't any knothole in any board on any

fence. There was no fence around the playing field. Cap hit the ball to the spot where the knothole would have been, if the fence had been there. The poem follows.

## I

Cap Card, of '98 renown,  
By the nine gods he swore,  
That never pitcher from the box,  
Should fan him any more,  
By the nine gods he swore it,  
And seized a bat straightway,  
And waited sans all doubt and fear,  
To knock the stuffing from that sphere  
And win a rep that day.

## II

But mighty Bright worked out in right,  
That since hath made the Epworth League,  
And Smith, with fleet and nimble feet,  
Kept left—and never knew fatigue;  
While out in center romped a man,  
The hero of the sporting page,  
Who had, the wondrous rumor ran,  
Ten thousand, fielding average!

## III

So the Captain's brow was dark,  
And the Captain's hope was low,  
And darkly looked he at the bat,  
And darkly at the Ump, and at  
The outfield of the foe:  
"This ball will be upon me  
Before my bat swings 'round,  
And what ball, hit to that outfield,  
Hath hope to reach the ground?"

## IV

The pitcher took a windmill swing,  
With keen, malignant leer:  
He ogled Cap, and loosed a drop,  
Full straightway at his ear!  
With motion deft our Captain  
Right handily did swerve,  
Then, like a wildcat, mad with wounds,  
Swung on a fast outcurve!

## V

Far out beyond the fielder's reach,  
With scrutiny intense,  
The Captain's eagle eye had marked  
A knot hole in the fence;  
So swiftly did he smite that ball,  
So cleanly through the hole,  
He splashed mud on the other side  
Clean past the Southern Pole:  
And never could they dig that ball  
From out the clinging loam,  
(Although they dug for seven years)  
AND FORTY MEN ROMPED HOME!

## VI

They gave him of the dopes that day,  
As was the Captain's right,  
Enough to make him dream of snakes,  
Full many a lurid night;  
And still within the gloomy gym,  
When winter winds blow cold,  
And lonely Freshmen gaze at him,  
With eyes bulged out fourfold,—  
Still goes the thrilling legend round,  
Still is the story told,  
How Cap smashed out his Knot Hole Hit,  
In the brave days of old.

Basketball in those days was quite different from what it is today. I remember a high school game which ended with a score of 4 to 2. One team threw a field goal and two fouls. The other was limited to two fouls. Our team at Trinity played against Littleton High School and beat it 62 to 1. The opposing team threw one foul goal. Even the best college teams scored rarely more than thirty points. Guards were not expected to score at all. Their job was done when they defended their goal, got the ball away from the opposing team, and sent it down the field to their own forwards. Usually there were only two fouls called: one must not put both arms around an opposing player, and two players from one side must not gang up on another player. The tattooing of ribs with elbows, the shooting of the hip into an opponent's side or stomach, even the cross-hipping of an opponent and throwing him out of the court frequently escaped the eye of the referee. Often I have been asked if one of us could have guarded Dick Groat successfully. If Dick had been playing by those old rules, I think we could. A man couldn't throw a goal if his guard stayed

all over top of him. I played but a few games but had only one goal thrown on me in a match game.

The sport was exceedingly rough. I always played with a nose guard after I had my nose broken at the rough sport. I also had my ribs broken on two occasions. I doubt if the average game had a dozen fouls called on both teams. There was less running than now because dribbling was not allowed. Also the ball was thrown up at the center after each goal scored. The game was none too sportsmanlike. I remember going to a neighboring institution for a game and being met by a delegation of freshmen who cat-called and whistled us from the train to the gymnasium. A fight occurred between the two centers, and within ten seconds fifty students were on the floor mobbing all of our team except me. I don't know why they did not bother me unless it was because I got hold of a heavy oak rod and got over in a corner from which vantage point I observed the scrap.

The question asked me concerning our ability to guard Dick Groat causes me to make further observations with regard to a comparison of former teams with modern. Only in such things as track where the measurement of a high jump, a pole vault, a race, or other definite feature can be accurately made, can there be any adequate comparison. No one could possibly know whether any just comparison could be made between M. T. Plyler and Freddy Crawford as tackles. Nor can anyone say just how the baseball teams of my college days would compare with those of today. My guess is that the most famous football team of the Trinity days would not be able to stay on the same field with one of our great teams of Rose Bowl fame. But I could be wrong. Nor is it exactly fair to suggest that there are no "iron men" in these days. Here is just as good a place as any to pay tribute to the baseball team of 1952. Never in the annals of baseball has there been a manifestation of more grit, guts, and fortitude than was shown by that team in the sectional finals in Raleigh that spring. By sheer accident they lost their second game and came to the final day of the contest with an impossible schedule. If there ever was a "suicide" schedule, this was it. They were compelled to win three games in one day in order to win the sectional championship. For seven or more hours this gallant band of athletes worked under the hot sun in their match against two of the best teams of this section. The odds should have been ten to one against their ability to do this iron man stunt. But they did. So far as I know no other team has ever won three games in one day. No more heroic example of a team's fighting for the glory of Alma Mater and the love of a sick coach will ever be found. No, all of the truly great were not in the past. And Joe Lewis, the Duke pitcher who appeared not every other day, but three times in three days deserves a title that signifies some more durable metal than iron, if one can be found. The team played for more than love of Alma Mater

and coach, however. When Captain Dick Groat was asked the secret of the team's endurance he replied: "The help from the bench. The subs on the bench were so eager and spirited that we simply could not let them down." For the whole seven hours this gallant bunch of men, who were not rated highly enough to get in the game, sang, rooted, cheered, prayed, and agonized for their comrades on the field.

A word concerning college politics in my day may be of interest to some. There were none of the modern tactics such as the use of loud speakers, placards with pictures, slogans, and other catchy schemes. But there was a tremendous amount of planning and scheming, some of it on not too high a scale. Since all of the boys belonged to one of the two literary societies, campaigning and electioneering were frequently carried on along these lines. When issues arose which could not be settled in that way, groups from each society would form for or against the proposed plan or person. There were not many offices or positions available. Class officers were to be elected. Editors of newspapers and magazines, commencement marshals, and managers of the ball teams were elected. The managership of the baseball team became the center of one of the hottest college fights I have ever witnessed. Parenthetically I might modestly say that I was accused of being a sort of political "boss" for the Columbian Society and that my friend, Holland Holton, was the acknowledged "whip" of the Hesperians. Dr. Flowers, in commenting on college politics a few years ago, observed that no one had seen college politics at their best, or worst, unless he had seen Holland Holton and H. E. Spence work in that field. At that particular time, Holland was the leader of an "anti-organization" movement which proposed to see that no man belonging to an organization was to be elected to any office. The great prize in the campaign was the managership of the baseball team. The methods were rather clandestine and I disapproved of them. I told Holland that I would expose his methods and denounce them when the campaign came to a head. He asked me to keep quiet until that time. I promised to do so. When the time came I did as I had threatened and rose and told the crowd the whole "sorry" story. For the only time in his life, Holland spoke angrily to me. In a shrill excited tone he said: "The gentleman is a liar." But the crowd evidently believed me. The whole matter was thrown into a stalemate and was finally settled by the intervention of President Kilgo, who threw out both candidates and appointed one to his own liking. I have never seen a college community so near to a riot as it was that night. A couple of years later when I applied for admission into the North Carolina Conference, a friend of mine came and told me that a certain man was trying to keep me out of the conference on the ground that he had heard that I cursed that night. I asked him what I was supposed to have said. He replied:

"He says that you said that you believed the whole d—— crowd was going to fight. You had better stop him from spreading that report." I replied: "I don't believe I'll bother with him. He might prove it."

One of the smoothest and most underhanded tricks was used against me when the election for the Editor-in-Chief of *The Archive* came off the year my class was supposed to furnish the editor. Two men who were very good friends of mine, when off campus, and who remained true friends until their untimely death a few years ago, were bitter against me in college. It is said that the quarrel went back to the supposition that I had cleverly beaten them out for the debater's medal in the Columbian Society. At that time the practice was for sophomores to vote for the winner of the orator's medal, juniors decided the winner of the declaimer's medal, and seniors determined the winner of the debater's medal. E. F. Lee was a rather smooth member of the senior class and quite influential. It was charged that he made an agreement with me to deliver the votes which would give me the debater's medal if I would deliver those which would give him the orator's medal. Naturally, the two juniors who were trying for the debater's medal did not have anything to offer him, since they were allowed to vote only on the declaimer's medal. Each of these juniors claimed he did not think he deserved the medal but that the other did. (Incidentally, I never did learn how they knew about the bargain between Lee and myself—if there was one.) So these boys decided to get even with me. They black-balled me in the election for "9019" membership and made me wait until they had graduated before I was taken in. But the smartest trick was one which they pulled to defeat me for the editorship of *The Archive*.

There had been a very definite attempt to begin the publication of an annual during the senior year of the class of 1906. This was not the first, however. An attempt had been made as early as 1892. But the other was as futile as this turned out to be. "Give a dog a bad name and he'll carry it" holds true for folks, too. I got the blame for blocking the annual. The promoters thought I had discouraged its publication so that it could be promoted the next year and my class would get the credit for it. In fact, it was not enterprised again until 1912, when the first *Chanticleer* was published. The main reason the attempt failed was: the type of thing the students wanted published didn't suit the faculty in general, and Dr. Few in particular. Too many restriction were placed upon its contents and general character. But in order to clear my skirts of the charge and also to take a shot at what I considered the picayunish faculty in their demands, I wrote a poem protesting the killing of the annual. It is included here not because it is a good poem. Even I know better than that. But it does show why it should be considered an improper attack upon the dignity of the administration. I submitted the poem to the Editor of *The*

*Archive*, who incidentally happened to be one of my dearest foes whom I defeated for the debater's medal. He returned the poem with regrets—all but the closing stanza. I thought that it had been returned and paid no more attention to the episode. A few weeks later when my class met to elect the editor of *The Archive*, this last stanza was sent up and down the rows of students with this note appended: "if you elect H. E. Spence, this is the sort of stuff you may expect him to publish." The trick backfired. I was elected unanimously.

THE DEATH OF THE ANNUAL  
(With apologies to Bryant)

The college days have come again, the hardest of the year,  
With hard dry biscuits, wasp-nest rolls, and beef steak tough and rare;

With gravy made of water which the chicken waded through,  
Butter that never saw a cow, and milk that's wondrous blue;  
While visions rise of paradise from which we have just come,  
Of luscious food and all that's good, raised in a country home.

It's hard upon a fellow now to do such work as this,  
When just a few short weeks ago he lived in earthly bliss;  
Why study of some heroine who lived long, long ago;  
'Tis of some maid who lives today he wishes most to know.  
Why study economics, pray? We know what it's about—  
It's saving laundry bills by turning collars inside out.

We try in "Psych" to chase the mind through all its tangled maze,  
It takes us back o'er mem'ry's track to pleasant summer days:  
A rustic chair, an evening rare, a lovely country lass,  
Ah! heavenly bliss,—a rapturous—Sir? What tell it to the class!  
Describe our minds? Before my gaze what lovely visions rise!  
The secret of their loveliness? A pair of hazel eyes.

We cannot live in bygone days, the present greets us now.  
Take heart, oh melancholy one, and smooth that wrinkled brow:  
Act in the present, make each day more cheerful than the last,  
Find comfort in the rush of life! Forget the vivid past!  
The past? Past, present, future, are ever now the same:  
No events come to mark the time, this college life is tame.

The rush of life? There is no rush, no longer Freshmen bold  
Withstand the surly Soph'more rush as in the days of old;  
No bruised nose, no flying fur, no fast and furious fray;  
No broken bench and damaged door for which the Soph'mores pay.  
'Twas interesting and intense, the Soph and Freshie fussed;  
Juniors and Seniors egged them on. The Faculty? They "cussed."

The track team died and went to rest so many months ago;  
 Football departed on the path that all things mortal go;  
 Cards are forbidden, crap is banned, *The Archive's* wondrous  
 small;

The Glee Club's gloomy, tennis tame, and not yet time for ball:  
 That "shinny" game (a right good name) is one that's newly "riz";  
 The first slim shin that loses skin, they'll put that out of biz.

Put out of "biz"! Ah, at that word what solemn scenes arise,  
 I think of one put out of "biz" and tears bedim mine eyes—  
 The tender, timid Annual, cut down in early bloom,—  
 What ruthless hand or stern command drove it to direful doom?  
 No stern command, no ruthless hand, but dear old Doctor Scant\*  
 Looked lightly in, assumed a grin, and simply said: "You can't."

"A yearbook you may print," said he, "a volume dignified,  
 To advertise our stately school, in regions far and wide;  
 No cheap cartoons, no pithy puns, and sketched up scalawags,  
 No mirth, and wit, no not a bit, no dry and dusty drags."  
 Then came the gloom, we knew its doom, the hopeful heart now  
 broke;

For what would be an almanac without a single joke?

Enough is said, the annual's dead, its fearful fate bewail.  
 We plead the freedom of the press, no pleading could avail.  
 One little spot on God's green earth where men may be at ease;  
 "Think for yourself," said Uncle Buck, "and do just what you  
 please."

"Fine Maxims," quoth the Faculty, "the sentiment's allowed,  
 But choose to do as we command, and do not think too loud."

\* Popular nickname for Dean Few.

*The Trinity Chronicle* was founded in 1906. The Senior Class had been responsible for the publication of *The Archive*, even to the point of having to pay any deficiencies of a financial sort. I don't know whether there were any deficiencies or not. My business manager was "Rummy" Wrenn, the famous catcher. I think he made a financial success of the magazine. On my shelf here, near where I write, there reposes a copy of a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which he gave me as a part of my "loot." He also gave me the first tailor-made suit I ever owned. So I suspect he had quite a snug sum to his credit, although I did not ask him.

*The Chronicle* was underwritten by the two literary societies. Editorship and Business Managership were to alternate between the two societies. It may be of interest to note the personnel of that first staff. Gilbert Foard of the Hesperian Society was Editor-in-Chief. Ural N.

Hoffman of the Columbian Society was Assistant-editor. W. J. Justus and T. G. Stem were Business Managers. Other members of the staff were Mary Reamy Thomas (later Mrs. W. P. Few), H. E. Spence, E. B. Cooper, T. M. Stokes and B. S. Womble. The last named represented the law and the alumni.

*The Chronicle* has been a strong publication in the college and University since its inception.

I have noted the chief items of interest occurring during my undergraduate years, with the exception of the founding of the Law School in 1904. This was such a momentous event that I prefer to take notice of it in a separate chapter. As our graduation drew nearer, we were the more impressed with the greatness of the college. It looked to us like "a going concern." With almost bated breath we would say: "We wouldn't be surprised if some day we have five hundred students and a million dollar endowment."

I was selected to be one of the four Wiley Gray speakers along with Holland Holton, Walter Gray Jerome, and Luther M. (Dick) Peele. That was a memorable night for me. My subject was "The Shadow of Dead Men's Hands." With my usual dare-deviltry, I protested being ruled by conventionalities and having the greatness of the future hampered and ham-strung by the traditions of the past. Although a staunch Democrat, I went all out for an expansion program for the country. I will never forget the handicap under which I delivered that oration. Senator Lee S. Overman was one of the judges. It may have been my imagination, but I thought he smirked at me throughout the entire speech. I was afraid Walter Jerome would win, however, because of his composure. The lights went out while he was speaking but he continued his flight of oratory just as if nothing had happened. When the ballot was taken the three judges had each selected a candidate, but all different. On the second ballot they deserted their first choice, and gave their second choice the unanimous vote. Dick Peele won the medal.

I got my precious sheepskin on Wednesday morning. Never did I feel less like a conquering hero. Things are really greater in anticipation than realization. That night I literally wept at being compelled to leave my Alma Mater. I left her until the next fall when I enrolled for a Master's degree.

### CHAPTER III

## *Graduate Days at Trinity*

September, 1907, found me enrolled again at Trinity. In the middle of my senior year I had been appointed as a supply minister at Epworth Church, Raleigh. However, one of the Trinity men was finishing his four-year term at Mangum Street Church, Durham, and the prospects looked good for my succeeding him in the fall. So I enrolled at Trinity for a Master's degree on the strength of these prospects. I commuted from Raleigh until Conference and received the appointment; then took up my abode in Durham.

Warned against undertaking such a difficult task, I was told that I wouldn't be able to carry a pastorate and take a Master's degree in one year. My reply was "You don't know me. I just wish you would let me undertake it." Finally, they agreed, but only to my sorrow. My church, though small, demanded as much work and ability as one of the larger churches, except there was a smaller group to require my pastoral attention. I preached twice each Sunday and held prayer meeting on Wednesday night. Before commencement I literally "smashed up," having registered for fifteen hours work at the college. I became so nervous that I could hardly eat, sleep, or work. But in some miraculous way, I managed to carry the work and received my degree in June, 1908.

My work for a Master's degree was largely in the field of English and philosophy. Here I again had the pleasure of working with that matchless teacher, Dr. Edwin Mims. Together we worked, in detail, in three of the great centuries of English literature, the 17th, 18th, and 19th. I repeat a former statement that he was both scholarly and inspiring in all of his work.

I shall never forget an experience I had with Dr. W. K. Boyd. His life and work have been written about by an ardent admirer, and it would be a work of superfluity for me to say much about him here. He was a most interesting and unique personality. For years his office was next to mine, and he was a comfort to me, because his was the only office more dishevelled than mine. I took a course in graduate history under him which lasted throughout the year. At the end of the first

term, he gave me 75 on the course, a supposedly conditional grade in graduate work, explaining that he didn't condition me for failure to know the work but for cutting class so much. In the spring I almost failed to make up that condition. As before stated, I had almost completely broken down and was in no condition to stand the examination when the hour arrived. Thinking I was prepared for the test, I answered the first two questions fairly thoroughly. Suddenly my mind went blank. I did not remember ever seeing the subject matter upon which we were being examined. Utterly helpless and hopeless, I closed my paper, threw the book on the table, and said to the class: "Goodbye folks. Here's where a good man flunks for the first time in his long and honored career." Dr. Boyd was not in the room at that time. As I sauntered dejectedly along the hall, I met him coming, rapidly walking, toward the room. He said: "Hey, where are you going?" I said: "I am not going anywhere. I have already been where I was going. I flunked." He said: "Wait a minute. Come over here and let's talk it over." He pulled out his old pipe, lit it up, and then said: "What was there about that examination to trouble you?" Suddenly my mind came back as clear as it had ever been. I started talking rapidly and told him what I had missed and what the answer was supposed to be. He stopped me and said: "Wait a minute. There's no need of your going any further." Delighted I asked: "You mean you will let me go back and finish the examination?" "Gosh, no," he said. "Go on about your business. You know more about it than I do." I never did forget that courtesy. Oh yes, the grade? 92! And was I glad to get it!

I discovered another man that year and learned to know him as both a great teacher and a great man. I had studied with him before, but in such a large class that I did not get to know him very well. But in my graduate course in German, I discovered that Dr. W. H. Wanner had as keen insight into the meaning of life as any man I have ever met. He was thorough-going in his work, inspiring in his teaching, fine and friendly in his attitudes. The excursions into the field of philosophy, religion, and comparative literature which we took are among the most enjoyable of my recollections.

Without invidious comparison, however, I want to go on record here as stating that Dr. William Ivey Cranford was the greatest mind and spirit with whom I ever came into contact. I had work with him in psychology, logic, and philosophy in my undergraduate years. I still think the old book which he made us master, Lotze's *Microcosmus*, was the most inclusive and profound discussion of life I have ever seen. But to know Dr. Cranford well demanded a closer fellowship and acquaintance with him than could be had in an undergraduate course. My graduate work in the philosophy of Religion and Ethics was done with only two students in each course. Here we really learned to

know the mind of this great teacher. His faith was unshakeable. His ability to handle easily all perplexing problems of life, death, and eternity was simply astounding. With poise, ease, fervor, and conviction, he applied himself to the unfolding of these profound problems. No man could be a skeptic while under the spell of this mastermind. His was another tragic case. In spite of his great strength of body, he broke down completely from a physical standpoint and had the horrible experience of appearing to understand all that was being said to him and all that was going on about him, yet without any ability to make known what his reactions were aside from laughing or nodding his head. After the famous victory over Carolina in 1935 I was asked to go over and give him my version of the game. He was always emotional. I have seen him break down and weep tears of joy whenever his own team scored a touchdown. I usually reserved mine for the opponent's touchdowns. He was an excellent player himself in his undergraduate days. So it was thought that he would like to hear an account of the great contest. I went and began to describe the high spots of the game. I really thought he would "kill" himself laughing and crying. Apparently he never enjoyed anything more in his life.

Dr. Cranford was the only man I ever knew who had a perfect balance between his intellect and his emotions. Normally when men learn to think clearly, they lose their emotions. That is the most difficult task of college life—to train students so that they may think clearly and feel deeply at the same time. This man could. His speeches were marked by both warmth of feeling and clarity of insight. His life was an example of faith and devotion. I shall never forget the simplicity of his sublime prayers, always ending with the same formula: "Until we come to that which Thou wouldst have us attain."

Naturally my experiences as a graduate student were tame and greatly limited as compared to my undergraduate life. However, I still found time to enjoy frequent visits to the campus, although living in the city. These associations continued after I received my degree. During this year the Fortnightly Club was organized and we greatly enjoyed working under the direction of Dr. Edwin Mims, in the field of creative writing. Afterward, the organization became a part of a national fraternity, the Sigma Upsilon.

Perhaps the highlight of the year, so far as my experiences were concerned, was the Unveiling of the Washington Duke Monument. Mr. Duke had been an unforgettable friend of the college and through his generosity and kindness had made it possible for the institution to continue through lean and uncertain years. He was a favorite with the entire community. The sight of this great man with his rugged form and kindly face was always an inspiring sight to Trinity students whether on the campus or at Main Street Methodist Church, where he

worshipped. Mr. Duke died in 1905, and soon after his death a movement was started to erect a monument to his memory. Nearly two hundred of his friends contributed to the erection of this monument. Valentine, the distinguished Southern sculptor who had done such notable statues as those of Jackson, Jefferson, and the famous recumbent statue of Robert E. Lee, was chosen for the task. The great monument still stands on the East Duke Campus. On the front side is inscribed:

WASHINGTON DUKE—1820-1905

Animated by lofty principles he ever cherished the welfare of his country with the ardor of a true patriot; diligent in business he acquired riches, but in the enjoyment of them did not forget to share them with the less fortunate; a patron of learning he fostered an institution which placed within the reach of aspiring youth the immortal gift of knowledge; and when the activities of his early life and the sterner struggles of his maturer years had passed he entered upon a serene old age cheered by a lowly piety and sustained by an unfaltering trust in God, who in all the vicissitudes of life had kept him single in his aims, sincere in his friendships, and true to himself.

On the west side is the word PATRIOT, and on the north side the couplet:

“Friend to Truth! Of Soul Sincere,  
In Action Faithful, and in Honor Clear.”

On the east side in raised letters is the word PHILANTHROPIST.

The campus was in a great state of excitement at the prospects of this interesting addition to the normal commencement exercises. Great plans were made for the unveiling. Mr. James H. Southgate made the presentation speech in behalf of the donors. President John C. Kilgo made the address of acceptance.

One unexpected feature of this unveiling did not appear on the printed program. In fact it was not thought of until the morning of the event. About daybreak that morning I awoke with the idea that the occasion called for a poem. I grasped a pencil and tablet and went to work composing an ode. Having completed it about nine o'clock, I rushed over to President Kilgo's office and asked permission to read to him what I had written. He seemed greatly pleased and asked me to call in his Secretary, Edgar W. Knight, later a distinguished Professor at the University of North Carolina, and have him copy the poem. This “Ed” did, and the poem was handed to Dr. Edwin Mims, with the request that he read it at the Unveiling. Dr. Mims did not have the opportunity of looking over the poem before the time for the unveiling. But he read it in his musical voice, and I was unduly elated. The poem is here reproduced.

Today we gather, friends, from far and near  
With joy and gladness at our Mother's call,  
To pay our tribute to our patron dear,  
Not drop a tear upon his mournful pall—  
No tears save those of gratitude may fall—  
But to his memory love's incense burn:  
With this one purpose in the heart of all  
To contemplation of his work we turn  
And hang our laurels gladly on his honored urn.

Man's worth is measured not by laurels won,  
But by the effort made to reach the goal;  
Not by the petty deeds which he has done,  
But by the master will and firm control  
Which holds hope's wavering needle to the pole,  
And bravely stems the stubborn tide of life,  
Withstands the billows that overwhelm the soul,  
Nor weakly falters when oppression's rife,  
But boldly fights courageous 'mid the fiercest strife.

Of such heroic mettle was he made.  
That "fairest land that e'er fired poet's lays"  
By devastating warfare had been swayed,  
And while men falt'ring stood in dire amaze  
And naught save hopeless ruin met the gaze,  
Hope's rainbow stood above the sad defeat;  
And from the ruins of the dead to raise  
New life, he set himself, and through the heat  
He patient toiled until the structure stood complete.

Nor in that struggle did he strive alone;  
A band of ragged comrades with him fought,  
And naught remained which they could call their own  
Save that great legacy which is unbought:  
A love for freedom both of deed and thought.  
These heroes to his aid with gladness came  
And patiently with tireless zeal they wrought;  
Upon the list who shared his work and fame  
Behold our worthy founder, Braxton Craven's name.

O that his zeal which nothing could appall,  
Like to the mantle of the prophet old,  
Upon thy sons, O Trinity, might fall,  
That they with hearts sincere and spirits bold  
Might seek and tell the truths as yet untold.  
Might battle with the force of low desires,

And shape complete within high manhood's mould  
A character full worthy of their sires,  
And zealous keep aglow the patriotic fires.

O Alma Mater, not of ivied walls  
We boast, nor lakes, nor placid streams;  
Nor mountain peaks nor hoary classic halls;  
Nor through luxuriant groves the moonlight beams  
With magic hint of mediaeval dreams;  
We've few suggestions of the days of yore,  
Our city's bustling mart with commerce teems,  
Upon our ears falls industry's dull roar.  
The Young South's daring footsteps enter at our door.

Yet not the Old South's prestige we forget,  
And not the truths for which our fathers bled,  
Their memories are sacred to us yet,  
We pay obeisance to our honored dead  
When twining laurels on our patron's head.  
Yet turn we forward to the future's call,  
By beacon-lights of progress onward led,  
And dedicate, whatever fate befall,  
Unto our country's need, our lives, our strength, our all.

Although I continued as Pastor of Mangum Street Church, I helped with the work at Trinity from 1908 until 1910, when I became a full-time member of the teaching staff. At first I was merely a reader of themes, but gradually Dr. Mims worked me in as a teaching assistant, holding a few classes for him whenever he had to be away from town. So my next two years were quite closely connected with the life of the institution, although the greater part of my work was with my church. Among the outstanding incidents of those days was the visit of President Charles W. Eliot, famous President of Harvard University. His visit caused more of a furor than the visit of the President of the United States and his cabinet would cause today. For weeks the campus was in a state of expectancy. A great banquet was arranged at the Corcoran Hotel. Scores of prominent Harvard men from nearby institutions and throughout the state were invited. Several of the younger members of the staff who only ranked as instructor, including Charlie Markham, the present Treasurer of Duke, and myself, were rather bluntly told that we were not to have the privilege of attending this banquet even if we paid for our plate. The line had to be drawn somewhere. We did not mind so badly since the price per plate, two dollars and a half, was pretty steep for an instructor receiving probably sixty dollars a month at the most. So we graciously assured those in charge that we understood and were reconciled to our

situation. Just before night we were accosted by the committee, who informed us that the banquet was not being as well attended as they had expected and that there were a number of plates not taken which would have to be paid for whether they were used or not. Would we be kind enough to fill in and swell the crowd at the College's expense? Graciously, we accepted this invitation. I suppose we enjoyed the banquet more than any of those who attended and paid.

After the banquet Dr. Eliot made a speech at Craven Memorial Hall and did the unmannerly thing of not even mentioning privately endowed or church-supported institutions. He gave his observations of the splendid work done by the state through the entire South. President Kilgo was deeply offended and after President Eliot left the campus he did not hesitate to pay his respects to what he referred to as "the manners of a bull."

In September, 1907, there came to the campus a man who was destined to make a great contribution to the influence and service of the institution. This man was Dr. E. C. Brooks, who came to establish a department of education. Dr. Brooks had been prominent in teaching in the state. He had also served as Assistant State Superintendent of Public Instruction and had managed the great educational campaign promoted by Governor Charles B. Aycock. He arranged courses in teaching and organized a department which soon became very popular and has maintained its popularity to this time.

Dr. Brooks was one of the most genial men ever to teach at Trinity. He had a wonderful sense of humor and told a story in an inimitable fashion. His classes were never dry or boring. His laugh was one of the most contagious I have ever heard. Once when he was traveling in the eastern section of the state, he boarded one of those trains running through a rather isolated portion of the country. The train was composed of only two passenger cars. One was a first-class coach, the other a combination Negro car and smoker. Dr. Brooks was sitting back enjoying his solitude when the train stopped at a small station. One lone man got on there. He came into the first-class coach and upon seeing that Dr. Brooks was the only passenger, he surmised that this was a private car. With profuse apologies he asked forgiveness for intrusion. Dr. Brooks bowed with dignity and said: "Certainly, Sir. No harm done. Quite a natural mistake." The man went into the second-class coach and left Dr. Brooks to enjoy the privacy of his "private" car.

Dr. Brooks established a strong department. He left Trinity to become State Superintendent of Public Instruction for a term or so. He later was elected to the presidency of State College in Raleigh, to be succeeded here by Dr. Holland Holton who, with a group of excellent teachers, carried on with pronounced success.

It is difficult to give credit to everyone who deserves credit in the development of Trinity College and Duke University. The nearer this narrative approaches modern times the more difficult will it be to appraise and evaluate the service of those who have made the institution what it is today.

Corporations, especially institutions of learning, seem to take three attitudes to those who serve or who have served them. The first is toward the deceased. "Never speak ill of the dead," a time-honored motto, seems to be acceptable to them. This is partly through fear and superstition, partly through a sense of decency. The second is toward those who are still in their employment. These should not be praised too freely or bragged on too effusively. They might do something to offset this praise, but, worse than that, they might expect a raise in salary if they learned that they were so highly regarded. The third is toward those who have left them to go to some rival concern. These are promptly forgotten and never mentioned again. Perhaps I should be guided by these principles to some extent.

One incident occurred during these days which I feel I should tell, although it will sound horribly immodest and in poor taste, even for me. I referred earlier to the fact that I was the first person from my native county to enter Trinity College. Others followed me fairly promptly, yet Trinity had not made a very great name for itself. One boy in my neighborhood was supposed to be a rival of mine in school, in debating, and in many other ways. I will call him Louis Ellsworth, although that was only a part of his name. Louis left Camden for Wake Forest the same year that I came to Trinity. He was not accepted as a college student but was compelled to take a year of sub-freshman work. The logical conclusion in the community was that Wake Forest must have higher standards than Trinity, since I entered Trinity and he could not enter Wake Forest. I graduated a year earlier; therefore the impression that Trinity was easier than Wake Forest was strengthened. There was also a question as to whether Wake Forest turned out better preachers than did Trinity.

One summer I was visiting the old home community during the time of the regular protracted meeting. Louis Ellsworth was at home at that time also. The pastor of the charge was none too energetic and gladly used these two recent college men to do his preaching for him. The meetings were held throughout the day, with one service in the morning and other in the afternoon, following what was known as "dinner on the ground." Each day I preached in the morning, to be followed by Louis in the afternoon. It did not occur to me that there was any idea of a preaching rivalry or contest between the two of us. On Thursday, a college mate of mine, Frank Eason, came to me and said: "Look a here, dern your lazy soul. Why don't you get busy and

go to preaching like you ought to? Don't you know these folks are all saying that Louis is preaching rings around you?" I replied: "Frank, I am not in a preaching race with Louis Ellsworth. It doesn't bother me if the folks think he is the better preacher." "That's all right for you to say," he replied, "but there's more at stake than that. Folks are saying that Wake Forest turns out better preachers than Trinity. I just don't like it." This peeved me a little, but I tried to laugh it off. Still it stuck a bit; and when I overheard a conversation between my little niece and my father that night, I was really hurt.

That afternoon, after Frank had taken me to task at the church, I overheard my niece ask my father who could beat preaching, Louis Ellsworth or Uncle Hersey? Father told her that he considered me more thoughtful than Louis but that he suspected the public thought Louis could beat me preaching. I cannot remember when anything ever hurt me worse than that statement. I made up my mind that the next day I would show them who could do the better preaching. I really worked that night. The next morning when I arose to preach I took the text: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God—and the books were opened." I shall never know what happened to me. Suddenly I was swept into the eternities in my imagination and saw the Great White Throne and Him who sat on that throne. The judgment will never be more real to me in the eternities than it was in that country church that morning. The throngs waiting their sentences of doom cringed in my sight. Heaven smiled and hell frowned on those who would soon inhabit them. Never before nor since have I equalled that sermon.

Country revivals were notable for their interruptions. Dogs usually wandered up and down the aisles. Babies fretted or squalled. Tired laboring people snored. Old men sat next to the walls, resting their greasy heads against the side of the house, leaving dark spots on the walls while they chewed tobacco and spat on the floor next to the walls. But not that morning! The dogs lay quiet in amazement. The babies forgot to cry. The sleepers woke up. The old men sat erect, too horrified to spit, and the spittle trickled down the corners of their mouths. I not only stood before the Judgment, but every one in that house stood there with me.

When I finished I was so weak I staggered. I was as cold as if I had been plunged into ice water. I could hardly eat a bite as I tried to swallow enough dinner to keep me from being hungry while I was on the train. I had to leave the church immediately after lunch and come back to Durham.

The next week I got a letter from my father which told me of the aftermath of that sermon. It read in part:

"I don't suppose there will ever be any dispute in this neighborhood again as to who is the better preacher, you or Louis, or as to which

institution turns out the greatest preachers. After you left we lingered around on the grounds awhile and then went back in the church for the closing session of the meeting. It was soon seen that something was wrong. Louis Ellsworth told the pastor that he couldn't preach after that sermon that morning and what was more he wouldn't even try. Brother Mack Whitson, a local minister, was invited to preach and begged off. Brother Will Trotman, a visiting minister, asked to be excused. Even Brother Frank Pearce, the local exhorter, who never lacked a word or missed an opportunity before, said that he had nothing to say. Finally the pastor said that if people wouldn't listen to such a sermon as they had heard that morning, there was no need of giving them another opportunity. He dismissed the meeting and they went home." The only time on record, so far as I know, that a sermon broke up a revival.

That is the only time in my more than fifty years of preaching that I ever deliberately set out to beat another man preaching. I was a bit ashamed of it, but I still have a feeling of elation over it. After all, one can't have one's favorite niece thinking that his favorite college can't turn out better preachers than Wake Forest, can he?

## CHAPTER IV

### *Teaching English at Trinity*

In the spring of 1910, President John C. Kilgo was elected bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This necessitated the securing of a new president for Trinity College. Dr. Kilgo had a tremendous hold upon the Board of Trustees. It was popularly supposed that this group rubber-stamped his every wish. At any rate, he was the dominant force in the selection of the new officials to take over affairs at Trinity. He named his life-long friend, Dr. W. P. Few, who was at that time Dean of the College, to succeed him. Dr. W. I. Cranford was named to succeed Dr. Few as Dean. The functions of the office of Secretary to the College were increased, and Professor R. L. Flowers was named Secretary to the Corporation. It was thought by many that Dr. Kilgo hoped in this way to perpetuate his hold upon the institution. This arrangement held for several years when Dean Cranford resigned and was succeeded by Dr. W. H. Wannamaker. These three, President Few, Dean Wannamaker, and Secretary Flowers, formed the most effective triumvirate since the formidable one of Caesar, Pompey, and Crassus. Dr. Few was excellent in the over-all work; Secretary Flowers had a tremendous capacity for transacting business, while Dr. Wannamaker was one of the most efficient men any college ever knew in dealing with the employment and supervision of members of the faculty. They also made a perfect team in working out plans so that no one of them was ever specifically designated, in any transaction which proved unpleasant to face. Rarely did the man who fancied he had a grievance know exactly where to place the blame. At least, that was the general impression on the campus. In later years a member of the Faculty, the irrepressible N. I. White, wrote this inimitable bit of doggerel:

“Said Few to Flowers, ‘Drat the luck!  
Didn’t I tell you to pass the buck?’  
Said Flowers to Few, ‘I s’pose I should,  
But Wannamaker said he would.’”

With the selection of Dean Few to succeed Dr. Kilgo as President, it became necessary to secure someone to help with the teaching of

English. I had majored in English both in my undergraduate and graduate work and had also helped with work in English as an instructor. When I was invited to teach English in my Alma Mater, naturally I was proud and happy. I resigned my church, and in the fall of 1910 became assistant professor of English, which position I held for three years. One of my students, upon being required by me to write a poem, wrote a parody on the old Scotch Ballad, Sir Patrick Spens. Another former student, Dr. C. E. Rozzelle, remembered the poem verbatim and I am indebted to him for the words which follow:

### SIR HERSEY SPENCE

(A Parody on Sir Patrick Spens, an old English Ballad)

By W. L. Scott, 1912

The Dean sits in bachelor hall—a-scratching his head was he:  
“Ah where can I get good teacher, to teach my section C”?  
Then up and spake red-headed Briggs—who sat at the Dean’s  
right knee:  
“Sir Hersey Spence is the best teacher that can teach at Trinitee.”  
The Dean straightway to ‘phone does go—receiver in his hand,  
And calles up Sir Hersey Spence,—was writing poems grand:  
The first word that Sir Hersey heard, a broad smile smiled he;  
The next word that Sir Hersey heard, his heart was filled with  
glee.  
“Oh who has done this wondrous deed, this good deed done to  
me,  
To send me out this time of my life to teach at Trinitee?”

I had many wonderful experiences during these years, which were unforgettable. For one thing, I had the pleasure of learning to know Dr. William Preston Few better than perhaps any other man ever knew him. He was keeping bachelor apartments on the first floor of the North Dormitory. I was furnished a suite just above his apartment and invited to eat at his table. Here with a Negro cook, Jim Love, the brother of the greatest and finest Negro servant I have ever known, John Love, Dr. Few and I ate our three squares every day for a year. I had the rare privilege of sitting with him and and discussing many problems of a deep and serious nature. In spite of an apparently nervous and fidgety disposition, he was practically imperturbable when it came to facing problems. His judgment was almost unerring, in fact uncanny. Carlyle once said no man was great to his valet. Perhaps my intimate associations with Dr. Few may have made me a bit less awed by him than I otherwise would have been. He was a great soul. I never saw him lose his temper or heard him say a bad word. He was as kind and tender-hearted as a woman. But to imagine him a person without will or backbone would be to err grossly.

The inauguration of Dr. Few took place on November 9, 1910. It was a splendid occasion as events went in those days. A large number of the educational celebrities of the country were on hand. The proper social festivities were engaged in. I experienced my first big-time social function. Dressed in Prince Albert coat, top hat, and white kid gloves, I escorted the President's sister, the charming Miss Ellie Few, appearing like an ambassador at a coronation, I'll not say how I felt. There was a great deal of glamour about the induction ceremonies. When the credentials of the various institutions represented were submitted, Dr. Frank C. Brown, for once forgetting his peculiar impediment of speech, stood in dignified manner, as only he could, and called the roll of those who were to be presented. Incidentally, Dr. Brown was always at his best at a public function. For many years his management of state occasions was simply superb. Especially at Commencement occasions he contributed much of dignity and beauty. The afternoon teas given on the East Campus were things of beauty, due largely to the lovely decorations for which he was responsible.

There were some remarkable students in my first classes at Trinity. On my very first class there was a smart looking student who answered almost every question I asked and who showed unusual interest as well as ability. I inquired as to his identity and learned that he was James Cannon III and that he had already been around the world. That was quite a feat. In those days a man who had been to Europe was considered a curiosity. I afterwards learned that he had been only half around the world. My associations with him have proved manifold and significant. When in the after years I was placed in charge of the department of religion at Trinity, the first man called to assist me in that work was my former brilliant student, the dependable James Cannon. We worked together both on the undergraduate and graduate level and in many capacities. When Mrs. Spence and I retired last Commencement, a tea was given in our honor by the Divinity School and the Department of Religion. I had the unique experience of being feted by Dean Cannon, a member of my classes the first year I taught at Trinity, and Dr. H. E. Myers, head of the Undergraduate Department of Religion, who was a member of my classes the second year of my teaching. That was something of a record I think. In those classes during those early years were many persons both boys and girls who have since achieved distinction. In some slight way I was connected with the training of Willis Smith, later United States Senator now deceased. Former Governor Gregg Cherry was one of my students. A large number of ministerial students taught by me afterward achieved distinction in their churches. Others attained high place in the educational world, some of them serving for many years on the

Faculty of Duke University. Others became prominent in the business and political world.

A couple of years ago, Mrs. Spence told me of a thrilling book she was reading. It was entitled *New Song in a Strange Land*, by Esther Warner. She said: "You simply must read it. There is a most remarkable character in it, a doctor. You will just love him." While I was reading it, she said: "Have you come to the Doctor, yet?" I told her that I had. "Don't you just love him?" she asked. I told her that I had thought highly of him for many years. "What do you know about him?" she asked in astonishment. I was pleased to be able to tell her that the great George W. Harley, who practically transformed the heart of inner Africa, was one of my students in my first years at Trinity. The institution is justly proud of his record.

Another student who meant a great deal to me and who made a great name for himself was Newman Ivey White, better known to students and Faculty alike as "Ni." He was brilliant as a student, clever as a person, capable as an athlete, versatile as a writer. I have never known a man whom I enjoyed more than I did Ni. We were associates in many ways, especially on the tennis courts. He also was good at basketball and baseball. Later, he made quite an addition to the faculty group of players in their contests with the seniors. In those days the senior-faculty baseball game was quite a feature of the pre-commencement activities. The faculty frequently was able to hold its own with any of those classes. Dr. Wannamaker could throw with either hand, bat from both sides, and play tennis with either hand. I have enjoyed reading the account of these old games in my research for materials for this book. I noted only too frequently that Spence fanned or made an error. I will not call his name, since he is sensitive about it until this good day, but one of the faculty had the distinction of "butting" a home run but for the wrong team. He was playing deep outfield, near the fence, when a fly ball came straight at him. He misjudged the ball. It struck him on the head and bounced over the fence for a home run.

But back to N. I. White. He afterward attended Harvard University, where he received his doctor's degree. He returned to Trinity to teach and was on its teaching staff at the time of his death. He was perhaps the world's outstanding authority on Shelley. His work in folklore and Negro poetry was also notable. He and I were both interested in writing poetry. In fact, it was stated in the after years that Dr. Few selected both White and myself as teachers because he thought we would do creative writing and that he was disappointed in us both. I had done quite a bit of writing verse before coming to the faculty, having had at one time a regular page in the Sunday *Charlotte Observer*. Upon the death of the brilliant John Charles McNeill, I

was offered a permanent place on the staff, presumably to take his place. I have often wondered what would have happened to me had I gone into newspaper work. But neither White nor I lived up to Dr. Few's expectations. What Dr. Few didn't seem to realize is that even Pegasus will lose his poetical genius if used as a plow horse. Eighteen hours a week teaching, with hundreds of freshman themes to read, will take the inspiration out of anyone. No wonder that White and I lost something of our poetical fervor.

One of the outstanding events of this first year of my teaching experience was the burning of the Washington Duke Building. Plans had been made for the erection of the buildings as they now stand. In fact, the West Duke Building had already been completed, and preparations were being made to move in while its counterpart, the East Duke Building, was being erected. One of the chief problems was how to get rid of the Washington Duke Building. A wrecking company had been engaged to raze the building at a reputed cost of ten thousand dollars (\$10,000.00). But the company was not needed. On the night of January 4, 1911, a fire totally destroyed the building. One of the students smelled fire, found that his door was jammed and couldn't be opened, crawled over his transom and escaped with the loss of all his belongings. It was one of the standing jokes of the campus for many months that "Bear" Epps, as we called him, who ordinarily was slow of movement, passed three students on the fire escape. The building was completely destroyed and was easily removable with the exception of the tower. As before stated in an early section of the book, the tower of this building was finally made so strong that dozens of blasts of dynamite were required to demolish it. The building was fairly well covered with insurance, and the College found itself some fifty thousand dollars richer for having had the fire.

An interesting sidelight of this affair was to be seen in the Durham courts a few weeks later. One of the merchants, without too good a reputation, had been indicted for burning his store in order to collect the insurance. There was much evidence and more feeling. The case was won in his favor by a very clever move on the part of one of Durham's most capable lawyers, Mr. Victor S. Bryant, the father of the prominent Victor S. Bryant of the present Durham bar. Mr. Bryant barely reviewed the evidence. He addressed the jury in substance as follows: "A few weeks ago Trinity College decided to tear down the old Washington Duke Building and replace it with a modern building. A wreckage company was employed for the sum of ten thousand dollars to take the old building down. On the night of January 4, in the dead hours of the night, the fire alarm was heard. It was the Washington Duke Building on fire. Mark you, gentlemen, that the building was not inhabited at that time. Only a few students had returned from the holidays. There was a minimum risk of the loss of life.

There was apparently little chance of the building's having been set afire through the normal channels since it was not in use at that time. It also develops that it was heavily insured. The College stands to gain fifty or a hundred thousand dollars through this fire which, as I point out, risked no lives, caused little inconvenience, and saved a vast sum of money. On the face of this circumstantial evidence, it seems very plain that Trinity College appears to have burned this building in order to save that money. Yet there is not a man on this jury who has the slightest idea that Trinity College was responsible for that fire. And you would send this poor man to the penitentiary on one-tenth that much evidence." The jury returned a verdict of "not guilty" in record time.

One other incident of importance is to be noted. On November 22, 1911, a mass meeting was held to consider the publication of an annual. A few weeks later definite plans were announced. In 1912, the first number of the college annual was published. It was dedicated to Bishop John C. Kilgo. Claude Bennett was the Editor-in-Chief. His assistant editors were W. G. Shepherd, James Cannon III, and N. I. White. Showing an early propensity for the financial wizardry he has since demonstrated, Mr. A. S. Brower was named as its business manager.

The frontispiece consisted of the picture of an imaginary bell tower with the following lines selected from a poem by Dr. Plato T. Durham:

When 'far my pathway lies along  
The moorland of the afteryears;  
When life sings low the evening song;  
And all the west a glory wears,  
Then ring your vesper song to me,  
O sunset bells of Trinity.

The naming of the annual caused some concern. *The Chronicle* had called for suggestions as to a name. Finally the name Chanticleer was adopted. It is not quite clear as to what the significance of the name was. I am indebted to Mr. Brower for the explanation that the term was probably selected because Rostand's play *The Chanticleer*, had become quite popular throughout the dramatic world. It was based on the old story that a rooster thought that it was his crowing which caused the sun to rise. The assumption is that this publication would cause some dispelling of the gloom from a darkened world. I think it was called Chanticleer because the mascot of Trinity College in those days was a rooster. In fact the athletic teams were known by sports writers, especially those of *The Chronicle*, as the Game Cocks. This name, of course, is that used by the University of South Carolina now. When the name was discontinued I do not know. I know when the mascot was discontinued. On one occasion our ball team went to

Raleigh to play State. State's mascot was a bulldog. Our boys proudly carried their rooster along and turned him loose during the game. The bulldog spied the rooster. We have had no mascot of the animal kingdom since.

The Annual carried many interesting features, stressing fraternities, athletics, and the other outstanding interests of college life. A suggestion that personal gripes about boarding halls are not new may be seen in one of their clever parodies, that on Poe's *Israfel*:

If I could dwell where Israfel  
Hath dwelt, and he where I,  
I'd sing the praises widely well  
Of angel food and pie,  
While Israfel would bleat like hell  
For his home back in the sky.

*The Chanticleer* was off to a good start in spite of the fact that it contained seven of my personal likenesses and published several of my poems. Its successors have improved with the years.

One notable thing which might have been observed by one who had traced the growth of college yells and songs is that there was a decided improvement in those fields. In *The Chanticleer* appears the first real college song that Trinity ever had, or at least the first that was adopted by the student body as the college song. Others had made attempts at writing songs, but it remained for Walter G. Shepherd of the class of 1912 to furnish the one that was finally adopted. It was supposed to be sung to the tune, *Good Old Summer Time*, but I have been unable to trace any resemblance between that tune and the one we used for his song. It was entitled *Trinity*. The song follows:

Trinity, Trinity,  
How we love her banner, her banner;  
Trinity, Trinity, we her name will sing;  
Trinity, Trinity, here's to the flag she flies;  
Oh yes, boys, in glory, we'll sing the same old story  
Of old T-R-I-N-I-T-Y.

For years that song was the battle cry for many spirited contests and other public events. The substitution of other songs for this when the institution became Duke University will be noted later.

In addition to the privilege of teaching many fine young men and women and gaining experience in college work, I gained one other thing by my short stay at Trinity in those years. I was afforded the opportunity of spending a summer in Europe, which was considered a difficult but very desirable experience forty years ago. It was in the summer of 1912, the year the ill-fated *Titanic* was destroyed. In order to avoid the ice, our ship took the southern route to Europe. This sent

us through a section of phosphorous seas which beggared all description. It is no uncommon sight at night to note a trail of fiery water in the wake of a ship. On this night, however, wherever there would have been a whitecap in the daytime, there was fire that night. If thousands of ships had been on the ocean there would have been no more glowing spectacle. The ship's captain told us that the only way he could tell the difference between the lights on the water and approaching ships was that the ship's lights would be constant and these were flickering and wavering. It was as if thousands of giants were engaged in throwing great tubs of golden soapsuds at each other. I had been teaching Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* and had always wondered about the lines describing the "still and awful red" of the water and the "flash of golden fire" which was caused by the snakes as they coiled and swam. But if Coleridge had seen such a sight as that which we saw that night, he would have had to rewrite his famous poem. It really understated such spectacles.

Professor A. M. Webb and Dr. W. T. Laprade and I went over on the same boat. I have always resented their ability to sail well. Day after day they enjoyed the good food, took part in the activities on shipboard, or curled up in an easy seat and read books. I spent the greater part of my waking time hanging over the rail. I was seasick for five days. In Paris we were joined by Professor and Mrs. C. W. Edwards. We "did" Paris together. One night we were debating as to whether we should go to the tough sections to see the night life. I was trying to persuade Mrs. Edwards to come along. She said: "It's all right with you. No one will know whether you are a preacher or not." I replied: "It will be all right with you. No one will know whether you are a lady or not." We went.

Webb and I took a three weeks' walking and climbing tour over the Alps. We almost got put in jail for German spies, but the Catholic priest in the little town of Valgrisanche interceded for us and we were merely kept under surveillance while there. I shall never forget the day we climbed the Tete de Ruitor, a peak measuring 11,455 feet. At its top we saw the sunrise while we were surrounded by more than twenty snow-capped peaks. Webb turned with hushed voice and said: "If a man can't pray here, he has no soul." He was one of the most versatile men in the Romance languages I ever knew. In fact, he was one of the few men I have known who could pass in Paris as a native Parisian. He was none the less at home in the mountains and valleys of the rural sections of France and Italy. Rarely did we run across any group or individual speaking French or Italian, even in dialect, with whom he could not converse.

After leaving Webb, I went to Italy for two weeks where I saw the usual monuments, galleries, notable places and the like. Another scene I observed there which ranks among the most spectacular memories of

my life. In Venice a great church festival was being celebrated. The famous St. Mark's Square was lighted with twenty thousand gilded globes. The holiday group with their gay costumes, combined with this to make an unforgettable scene.

In England I joined Dr. Laprade where we spent the evenings attending the London theatre. All in all, my first European trip might be described in the same terms as those used by Mark Twain when he first saw the ocean: "Boys, she's a success."

In the spring of 1913 my "young man's fancy" lightly turned to thoughts of getting married. It did not seem to me that there was any future for me at Trinity. After three years the tasks were simply harder and the work less inviting. The salary had not been reduced but certainly showed no prospects of increasing. Not believing in the old adage that "two can live at cheap as one," I planned to return to the pastorate. The main cause for my leaving Trinity, however, was the apparent hopelessness of ever being able to serve in a larger way than I did at first. One of my keenest disappointments, and the thing that caused me definitely to decide to stop teaching English, was a violation of a promise as to the type of work I was to be allowed to do. One of my colleagues was not very popular with the students. Apparently I was received very well by them. I was promised the course in Victorian Literature as an elective course. Forty or fifty of the choicest students from the upper classes elected the course. With pride and anticipation, I went to my classroom to meet that class only to find my colleague sitting in the chair preparing to call the roll. Crestfallen and disappointed, I went to the President's office to complain that he had promised me that class and the students were expecting me to teach it. I got the curt reply that something had to be done to get students in the class of the other fellow and I would have to be content to give it up. I saw the proverbial handwriting. If that was to be the way promises were to be kept and favors were to be granted, this was no department for me. I went to the pastorate that summer but went with deep regret at leaving Trinity. In fact, I wept again.

## CHAPTER V

### *Field Work*

This chapter is entitled Field Work for the simple reason that the five years succeeding my leaving Trinity were just that—work in preparation for my subsequent return to teach in the department of religion. However, I was not aware of it at that time and had no idea of ever returning except for an occasional visit. My wife and I were at Sanford, North Carolina, for three and two-thirds years where I got some splendid experience in preaching and in pastoral work. It was during this pastorate that the new church there was built and the station became a very attractive appointment. After serving out the time limit there, I was booked for St. Paul's Church in Goldsboro, North Carolina. However the position of Field Secretary of Sunday School work was made vacant by the resignation of M. W. Brabham, and it became necessary to fill that appointment. Bishop Kilgo invited me to take that position, and I finally accepted it. The office was in the East Duke Building at Trinity College. Goldsboro would have paid \$2500.00, parsonage, and the usual prerequisites which went along with the pastorate in those days. The Secretaryship paid \$1800.00 with no living quarters or other inducements. But I felt that there was a field in which I could possibly be of more service than in the pastorate and therefore agreed to come back to the campus. Dr. Few, who was always anxious to help the cause of religious education along, subsidized me with a few hundred dollars, in return for which I helped with the work at the college. It would be wicked to imagine that he did this selfishly, since he got some fairly effective work for a pittance. Apparently, he did not figure the advantage which would come to him at all in this matter. For nearly forty years, Trinity College and Duke University have furnished office room for the Sunday School Board (later the Board of Education) of the North Carolina Conference and for several years furnished the same for the Western North Carolina Conference. For the first few years the College furnished free stationery and stamps in addition to office space and limited secretarial help. Later, office room was furnished the North Carolina Council of Churches, also.

During the early years in Sanford my connection with the College was quite limited. I made a few visits just for the sake of reviving old memories and meeting old friends. One such visit resulted in the formation of one of the most unique friendships I ever had. Shortly after I left Trinity I returned for a flying visit. I saw Dr. W. T. Laprade talking with two strange men. He called me over and said: "Spence, I want you to meet the two men that it took to take your place." One of them did not seem to appreciate the joke at all. The other grinned pleasantly and our friendship began from that moment. He was Dr. T. S. Graves, one of the most brilliant English scholars in America. A great scholar, a good sport, a wise philosopher, he was one of the most attractive personalities I have ever met. I had one of the most unique relationships with him that I have ever had with anyone. He was tremendously in love with one of his students, but the niceties of the situation forbade his letting her know it. She was called away on account of the death of her father and did not return to school, but he was too timid to follow up his affection for her. Months afterward when he heard there was pressure being put on her to marry another, he sent for me, saying I would simply have to go and present his case to her. Although she lived hundreds of miles away, I agreed to go. I took dinner with the family that night, and the next morning she and I went to the top of the mountain for a sunrise breakfast. As the sun peered over the crest of the mountain, I told her the purpose of my coming and proposed to her for him. We did not finish the breakfast. She wasn't hungry and I was so overjoyed at the success of my venture that I also lost my appetite. I returned with the good news.

Some time after that I performed the wedding ceremony for them. A year later he died suddenly, the day after his little daughter was born. Standing by the sick bed, holding the bereaved young wife's hand, I spoke the eulogy of one of the best friends I ever had. A few years ago I performed the wedding ceremony for the little baby who was a day old when her father died. I have been engaged to do the same for her daughter, but I have a feeling that I won't be around for that particular privilege and pleasure.

There were perhaps as many interesting things happening at Trinity during those five years as there were during any other five years of its history. Since this is an account of *my* recollections and relationships, I shall have less to chronicle than if I had been there. One notable thing was the enlargement of the work in religious study. Dr. Franklin N. Parker, aided by a young Durham pastor, the Reverend C. J. Harrell, since a Bishop of whom we are justly proud, taught some constructive courses in biblical and other studies. Dr. Parker was later elected Dean of the Candler School of Theology, and Mr. Harrell gave his full time to his ministry. They were succeeded by the Reverend

W. W. Peele, who had been Headmaster of the Trinity Park School. He has also since become a Bishop in our church, and joined the long number of alumni who continue to add luster to their Alma Mater's fame. I have been proud to claim him as a personal friend throughout the years. In fact, he officiated at my wedding.

Other matters of more than passing interest were the beginning of the campaign to erect the gymnasium of East Campus and interrupted attempts to restore football as a college activity. In November, 1913, there was a mass meeting held agitating the return of football. *The Chronicle* carried an account of the reaction of the faculty and administration. Dean W. I. Cranford told the assembly that football would not be allowed. It had been banned by the proper authorities and this ban had never been removed. Any attempt on the part of four students or two hundred to take part in this sport in any way would be followed by immediate expulsion.

The students disavowed any intention of being disrespectful, but they were persistent. Beale Siler wrote a long and impressive letter to the Board of Trustees setting forth the students' point of view. A large delegation of students went to the home of Mr. B. N. Duke to find out what his attitude would be. He courteously told them that he had no personal objections to the game but that he wasn't running Trinity College.

In 1917 Mr. J. H. Southgate, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, died and Bishop John C. Kilgo was elected to take his place. "Thereby hangs a tale" of one of the most unfortunate and uncalled-for "tempests in a teapot" that ever occurred at any institution. I refer to the so-called "Flag Episode" involving Bishop Kilgo and the "Buffalo Class," the class of 1917.

The facts in the case are simple and quickly told. On Thanksgiving evening in 1914 some person or persons raised the sophomore class flag and another piece of cloth on which was a cross bones and skull on the flagpole which had been erected in 1903. Incidentally, that was the same flagpole on which John Hutchinson raised our class numerals when I was a freshman, but nothing came of that. Nothing should have come of this, but a strange combination of a vociferous bishop, a couple of young scapegraces, an over-ambitious cub reporter, and a laissez-faire policy of the college combined to create a furor.

Two factors should have been understood by all parties concerned, and if these had been properly considered there would have been no trouble. The first is that "boys will be boys," especially if they are college boys. I suspect that every college community has had that type of thing since colleges began. During the late war, two students put crude representations of the German Swastika and the Japanese flag in the midst of the flags of the United States, Great Britain and other allies. A letter of apology and a proper rebuke, and the affair

was properly disposed of. The second factor had to do with the disposition and personality of Bishop Kilgo. Had this been properly understood and allowed for, the affair would never have come to a head and the unprecedented situation of a President of a Board of Trustees refusing to sign college diplomas would never have arisen.

Dr. John C. Kilgo was one of the most contradictory personalities I have ever known. He could be brow-beating, overbearing, domineering, insulting, cordial, kind, generous, friendly, and lovable almost at the same time. His speech concerning the flag episode should have been classified among the incidental and routine things of his life. Out of consideration for his long years of service, his great contributions to the college, and the value which might come from his continued presence on the campus, a home had been erected for him at the northeast corner of the campus. Here he lived and watched with pride the continuous growth of the institution which he so loved. He was frequently invited to take part in the public exercises such as chapel. His week at chapel happened to be near the time of the unfortunate desecration of the flagpole.

Dr. Kilgo was a true son of the ancient prophets. He was a great "denouncer." He also had something of the oriental manner in that he was a great exaggerator. He said a great deal in order that people might remember a little. One had to know him to appreciate the fact that he was not as savage as he appeared to be. I learned to know him well and at first hand. I have had him say some of the harshest things to me that any man ever said to another. Yet I loved him, and he loved me. In fact, I once told a man who asked me what I thought of Dr. Kilgo that I loved him better and hated him worse than any man I had ever known.

These 1917 boys ought to have heard Dr. Kilgo at his best or worst. By comparison they would have thought his diatribe against them was a compliment. I have been called to his office on some trivial matter, perhaps an attempt to discover some facts he wanted to know about other boys. Naturally no school boy ever told on the others and so my friends and I who were honored by the call to the office would get the doctor to talking about us and to us and cause him to forget what he really wanted to know. He used to call us "reproaches to our father," "disgraces to our mother," "reflection upon our friends," "cousin to Ananias," "half-brother to Benedict Arnold" and "twin to Judas Iscariot." All he called these boys was "sons of buffaloes." This was not a very pretty term. It goes back to the days of the Civil War when the white people were trying to intimidate the slaves and keep them from misbehaving. They threatened the slaves with the Yankees. The slaves were told that the Yankees had horns, that the bushwhackers were nothing like so fierce, they were just buffaloes. A buffalo cattle beast is one which has no horns. That particular group was in bad

repute since they would not join with the forces of the South and were rather free in preying upon their neighbors.

I have had the good Doctor to "bawl me out" even after I became a member of the faculty. One morning he told me before a committee that I was too big for my breeches, and it was time I was taken down a peg. But worse than that he called me down in church one morning in an unmistakeable manner. He and I had been filling the pulpit for a sick friend, the Reverend Michael Bradshaw. The Bishop preached at eleven o'clock and I at the evening hour. Without intending to do so and without knowing that I was doing it, I took opposite points of view from those which he presented in his morning discourses. This nettled him, but I was not aware of the situation. One Sunday morning he was in foul humor. I never did find out what ailed him, but I soon found out what ailed me. There had been a theatre of the movie, vaudeville sort opened in Durham much to his disapproval. A streetcar had been run out to Lakewood Park where objectionable amusements were engaged in. Also a case of smallpox had broken out in town. In his opening prayer the good Doctor told the Lord: "Thou hast sent this horrible pestilence of smallpox upon us and we thank thee for it. We deserve it. For we have built a streetcar track across Sinai and erected a moving picture show upon Golgotha." I said to my companion, another young professor: "Boy, he's raw meat this morning." How true! If I had known how raw he was I would have left church at the close of that prayer. Why he took the position he did I shall never know. I had not heard him present that point of view before. But he set forth the idea that the whole plan of salvation was not given to man for the sake of man but for the glory of God and of his Son. Sticking his thumbs in his vest-holes—a characteristic attitude of his—he shouted: "I don't care anything about you. Christ doesn't care anything about you. God doesn't care anything about you. His sole interest in seeing you saved is that it will glorify his Son. I don't care whether you are saved or go to hell. When you are seething in the depths of that horrible place of woe, I will be glad, angels will smile, and saints will rejoice." Behind my hand I whispered to my friend: "Good Lord, what rot!" He probably did not hear me but he saw me. He rushed to the front of the pulpit, glared down at me and poking out a bony finger he screamed: "I know you don't believe what I am saying. You don't believe anything. I know you don't believe in hell but you'll find out when you get there." The Revelation records that under certain circumstances the captains of the earth would call out to the mountains to fall on them and hide them from the wrath. I wished for a good-sized hill that morning. I have never felt so terrible in all my life. Still I loved him, and he loved me.<sup>7</sup>

It was simply impossible to understand him. He used to quote: "Orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is your doxy." No man ever put that into practice more than he. He was not a liberal in any sense of the word, but he frequently shocked people by taking unexpected turns in his preaching. As fraternal delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in session in Los Angeles in 1906 he thrilled the vast concourse until he received an ovation such as few men ever received. He returned to Durham and, in his baccalaureate address to the class of 1906, pledged the efforts of the remaining part of his life toward the union of those two great religious bodies. Yet, when he became Bishop four years later, he completely reversed himself and was a bitter antagonist of the movement. He made many enemies and multitudes of friends. When his critics used to complain to me about his public blunders, I would reply: "a child playing with a tack hammer attracts little attention if he swings a bit wildly. He doesn't do much damage. A giant striking with a sledge hammer causes consternation with one misdirected blow." He was such a giant. The South has rarely seen his equal in masterful oratory, clear thinking, and forceful preaching.

A full and complete discussion is given the flag episode in Dr. R. H. Woody's book, *Papers and Addresses of William Preston Few*. There is a slight contradiction, however. At one place it is stated that the culprits in this ridiculous incident were never known. Another statement is to the effect that the culprits confessed and were let off lightly. Dr. Woody is quoting in the last statement. It is pretty well known not only who they were, but that they were among the most irresponsible and irrepressible men ever to attend the institution and that after causing all this furor they withdrew from the institution, leaving the evil effect of their misdoing behind them. The class of 1917, with a fine sense of fitness and a large amount of good humor, made the best of the situation, had class emblems manufactured with a buffalo on them and adopted the title, the "Buffalo Class."

Unfortunately, the whole affair was too much publicized and led to the sad estrangement of two life-long friends, Bishop Kilgo and President Few. In the after years they became reconciled, but not until each had suffered immeasurably and uselessly because of the prank of two irresponsible school boys.

My experiences as Executive Secretary of Sunday School work gave me very valuable training for the task which lay ahead when I returned to Trinity College. It also gave me a better opportunity to learn President Few, who was of invaluable service in promoting the work of Christian Education throughout the state. As the result of these two years' work I became better acquainted with the Conference, the alumni, and the general task of the church in education. When I

resigned from the position of Secretary to return to Trinity, I was elected Chairman of the Board of Sunday School work which I held until the merging of the work of the Sunday School, the Epworth League, and the Board of Education under the term, the Board of Christian Education. Dr. W. A. Stanbury was elected Chairman and I, Vice-Chairman. He transferred to the Western North Carolina Conference during the year and I became President of this amalgamated board, which position I held for many years. First and last, I was chairman in charge of the work of religious education in the North Carolina Conference for twenty-six years. With the office on the campus in Durham, I was enabled to be of service to the staff as it continued the work in that field. My work did not cease with the board until my recent superannuation in 1952. I thus served continuously with the board for thirty-seven years.

I was working with the Sunday School when World War I broke out. Immediately I was called upon to help with the army classes at Trinity. I was also assigned the task of editing *The Chronicle*. Professor A. M. Webb was my business manager. We were back in our student days again so far as activity was concerned. Within a few weeks the Armistice was signed and the paper returned to the students. I also was drafted as a speaker in the bond-selling campaign. There were few broadcasting sets in the land, and we were compelled to reach the public in mass meetings and through the churches. Frequently I made five speeches a day in behalf of war bonds. I must have been considered extremely useful in that field for three attempts at becoming a chaplain failed. I was told that my "gas attacks" on the public were more potential than those the enemy were using against our troops in Europe. After repeated attempts to secure a release from my work and an appointment to the chaplaincy, I was successful. On the morning of November 11, 1918, I came down to the mail box and found therein a commission as chaplain. The hour was exactly eleven o'clock. The whistles were blowing and the bells ringing all over the city. It was the hour of Armistice. A few blocks away, little John Webb, the four-year-old son of Professor A. M. Webb, was playing when this pandemonium broke loose. He asked what it meant and was told that the war was over. Said he, "Pshaw. I wanted to go to war." More than twenty years later he got his wish. He was captured and for many weeks his parents and friends were greatly alarmed over his welfare. Fortunately he returned well and unharmed. I never did get to go. So sure was I that this was a "war to end wars" that I did not keep my commission nor stay in the reserve corps. When I volunteered once more in World War II, I was told that the army was not an "old man's home." The only battle I waged was with the pacifists at Duke University. But more anon about that.

The record of Trinity in World War I was enviable. The campus was quickly transformed into a training camp although classes were run on a normal basis. Many of the professors, as well as students, entered the service. The first score who were killed or who died in camp were volunteers. The service flag was dotted with hundreds of stars. As it did in the Civil War and in World War II, the institution proved itself a patriotic institution, placing all its resources at the disposal of the government in the defense of its native land.

The Government took over the campus and orders were given by the Commandant of the post. Several young officers were brought in from distant parts and Sam Browne belts became prominent. Football was re-introduced on the campus as a part of the army routine. Chapel was taken over as a sort of morale builder rather than as strictly religious exercises. None of the programs were too religious. Especially the singing was of a rather hilarious type. One song struck me as particularly unfit for religious services. It ran:

“Good morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip,  
With your hair cut just as short as mine;  
Good morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip,  
You sure are looking fine;  
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,  
If the Camels don't get you the Fatimas must,  
Good morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip,  
With your hair cut just as short as,  
Your hair cut just as short as,  
Your hair cut just as short as mine.

The religious sensitivity of Judge Mordecai, Dean of the Law School, was mortally wounded. In spite of his propensity for vulgarity and profanity, he had a fine sense of fitness. He became so incensed that he never attended chapel again. Said he indignantly: “I refuse to become a party to the desecration of sacred things.” Some of the rest of us felt that same way.

One of the most comical things that occurred during this period was the frustrated attempt to have a big dance. Although the school was a Methodist institution and up to that time had never tolerated dancing in even the most innocent forms, the officers of the post conceived the ideas of having a big dance in which there would be some pomp and splendor. They were warned that this would be breaking a precedent for the campus and that it would not be the wise thing to undertake. But youth and military power make a combination hard to cope with, and plans continued. Boys and girls, longing for the puritanical practices of the institution to be broken, were in a dither, anxiously awaiting the big event. Out of town guests were expected. Plans were feverishly carried out. But the army was not reckoning with the

church. Some of the local church people who, at the same time, were participating in the work at the college and some of whom were trustees, got busy in an attempt to prevent the carrying out of these plans. Tension mounted. The Commandant was adamant. He was running the place and he wanted everyone to know it. However, the church folks had an "ace in the hole," whatever that may mean, and a couple of more up their sleeves. The two United States Senators at that time, Messrs. F. M. Simmons and Lee S. Overman, were not only alumni but trustees of the institution. The government was anxious to keep the unit at Trinity and be able to utilize the facilities there. It was intimated that if the dance were not called off an appeal would be made to the Senators, and steps taken to cancel the Government's contract. Even this did not cause a yielding on the part of the army until a "higher up" was called over the telephone and the situation described to him. He immediately gave an order to have the dance cancelled. The "tempest in the teapot" subsided.

One thing which occurred in those days far eclipsed dance or rumors of war. The fearful epidemic of influenza which threatened to depopulate the nation struck the town and campus in its most destructive form. Churches were made into temporary hospitals. I went among hundreds of cases without contracting the disease until the epidemic had apparently spent its force. Then I, too, fell victim to its ravages. I suppose no one ever went nearer the doors of death and came back to tell the story. At the subsequent session of the North Carolina Conference I was released from the position of Secretary of the Sunday School Work and appointed Professor of Biblical Literature and Religious Education at Trinity College.

## CHAPTER VI

# *"On Again-Gone Again," At Trinity Once More*

When I left Trinity to re-enter the pastorate in 1913, I had no idea that I would ever teach again. My part-time experience as a teacher during the war suggested my re-entering the teaching profession. Too, I still had the memory of those splendid boys and girls whom I had taught English Literature. Only recently one of them, now a distinguished teacher at Duke, said to me: "You will never know just what you meant to some earnest men and women who wanted to continue in the church and really believed in religion, but who could not quite accept the theories of the church as they were given down to us. You saved many of them to the Christian faith." My experience with those students made me conscious of the fact that youth is essentially eager for religious truth and religious experience. I also was of the opinion that religion could be taught, and that there was as much solid material in the field of religion for teaching as there was in any other field. I believed that a department of religion could be established which would compare favorably in interest and usefulness with any other department in a liberal arts college. So when Dr. Few invited me to return to head and modernize a department of religion, I gladly accepted the invitation. Dire results were predicted. One man who had taught at Trinity in the field of religion, and who was said to have been afraid to say what he thought should be said for fear of hurting Dr. Kilgo's feelings, came to me with this solemn warning: "You are up against it and I am sorry for you. You are being asked to develop a department of religion in which you will have little say as to what is taught and how you teach it. You will have the impossible task of using sixteenth-century methods in a twentieth-century classroom." My reply was: "I'll use twentieth-century methods and teach the way I think best." Said he: "Then you will come straight out of the window on one ear." I retorted: "Spread a net to catch me. I'll be right out." I almost was.

Criticisms began to be heard. Naturally, there were many more which I did not hear. I immediately introduced some up-to-date texts

in the few fields which at first were taught. For example, in the field of Comparative Religion a text was being used which gave the slim-mest sort of discussion to the other great religions of the world, then proceeded to point out their weaknesses as compared with Christianity. I introduced an impartial text and urged my pupils to give a fair consideration to the claims of all religions. I invited them to become in imagination an adherent of each new faith as we studied it, in order that they might be open-minded and sympathetic in all cases. I believed then, as I do now, that Christianity has nothing to fear, or to lose, by being placed in a fair comparison with all other religions. In fact, if Christianity should prove not to be the best religion in the world I would like to embrace the best. In every case, I think, the faith of the students was strengthened instead of weakened. I also discontinued the flimsy texts which were formerly used in the study of the Bible, required my students to purchase Moulton's *Reader's Bible*, and made a syllabus by which they were to study the contents of the book. I think this caused more disturbance than my reputed heresy. Someone told the story that my parents had a premonition of what my religious nature would be like and named me "Heresy," but that the preacher refused to baptize a child with such a name and changed it to Hersey. As a matter of fact, I was named Hersey after my favorite uncle, John Hersey Pool. There might have been some ground for their suspicions for I started being skeptical rather early. When I was a small child, I was put to bed each night in the sitting room where the rest of the family sat until their bedtime. My father made it a practice to read the New Testament, chapter by chapter, from the beginning to the end of the book. One night he read as an evening lesson from the Thirteenth Chapter of the Revelation: "And I saw a great beast rise from the sea, having seven heads and ten horns and upon the horns ten crowns." I sat up quickly in bed and said: "I don't believe a word of it." Father reproved me rather sternly, but I have a sort of feeling that he had some doubt himself.

What a furor we have raised about translations! At the time of this writing the air is filled with noise and nonsense about the Revised Standard Version, which is being labelled Modernism's Counterfeit Bible. The disturbance over both the introduction of the Moulton Bible and the educational theories concerning religion was wide-spread. Among other things, one incident which made my work easier was the coming of the internationally known Dr. G. Campbell Morgan to Trinity to deliver a series of lectures. The first night he spoke on the necessity of learning to know the Bible. He made it very clear to the audience that the King James Version was a beautiful and sacred translation and would probably never be surpassed. But he also said that the only sensible way to study the Bible was through the help of a Moulton's *Reader's Bible*. When a man of his world-wide reputation

made this statement, the pressure was instantly removed from me. He also presented the same points of view in religious education that I had been teaching. My students constantly turned to see me and nodded their approval while he lectured. Again my task was made easier by his presence at the college.

However, my main support was not G. Campbell Morgan, but President William Preston Few. He called me into his office, even before Dr. Morgan came. Said he: "They are after you." I said: "I know it. I have heard them howling for some time." He smiled and spoke these words for which I will ever love him. "We may not be able to keep you. You may get so bad we simply can't. But as long as you are on my payroll you will use whatever texts you please, whatever versions of Bible you prefer, whatever methods of teaching you think best, and say whatever you think, and no one shall interfere with you." If that wasn't a guarantee of academic freedom I don't know what would constitute such a guarantee. The disturbance continued, however, for a long time. In fact, I don't know when it finally disappeared, if it ever did. I was labelled, "modern," "a dangerous man," and a few other none too complimentary titles. It was not a very pleasant experience to attend conferences and hear folks whispering behind one's back and offering all sorts of suggestions as to one's unfitness. In fact, at times they didn't even bother to whisper. Open complaints were made to Dr. Few about my youth. "He is all right," they would say, "but he is simply too young for such an important job." This continued for a while, then, suddenly, I got too old for it. I never did learn when I was at just the right age.

Matters were not improved when it was learned I was spending my summers studying at the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. This school had a reputation for being very scholarly, but extremely independent in thought. Dr. Few didn't mind my going there, but he was not anxious that it should be noised abroad. I recall that one summer I was offered a three thousand dollar church (quite a salary in those days) with university privileges. Also the University of Chicago offered me a very remunerative scholarship if I would take my degree in a certain field of study. I wrote to Dr. Few and asked for leave of absence. He did not even reply to my letter. When I returned and confronted him for an explanation he replied: "I couldn't continue to use you if you had a degree from that school. They have lost the way." He seemed to have changed his mind rather abruptly. Since then six or seven men from that institution have been employed for the Divinity School faculty.

I made one serious mistake in my studies at Chicago. I was at the head of the department of religion at Trinity and expected to remain there. Duke University had not then been dreamed of. So instead of concentrating in a definite field and pursuing studies leading to a

doctorate, I took work covering the entire field of religion. I thought this would be desirable in guiding the affairs of a department of religion, including studies in so many fields. I didn't know that a divinity school was in the offing and that general knowledge would be of little value. I have lecture notes somewhere among my moth balls which would enable me on short notice to give two-thirds of the "core" courses in the Divinity School. But these count for very little in a school where expert knowledge in a specific field is required.

The new department grew very rapidly. In less than a year it became evident that a new man would be needed to assist me. A young alumnus, a graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, who had made a wonderful record as a brave and efficient chaplain in the war was secured. He was my former brilliant student, James Cannon III. Soon our department grew to where it bade fair to become one of the leading departments in the college. Gradually others were secured to assist us. Among these were Drs. J. M. Ormond and H. E. Myers, Professor H. C. Ritter and Dr. Harvie Branscomb. By the time the Divinity School was established, the undergraduate department of religion was among the top departments in the entire institution.

I feel that it is fitting that I should digress from my main theme here to write further about the greatness of this man, William Preston Few. It may not be known to many, but he had no easy time himself in the earlier years of his presidency. I suspect I heard far more against him than he did against me. What I heard made little difference or could make any. What he heard could have proved fatal to me had he not stood by me. From the beginning, and continuing for some years, the selection of Dr. Few as President did not meet the entire approval of the public, especially the alumni who were ministers. They had been accustomed to a "spell-binder" as a President. For sixteen years President Kilgo had electrified audiences throughout the state and, indeed, the entire South. Nor was his eloquence unknown to New York and Chicago audiences. In all my life I have never seen a man who was a more eloquent orator and more gripping preacher than was he. With an eye that shone like an eagle's, a high forehead, projecting chin, and stentorian voice, he could thrill multitudes as few men ever could. He looked the part of a leader. Once upon a European voyage when he was traveling semi-incognito, the passengers had a guessing contest as to each other's vocation. He was almost unanimously voted to be an actor. And what an actor he was! He would have made one of the greatest tragedians of the old school.

Following in his footsteps, Dr. Few was definitely at a disadvantage. He was frail, none too prepossessing in appearance, had a weak voice, and practically no platform poise. Only those who ever saw his favor-

ite teacher, Dr. Henry N. Snyder, make an attempt at speaking could understand where Dr. Few got his awkwardness. Too, there were other alumni of Trinity who had made great reputations as orators and teachers and it was thought that these were available. Complaints of dissatisfaction were whispered around. After a while the opposition became rather pronounced. On one occasion, one of these possible candidates for the presidency was standing talking with President Few and myself in the lobby of the East Duke Building. A well-meaning but tactless alumnus rushed up, greeted us noisily and said to the possible candidate: "We want you over here." Dr. Few graciously said: "Of course, we want him over here and we aim to bring him." Said the tactless one, "But how? In what capacity? We want him as the top man." Three of us were tremendously embarrassed. I doubt if Sir Blabmouth has yet realized what a tactless thing he said.

At another time, opposition came very near breaking out in a conference alumni dinner in the city of High Point, where the Western North Carolina Conference was in session. I walked the streets for an hour that night persuading two prominent Trinity alumni not to go before that meeting and present a formal demand for the resignation of Dr. Few. The fact that he was in poor health gave others an excuse to say that a more robust man was needed in such a strenuous position. A tonsillectomy removed the cause of the ill health. His sheer determination, high ideals, unquestionable moral integrity, and his goodness of heart and interest in mankind and religion helped him overcome the other. His awkwardness in speaking gradually passed away. He became one of the most sought after men in the church for occasions which required depth of insight and clarity of thought. Although he had a slight propensity for repeating certain phrases rather frequently, his speeches were usually gems of quiet oratory and scholarly thinking. He served the church in many ways. He was one of the most loyal and efficient stewards Duke Memorial Church, Durham, ever had. For many years he taught the Pastors' Aides Class in that same church. He was a leading layman in the Durham District and soon became a regular delegate to the general conferences of the church. He rarely appeared upon the floor to debate a proposition, but it was generally recognized that he exerted more influence than any other layman in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Lobbyists and other political leaders sought his advice incessantly.

In his church work, as in so many of his other activities, Dr. Few was both a participator and promoter. Nor was his interest something which he developed when he became President of Trinity College. I remember the first time I ever heard him make a public pronouncement allying himself with the cause of righteousness. One Sunday afternoon, in the Y. M. C. A. Hall at Trinity College, a highly emotional class meeting was under way. Dr. Kilgo was holding a revival

service and in this special session he was giving an opportunity to various members of the faculty to manifest their interest in religion. Dr. Few, at that time Dean of Trinity College, was sitting quietly in the room. He rose and made a simple statement which thrilled that audience more than any fiery message which had been delivered that week. Said he: "For many years I have believed in God, truth, and goodness. I shall ever devote my life to them." He kept his promise. Until the day of his death, these interests were uppermost in his life.

Dr. Few was what he called a "twicester." He was not content to attend church on Sunday morning and think that his religious chores for the week had been done. He made it a rule to attend practically every Sunday evening service, also. He was a regular attendant at every board or committee meeting to which he belonged. At each and all of these meetings he was ready to participate in any needful way. He could be counted on to lead any type of public worship whether it was to give a sentence prayer, a pastoral or after-sermon prayer, or pronounce a benediction. He could teach a lesson, deliver a lecture or preach, depending upon the type of service needed. Never have I known a more loyal, faithful or efficient church worker than Dr. Few. It is no wonder that the church soon lost its antipathy to him. Soon he became one of its most influential representatives. There was not a congregation in the South which would not have considered itself honored to have him participate in its services.

It had long been known that he was a scholar and thoroughly understood every phase of college work. In fact he had been approached with the proposition that he become the president of a large mid-western university before he was elected to the presidency of Trinity. His scholarship as well as his administrative ability ranked with the best.

The whole church was soon to feel his influence in liberalizing its attitudes toward academic work. The struggle of the fundamentalists to put a throttle upon the teachers in our institutions was not checked by the triumph of academic freedom in the South. A new attack came in the form of trying to determine the creed of the teachers in church schools. Dr. Few simply refused to be stampeded by the "shouting and the tumult." When the quarrel over evolution was at its height and the famous "Monkey trial" was taking place with the spectacle of William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow settling the affairs of the universe, Dr. Few simply smiled and followed the trial with interest but not excitement. This trial may be remembered as the one in which Mr. Bryan, well-meaning and consecrated, though easily excited, champion of the faith, declared that Christianity and Science were meeting in a death-grapple and one of them would come away utterly defeated. Poor Mr. Bryan was the only casualty of the struggle. He was found dead in bed during the trial. One can imagine what

the ultra-conventional church folk would have said if it had been Mr. Darrow. "He that being reprov'd often, stiffeneth his neck and hardeneth his heart, the same shall be destroyed suddenly and that without remedy." It would have been assumed that the vengeance of God was at work. But, of course, this would not have been said about the devout Mr. Bryan.

All through the land, excitement ran high. In one of the southern states the legislature passed a law forbidding any book to be used in a school room if the book contained the work "evolution." The Superintendent of Public Instruction immediately ordered all dictionaries to be left at home. There was an attempt to get that one book exempted from the regulation but the wise and clever administrator showed them the folly of their conduct by insisting that the law be carried out to the letter. A few months later, when I was teaching my class at Duke Memorial Sunday school, a large delegation from the State of Arkansas pulled into Durham on a special train. My class, seeming to think that I was one of the objects of interest in town, had the train met and a large group came to my class session. That morning the lesson was concerning the nature of God. I was narrating the story of this quarrel in the State of Arkansas when I suddenly realized this delegation was from that state. At first I was confused and embarrassed, but I thought I would make the best of it by saying, "At any rate, that's the way I heard it. If I am wrong, I understand that there are visitors here from that state. They may be able to correct me." One gentleman replied: "Your version is correct. I am the Superintendent of Public Instruction and ordered the dictionary banned from the schools to emphasize the folly of what they were doing."

On such matters, Dr. Few was usually non-committal. Certainly he did not allow himself to become frantic. On one occasion a teacher in a neighboring institution had made some statements which were enough to shock the public. Feeling ran rather high and some thought that steps ought to be taken against him. Dr. Few was asked what he would do in that case. He replied quietly: "I wouldn't do anything against him." Then, smilingly he added: "I wouldn't do anything for him either." He used to advise me not to be drawn into the evolution controversy. He said (and how right he proved to be!) "In a couple of years, evolution will be like last year's bird's nest." The quarrel soon passed away and religion and science both seemed to thrive.

The Southern Church was under obligation to him for more than his general attitude. At one of the great conventions of college and university presidents, a resolution was offered requiring all church schools to demand that every teacher should sign his belief in the Apostles Creed before he would be allowed to teach. The movement had gained considerable momentum when Dr. Few arose and declared that he would not only oppose it, but would disregard it if it were

passed. Said he: "I would not require a teacher in my institution to sign the statement that he believed the name he was signing was his own." His positive resistance and opposition carried the day and the church was not trammelled with this unreasonable legislation.

Nor did Dr. Few limit his interests to the religious or academic phases of his work. His interest extended to every wholesome phase of college life and included many aspects of civic and social life throughout the community and state. Whenever his busy schedule would permit, he could be found at the ball game played by the institution's teams. He was more than a casual observer and followed the progress of all the intercollegiate contests intently. I sometimes thought he hated to lose as badly as I did. One of the most beautiful and touching sights I have ever witnessed was his attendance upon baseball games with his small invalid son who could not see very well. The father's voice patiently and tenderly would undertake to explain every action of the game to the little boy.

There was hardly a meeting of the Faculty Club which he failed to attend. Whenever there were social aspects connected with the meeting, he was frequently what might be called "the life of the party." On one occasion, at a Ladies' Night Session, he assumed the leadership of one of the competing teams in an animated spelling game, and was as enthusiastic and eager as a ten-year-old boy could have been. At the traditional dinners of the club he could be counted on to take any part which might be assigned him whether it was to return thanks, make a short talk, or introduce a guest.

I always felt that his greatest contribution was the deep interest which he showed in everything going on, especially if it was of a religious nature. For religion was to him the central motivation of life. The placing of the Duke University Chapel at the center of the new campus may have been suggested by someone else, but I suspect that the idea was stimulated by Dr. Few, or was at least the result of his influence.

Dr. Few had the capacity of appearing interested in whatever one was doing. The Christmas pageant was instituted in 1930. For the entire ten years of his remaining lifetime he attended every performance except the first. He was compelled to be out of town then but wrote a most encouraging and complimentary letter as to the report which he had received concerning it. I believe he was present at almost every public performance which I ever put on and always helpful with suggestions as to any improvement which ought to be made. How could I feel otherwise than kindly towards him! For several years we had sunrise services at daybreak on Easter morning. These services were held on the steps in front of the Chapel. Dr. Few was invited to give the meditation one year. Shortly before Easter his little boy, Preston, died. I hesitated to hold him to his agreement to make the talk

but he was quite willing to go through with the ordeal, painful though it must have been. With a breaking heart he faced the sunrise as it came up over the eastern woods lighting the Chapel spire. But his voice was strong and clear and his faith was even stronger and more clear. His pronouncements on the Christian hope of immortality took on a new meaning in the light of his own recent bereavement.

Whatever faults he may have had were swallowed up by his excellencies. Scholar, sage, teacher, administrator, friend, religious leader, he became one of the most capable and influential men ever to walk the campus and halls of Duke University.

In the summer of 1918 an institution was organized in which President Few was very definitely interested and which he supported to the utmost of his ability, both in financial support and personal backing, until the time of his death. This was the North Carolina Pastors' School. Its first Dean was Professor W. W. Peele, now Bishop. When he resigned his position at Trinity to enter the pastorate, the deanship of the Pastors' School fell to my lot, along with the professorship which he resigned. Dr. Few frequently expressed his opinion that the Pastors' School did more to liberalize the religious thinking of North Carolina than any other one factor. With that I am inclined to agree. At first it was planned to meet the needs of undergraduate ministers, that is those who were taking the conference course of study in the various years. Each minister has to go through four years of training in assigned courses, unless he has credit for similar work in an approved church school, or takes the work by correspondence. This school was organized to give this work to these ministers in an intensive course of study covering two weeks. Graduate courses for the older ministers were also provided. Preaching and lecturing by outstanding ministers or other notable speakers was provided. The school has continued with one year's interruption from 1918 until now, although its sessions were held during World War II at Greensboro College. Several years ago it was merged with the Christian Convocation, by which title it is now known.

As before stated, I succeeded Professor Peele as dean in 1918 and continued to hold that office for ten years. I was away for two summers on leave of absence and my work was taken over by Dr. J. M. Ormond, who held the position of dean for about fifteen years. He resigned the position on account of ill health and I was reelected to that office. I held it until last year when I retired from my work at Duke and also took superannuate relations in my conference work. I was succeeded by Dr. W. Arthur Kale, who also succeeded me in my work at Duke.

A list of notables who lectured or preached in the Pastors' School, and who have been on the commencement program at Trinity and Duke, will include many of the outstanding speakers of the world.

Of course, there have been others who came for other occasions, but the majority have come for the events suggested. One notable exception was the visit of the one and only Teddy Roosevelt, one of the most unique and forceful figures in American public life. A "Rough Rider" in the Spanish-American War, he also was a rather rough rider as a statesman. He was elected upon the ticket with William McKinley, and, upon McKinley's assassination, succeeded him to the presidency. He was perhaps the outstanding holder of that high office up to his time, and possibly since. He gave to America a slogan which it would have been well to observe or put into practice: "Speak softly and carry a big stick."

President Theodore Roosevelt visited Trinity College in 1905. At that time we had two United States Senators from Trinity College (incidentally at the time of this writing we also have two—one a double graduate and the other the holder of an honorary degree—not to mention a Vice-President) and the President was apparently happy at the opportunity of visiting their Alma Mater. With him, on the tour through North Carolina, was another graduate of Trinity, the Reverend W. A. Lambeth, who had graduated also from Harvard. He was one of the commencement orators at Harvard when President Roosevelt was in the audience. At the conclusion of the exercises, he rushed up to young Lambeth, showed his famous teeth with a broad grin and exclaimed: "Bully." He requested that Will should join him on the tour. In these days when every theater carries the moving pictures of all movements of notables and a television is in half the homes in some sections, a president is not a cause for excitement, but that was a notable occasion for Durham and Trinity. Only a circus parade could have drawn such a crowd.

Among other things which the President did and said, he brought forth a copy of the college catalogue and read the Aims of Trinity College. These aims, incidentally, were written by Dr. Plato T. Durham at President Kilgo's request and were first printed in the catalogue of the year 1903-1904. They were changed only slightly when the College became Duke University. With the substitution of Duke University for Trinity College, they remain the same. They have been printed in the general catalogue each year since. They have also been inscribed on a bronze plaque and are to be seen on the West Duke Campus half way between the Library and the Union. The aims read:

"The aims of Duke University are to assert a faith in the eternal union of knowledge and religion set forth in the teachings and character of Jesus Christ, the Son of God; to advance learning in all lines of truth; to defend scholarship against all false notions and ideals; to develop a Christian love of freedom and truth: to promote a sincere spirit of tolerance; to discourage all partisan and sectarian strife; and to render the largest permanent service to the individual, the state, the

nation, and the church. Unto these ends shall the affairs of this University always be administered."

President Roosevelt expressed his delight at being allowed to speak to the faculty and students of such an institution and praised both the sentiments and the institution. He insisted that Trinity College was giving things to the world which no other college would ever give it. He especially stressed the college's insistence upon academic freedom, the rights of private judgment, and the duty to develop self and help each other. The chair in which he sat on that tour and the table which he used have been treasured these many years in memory of that occasion.

Among those appearing on either the commencement or Pastors' School programs, or both, are the names of bishops, editors, diplomats, senators, judges, educators, and pastors. Among the bishops are noted the names of Bromley Oxnam, W. W. Peele, Clare Purcell, Edwin Mouzon, A. W. Leonard, Edwin Hughes, William Y. Chen, Costen J. Harrell, Paul N. Garber, W. F. McDowell, W. J. McConnell and others. It is noteworthy that four of these, Bishops Peele, Garber, Harrell, and Chen, are our own graduates or from our staff. Two others, Bishops John C. Kilgo and Tokio Kugimiya were connected with Trinity also. President Kilgo went to the episcopacy from the presidency of Trinity College and Bishop Kugimiya was a graduate of Trinity. One other, Dr. Franklin N. Parker, a teacher here, was elected to the high office but declined to accept. I was at the General Conference in Atlanta when this occurred. I pleaded with Dr. Parker to accept the office, but he refused. He told me that he was not called to that office and, therefore, could not accept. I told him I was called but didn't get elected and urged him to use my call, but he was adamant. The church lost a great bishop by his refusal.

Pastors like F. W. Shannon, Lynn Harold Hough, Harold Cooke Phillips, H. A. Bosley, George Buttrick, Charles L. Gooddell, Ernest F. Tittle, W. P. Merrill, D. A. Poling, M. S. Rice, Ralph W. Sockman, F. W. Norwood, Norman Vincent Peale, and Paul Scherer added luster to the long list of distinguished platform men.

Among the educators were to be found men like George Albert Coe, Dean Charles R. Brown, Dean R. R. Wicks, Presidents J. M. M. Gray, J. R. Sizoo, Henry Van Dusen, Glenn Frank, and J. R. Angell.

Other men of world-wide reputation were Owen Wister, Walter H. Judd, Ambassador Bryce, Jacob A. Riis, and William Grenfell. It would be impossible for such an array of talent to be presented to the public over a long period of years without lifting the standards of thought to an immeasurable degree.

In addition to the lofty ideals and inspiring and informing ideas brought by these notable speakers, there was the value of having presented diverse points of view from those normally accepted. Without

underwriting or in any way approving the positions taken by the speakers, the institution presented these men to the public and guaranteed to them an open-minded and cordial hearing. There was the ultra-radical Harry Ward who startled the whole country with his untenable ideas thirty years ago. Kirby Page, with his extreme pacifism and ultra-modernism, was gladly heard.

With the coming of the Convocation an additional attraction is offered in the James A. Gray Lectures, which were provided by the late James A. Gray of Winston-Salem. These lectures have been given by Drs. Ralph W. Sockman, Paul Scherer, and Dean Liston Pope. The last named is also one of our own graduates, both from the undergraduate college and the Divinity School.

Thirty-five years of such speakers and lecturers with their varying points of view have done something to the thinking of our North Carolina public, increasing their appreciation of religion and bringing about a wonderful breadth of thinking and spirit of liberality.

The Pastors' School has proved of immense value and interest in other lines. Recreation and good fellowship have marked the sessions. Bishops have met with their cabinets and with the ministers. Private conferences in a time in which there is more leisure than is afforded at Conference and when there is less strain have proved helpful.

It may be of interest to the public to know something of my relationship with the Duke Press. For the first two or three years of my teaching of religion, I taught by the use of syllabi in the regular Bible course. The book was divided into sections, main topics were selected, outlines of study were given and problems for discussion noted. At the suggestion of Dr. W. T. Laprade, I arranged the materials for teaching in book form and it was published by the Trinity College Press. The history of the Press gives *Political Ideas of the American Revolution*, by Randolph Adams, credit for being the first volume published by that organization. I am not sure but that my own book deserves that credit. It is barely possible that Dr. Adams' book may have been actually published before mine but it is certain that it would not have been published unless mine had been at practically the same time. When I presented the matter of the publication of the book to the Press, I was informed that this would be done provided I agreed to allow the profits to go to the Press as a sort of subsidy. In my anxiety to get the work done, I agreed. I afterwards learned that the profits from my book were used to pay for the publication of Dr. Adams' book. The next year my colleague, Professor Cannon, was invited to collaborate with me in the publication of a second edition. He had been of considerable assistance in proving the teaching values of it in his own classes and with suggestions as to improvement, and now he took over the New Testament section while I confined my

attention to the Old Testament part. Again the profits from the book were kept by the Press. Professor Cannon then arranged for its publication with the Cokesbury Press and the subsequent editions were printed by that firm. The royalties were small, but welcome.

Incidentally my earlier ventures in the field of publication were none too encouraging. During my first teaching experience at Trinity I wrote a volume of verse entitled *Reveries in Rhyme*. This was published by the Seeman Printery. The sales started off rather slowly. But after about two hundred volumes were sold, a most unusual thing happened. More than eight hundred volumes were disposed of in a single night.

Later on, that brilliant reporter, Tom Bost, in discussing the phenomenal sales of a publication of the life of the notorious murderer, Will Woods, said: "This is the most remarkable disposition of literary productions of a North Carolina author on record, except that of Professor Hersey Spence at Trinity College. More than eight hundred volumes of his poetry were disposed of in a single night." A few paragraphs later he wrote: "I forgot to say that Professor Spence's books were destroyed in the great fire that burned up several blocks of downtown Durham."

That was the sad story. But the saddest part of it was that I had no insurance. I was saved the embarrassment of having more books on my hands than I could sell. But the embarrassment of paying that debt was greater. My literary aspirations received quite a jolt. Perhaps that is why I was willing to allow the Trinity Press to publish *Guide to Bible Study* without any royalty. Several other of my publications have met the fate of not bringing in royalties. The majority of these have been dramatic works. So difficult is the matter of financing religious plays that I have always allowed the publisher to keep the royalty if he in turn agrees to allow the public to use the plays without paying an honorarium.

While I was in Chicago, I heard a great deal of slurring on the Duke Press. In a thoughtless moment I wrote Dr. Few telling him that many were saying: "If no one else will publish it, the Duke Press will." I suggested that something ought to be done to improve the situation. To my astonishment the letter was turned over to Mr. Henry Dwire, the manager of the Press for some years. He did not improve the Press specifically on account of my letter, but I did not get the next manuscript published which I presented. Moral: don't write it. Say it, if it must be gotten out of the system.

My criticism of the Duke Press was in line with the President's request that I use my "kibitzer" card at will and criticize whatever needed criticism. It did not always pay off, as in the case of my failure to get my book published. I think that Mr. Dwire was just using that as an excuse to rebuke me for my thoughtlessness. The real reason

was that he thought I was getting impatient and going over his head in the attempt to get the work done. This was not the only time, however, when I made unwelcome suggestions. In fact, the most of my suggestions were not attributed to me at all. The administration at Duke was no exception to the general rule that if you want an adult to put an idea into practice, suggest it to him; then allow him to think over it until he imagines he thought of it himself. I was usually fairly skillful and successful in putting across my ideas in that way. Dr. Few used to tell me that I was worth my salary just to stay around and offer suggestions. The rest of my work must have been valued very low, for I didn't get any extra remuneration for the ideas. In fact, I usually was not credited with them. A case in point is the abolition of Trinity Park School. The school had a wonderful history. It was highly desirable for the greater part of its existence. Scores of boys were sent there from the college when they showed up with too poor preparation to meet the entrance requirements. There were very few first class high schools in the state and none too many private fitting schools. It was to the great advantage of the college that this school should be nearby. Many first class ball players went to Trinity Park School and became so enamored of Trinity that they were on our teams after their graduation at the Park School. It might have been called our "farming system."

About 1921 the enrollment at Trinity had reached such a stage that the campus was completely crowded. We were in need of dormitory space as well as classrooms. The idea occurred to me that it would be a fine thing to disband the high school and turn the entire plant over to the college. Bursting with enthusiasm over my new idea, I got President Few and Dr. Flowers together and revealed my wonderful plan. Literally the lid blew off. I have never seen such indignation. For a few moments, which seemed an eternity, I was regaled with a recountal of the great things which had been done by the school, the contribution which it had made to education, the great love which was in the hearts of its alumni for Alma Mater. In fact, Daniel Webster would have been proud to hear his Defence of Dartmouth so enthusiastically used: "There are those who love her." I was ordered out of their office for the first and only time in my life and told never to let them hear any such foolishness from me again. I'll admit that I was a bit crude in the presentation of my proposition. I should have been content with pointing out, as I did, that there were first-class high schools now in every community, that the private preparatory school was virtually a thing of the past, and therefore the need for such an institution had practically vanished. Not content with letting well enough alone, I blurted out: "Besides it has degenerated into a cross between a reformatory and a training ground for Trinity College ball

players." Probably the last shot struck too close home for comfort. At any rate, my suggestion was temporarily rejected with great indignation.

The next fall the college took over the entire campus for the use of the college proper. The Park School still had among its alumni and friends "those who love her" but it was made very plain that the times had changed, that there was no longer any need of preparatory schools, and the plant could be used to a much better advantage as a part of the college proper. My arguments were taken over *in toto* with the exception of the part about the reformatory and the training school. I was not at all surprised that this should have been omitted.

Other incidents illustrative of the point under discussion include the time when there was so much difficulty among the leading colleges of the state as to the eligibility of athletes. I conceived the idea that a committee or perhaps a conference might be organized representing these leading schools which should draw up rules and decide upon the eligibility of disputed players. Our alumni council was to meet soon and I presented this suggestion to a member of the administration only to be met with a flat statement that it would not be for the best to present that to the Council. I thought differently, however, and did so. The suggestion met with a favorable response. When the person who objected to my presenting the idea heard of it, he was angry and rebuked me. He said that this was no time for such a proposition. The next Saturday he presented it as his own idea to a group meeting from all the leading schools to consider the athletic difficulties which had arisen.

"Be sure that the work is done and don't worry about who gets credit for it." My "9019" training stood me in good stead on these occasions.

Perhaps I should return to Mr. Dwire to make it very clear that I did not hold against him his failure to get my book published, as I have always considered him one of my very best friends. He was one of the most enjoyable and affable persons I have ever known. His wit, tact, sense of humor, interest in life, love for Duke University, all combined to make him a most interesting and lovable person. He was tremendous in stature. Once an opera singer weighing almost four hundred pounds came to Duke for a recital. He was carried to Mr. Dwire's office to meet him. When they saw each other, they both burst out in uncontrollable guffaws of laughter. I think it was the first time either had known what he himself looked like. Mr. Dwire's size was not an accident. As the Postum ad goes: "There's a reason." He was an enormous eater. Frequently he would order two meals during one meal hour. I am sure he ate more good food than any other man of similar age in North Carolina. He was both a gourmand and a gour-

met. An invitation to his home for a meal was rarely turned down by anyone who had a respect for good food.

I had the rare privilege of traveling around with him on many occasions. He apparently liked my style of speaking and his invitations for me to accompany him to make alumni addresses were numerous. He was always taking liberties with me, and I with him, in our wise-cracking. One night as I was making a speech, I jocularly complained at the stench of his cigarettes. He shot back: "A man has to do something to protect himself. Those jokes of yours are so rank that they have to be fumigated." On one occasion he had secured me for a speech before the Retail Merchant's Association. I had presented as my subject: "Seven Secrets of Success in Salesmanship." I was supposed to be introduced by Mr. Harry M. Jacobs, the President of the Association and a boyhood friend of mine. For some reason Harry failed to show up and did not notify us that he would not be there. At the last moment, Mr. Dwire was called upon to introduce me. With a mischievous look in his eyes, he arose to the task. He told the group that this was one of the most difficult tasks he had ever undertaken. He reminded them that Mr. Jacobs was supposed to do the work but, knowing me as he did, Mr. Jacobs simply could not face such an impossible task. Besides, I was a fake. Said he: "Ladies and gentlemen, this man is an imposter. He would pose as an expert in telling you how to make sales, and he has never sold anything in his life." He sat down apparently satisfied with the demolishing job he had done. I arose and looked down on the top of his big bald head in silence. He began to squirm and turn red while the audience giggled expectantly. Finally I said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I will admit that I have had little experience in salesmanship. But does a man necessarily have to have experience in order to qualify as an expert? Our distinguished friend has been a most valuable and expert member of the school board of the state for many years with the care of training children as a part of the task of that board. But he has no children—to *speak of*." It was too much for the old bachelor. He blushed in confusion while the crowd roared.

He was master of joke-telling and frequently in demand as toast-master, as well as an after-dinner speaker. No one who heard him will forget his story of the man who planned to commit suicide by jumping off Brooklyn Bridge. He was stopped by a cop who wanted to know why he was about to do the rash deed. The man replied that the whole of life was a failure, that he had nothing to live for and had just as well end it all. The cop remonstrated with him and said: "Here, let's talk this thing over. It may not be as bad as you think." They talked it over and both jumped off.

Mr. Dwire loved Duke University above all other interests. The amount of work which he did in its behalf is almost unbelievable. As

a director of public affairs, he contributed immeasurably to its success. If he had cared to go into actual politics I believe he might have been a senator or governor. He would have graced either position.

His going was untimely. He learned that he had an incurable disease but faced it with equanimity and good grace. His place was not taken by any one man. His work was distributed among several.

The 1945 edition of *The Chanticleer* was dedicated to him. I was invited to write the citation inscribing the volume to his memory. I wrote the following which I still think sums up the man and his greatness:

"H. R. Dwire—Alumnus, Director of Public Relations and Alumni Affairs, Vice-President. A giant in a modern world—great in stature, heart, mind and soul. His breadth of sympathy, knowledge and understanding, extended to all phases of human life. He was equally at home in the field of politics, education, economics, social life and religion. His opinion was valid as to the most gifted ministers, the outstanding statesmen, the leading educational theories, the soundest economic principles, the most correct pronouncement in etiquette or the best recipes for fine food.

"He had unflagging zeal, untiring energy, inexhaustible good humor, unfailing patience, unaffected goodness, unflinching courage, unassuming strength, and an ever-present love for Duke University.

"Toward the high and influential he was friendly without fawning; toward the low and humble, cordial without condescension."

Mention of the discontinuance of the Park School and the untimely death of Mr. Dwire, reminds me of another faithful servant of Duke University whose life was cut off in what normally would have been its prime. I refer to Dr. J. A. Speed, for many years the college physician. Dr. Speed had hoped to have a part of the Park School equipment for an infirmary. It seemed best however to use this for the College of Engineering and this was done until the new engineering building was erected. Since then it has been used for the department of Fine Arts including dramatics. For some time sick students had to be treated in the dormitories. Later a building was secured, north of the campus, where Dr. Speed, with the efficient help of Miss Mary Jane Hardison, opened a small infirmary which served the needs of the college well until larger accommodations could be arranged. Some very interesting events transpired in connection with the health situation. I was acting as chaplain to the college then and had the duty of attending the sick in their rooms and seeing if any service could be rendered them aside from what the doctor could furnish. Early in December, 1922, a sort of epidemic of colds and influenza broke out in

the South. The University of the South was closed early because of an outbreak. A few days later, Davidson College closed its doors until after the holidays. Trust a Trinity man not to be outdone! The word went around among the students: "Let's stampede the college. We don't want an outbreak of the flu to come here and keep us from going home for Christmas." So there was an attempt to persuade the administration to close the college, not because of the flu but in order to avoid an epidemic.

There was more sudden coughing going on than had ever been heard before. Students lined up at the medical quarters and manfully coughed and took their dose of Fleet with out a murmur. Nearly twenty went to bed with a mild form of influenza. Surely the college could not afford to risk an epidemic. So the agitation spread. At chapel the next morning nine-tenths of the students were seized with coughing spells. It was almost impossible to make one's self heard above the noise. Finally Dr. Few got them quieted down and announced that in view of the possible threat it had been decided to adjourn for the Christmas vacation as of that hour. The students rushed out with riotous glee. Suitcases were hurriedly packed and the streetcars were jammed with students leaving for the station or for some point of vantage for hitch-hiking. That is to say, the most of them got away immediately. When the Dean returned to his office, he found a serious looking group there who desired an audience. For quite a while they put forth arguments as to why they thought they ought to be excused so that they could go on home at once. After listening to their arguments and complaints for perhaps a half hour, the Dean said: "If you gentlemen had been at chapel you would have learned that college was dismissed an hour ago."

A couple of hours later I made my rounds of the dormitories to see the fifteen or twenty sick students who might possibly need attention. With one exception, they had all miraculously recovered and gone home. Only Paul Ervin remained. He had double pneumonia and double mumps. I have never been so sorry for a poor homesick student. And to this good day he expresses his appreciation of my attention to him when he needed a friend.

I was amazed at Dr. Speed's capacity for fathoming the needs of students and his ability to meet their needs. He had just the proper equipment and disposition, both mentally and morally, to be able to treat all cases effectively. Sometimes it would be a mere slip of a homesick girl away from her mother for the first time, and suffering more from nerves and nostalgia than from real illness. His cheerful smile and sympathetic interest caused her to become reconciled to her loneliness and stimulated her to go bravely to her tasks. Sometimes a sterner side of his nature came to view as fairly, yet firmly and almost fiercely he denounced some ne'er-do-well of a boy whose wrong-

doing had brought evil results, or whose laziness caused him to simulate sickness. Day after day for a quarter of a century he followed those students, giving them all he had, always seeming to think of them as belonging to him; always interested in their every activity, their social life, their religious life, their mental activities.

His death was tragic. A misfortune overtook him leaving him physically broken and incurable. Realizing that he would only cause suffering to his wife and daughter, and that his was an incurable case which would drag on interminably, breaking his loved ones in health and finances, he did the one brave thing left to do. He took his own life to save others. He did not leave life because he was too cowardly to face his own suffering, but because he was too courageous to allow others to face it. "Greater love hath no man than this."

His name is to be revered and respected whenever one thinks of the noble souls who have given their all for the institution and the persons whom they love.

The growth of Alma Mater and the accompanying development have been so great that my task will be ever-increasingly difficult. It will be impossible to cover all phases of this growth, hence the picture will be more narrow and less clear for the remainder of this narration. Not only has the institution grown amazingly in the number of its faculty and students, the amount of its endowment, its libraries and its other physical equipment; but the inward working, the activities of the students and the fields of interest open to them show even more progress. Today we are engaged in a dozen intercollegiate athletic sports, not to mention the enlarged intramural program which is now carried out. Instead of a debating society, a glee club, and some other simple interests, all phases of student activity have been amplified and magnified. There are many more fraternities and sororities than there were twenty-five years ago. Social activities have been put on a definite basis of development. Religious activities are organized and supervised at great trouble and expense. In fact, one wonders if the extra-curricular activities are not causing the name vulgarly applied to Duke University—the Country Club of the South—to be more than slightly justified. The play activities have absorbed so much of the attention of the students that the recreation "tail is about to wag the dog." There seems to be considerable ground for the suspicion that those in charge of the social program try to *create* new social needs rather than help *fulfill* the existing needs. What new form of amusement can be devised? How many dances can be held? How many houseparties can the students absorb without causing too many to flunk? What new rules can be formed to govern fraternity and sorority rushing? Teachers find themselves tremendously handicapped in attempting to get even a modicum of study done.

The chief form in which the dissatisfaction of the teachers has appeared is a protest against organized activities such as the Glee Club and athletic sports. Perhaps I am a bit prejudiced in favor of these. (Some may wonder what interest I might have in the Glee Club. It is not generally known, but I was the Vice-President of the Trinity College Glee Club and Orchestra Association while a student.) Frankly I do not think the activities of the students in these organized fields are the chief drawback to their studies. Their time is wasted in doing trivial things which are of little value. A freshman is reported to have written his father that he was too busy to study. That is not an overstatement with the average student. But busy with what?

I feel reasonably sure that a normal student with an average preparation can go out for two major college sports without interfering with his studies to any great extent. But he cannot play football, basketball, baseball, black jack, red horse, poker, craps, go to ten movies a week, listen to the radio, and do a thousand other things and learn very much in books. I recall a student of twenty odd years ago who did not appear to be unusually bright. Yet he was a star basketball, baseball, and tennis player, actually taking his place on the Varsity in these sports and acting as captain of at least two of these teams. He would have been a star football player also if he had not broken his leg and thus rendered himself unable to play. In addition to that, he did his share of participation in the legitimate activities on the campus, including what one janitor described as: "He done a mess of courtin'." He topped it off with making Phi Beta Kappa. I asked him how he managed to do so much work. His answer was simple but significant: "I did not fool my time away up street."

I repeat that it is not the legitimate, creative or constructive activities which hurt the student's book activities. It is the playing of useless games, the attendance upon a dozen moving picture shows a week, the bull sessions, and above all, that latest and most destructive of all time-killers—the television. One might play a game or read a book or write a paper while the radio sends out musical programs. But television, geared to the mentality of a moron, demands the utmost attention. How can one keep up with Howdy Doody or the Cisco Kid while engaged in any other worthwhile activity. The television and the drive-in movie are doing more, in my judgment, to kill time and de-range mentality than any other two forces in modern university life. The last name diversion; those "paid parking for petting party" contrivances, run the television a close race in killing time and are in a class by themselves in killing morals. One college student was asked what sort of picture was on at a certain drive-in. He replied: "I've been there three times since the picture was put on but I haven't seen it yet." A quarter given to the purveyors of popcorn with a request to stay away from one's car guarantees hours of privacy. That is more

effective than the old way of giving Big Sister's brat brother a quarter to stay out of the parlor.

One of the activities which has been developed to a marvelous degree within the past twenty-five years is dramatics. Thirty years ago the only interest in dramatics was the study of Shakespeare and other dramatists in the regular literary courses. In the early twenties, Mrs. Paul Gross began the coaching of dramatics among the students. For several years she coached the students without remuneration so far as I know and did as perfect a job as any of the professional directors have done since. And that is no reflection upon their superb work. Mrs. Gross presented some plays to the community which would have been a credit to any community in America. In that way dramatic activities began at Trinity.

My own dramatic activities began in the spring of 1923. I had organized a year's work in the study of the masterpieces of great literature. While we were studying the Book of Ruth, a suggestion was made by some of my students that we dramatize the book as a project in education. The class divided into groups to each of which were assigned definite phases of the work. Some worked with the costuming, others arranged the music, while still others looked after the staging. I created new characters which did not appear in the Bible story in order that each member of the class might have a part. One of the great difficulties in coaching this first play of mine was getting Ed Earnhardt, now a well-known minister, to court properly. At that time he was a pastor in Durham working on an advanced degree. I might say parenthetically that teaching amateur students how to make love is perhaps the most difficult thing in the coaching field. It would seem that to give them their lines and tell them to carry out the suggestion in the song, "Doing what comes naturally," would be sufficient. But in spite of their practice in daily life, they grow self-conscious and flounder helplessly about. Ed, although a married man and of some maturity, was a perfect stick as Boaz. One day I was leaving the rehearsal rather dejectedly and disgustedly. I said to some of the group: "I'd give fifty dollars if I hadn't given him that part. He'll never learn to court." Just then I happened to look and saw him. I feel sure he heard me. At any rate he sensed the fact that he wasn't doing his part well. He went home and said to his wife: "Esther, was I such a poor stick when I was courting you?" She assured him that his courting left nothing to be desired. He told her of his difficulty and I think she must have coached him. At any rate he improved so greatly that on the night of the production he courted so naturally and fervently that Ruth's boy friend resented the fact that the courting seemed too natural not to be real. Ed took the lead in others of my plays later on and proved himself to be a natural born actor. The play Ruth was given on Alumni night of Commencement out-of-doors. A

crowd of two thousand saw the performance and hailed it as a great success.

This was the beginning of my dramatic programs at my Alma Mater. Later on I wrote other plays and produced them. The play *Ruth* was published by the Cokesbury Press. The Duke Press published *Old Testament Dramas*, a group of six biblical plays. I also wrote *When Cross Roads Cross Again* for the Board of Finance of the Methodist Church, to be used in connection with their church-wide drive for superannuate funds. I wrote a series of plays known as *Bishops' Crusade Pageants*. These were published by the church press.

Ed Earnhardt starred as Abraham in a biblical play entitled *The Sacrifice of Isaac*. This was given on the woodland stage on the East Campus. It was presented as a part of the program of the Pastors' School. The Bible story was given a new slant and I was not at all sure how the rather conservative audience would react to it. While not denying the accepted interpretation as having some validity, I suggested in the play that the greatest thing about the story was Abraham's unwillingness to accept the pagan concept that God wanted human sacrifice. At the close of the play, the Canaanites crowded around Abraham's tent, when they discovered that he had brought Isaac safely back home, and demanded the boy's life. They were afraid that a fearful fate would overtake the community if the gods were cheated of their victim. A storm was supposed to be raging. We had put giant electric bulbs in the trees to be flashed on and off for lightning. Thunder was made with sheet iron and bass drums. Hose was trained at such an angle that the rain fell down through the tree tops and deluged the tent. The Canaanites were supposed to think that the storm was an omen of the anger of the gods. Abraham accepted the challenge and told them that if he had wronged the gods he wanted them to sweep him from the earth, but that if the gods were not displeased, let the storm abate and the winds die away. These effects we were trying to work out by increasing and decreasing the rain, the darkness, and the thunder. When the climax came and Abraham called for the storm to sweep them away, suddenly out of the north there swept a mighty gust of actual wind which swayed the tree-tops and seemed to threaten the approach of a real storm. The audience was startled. But judge of their astonishment when a moment later Abraham called: "If I have pleased them let the storm abate." As suddenly as it came, the wind died down and a perfect calm ensued. All this was within the scope of two or three minutes. It was the spookiest thing I have ever seen. Dr. Harry North came by and with hushed voice said: "Did you ever see anything like it?" I never did. A part of the audience thought I had a wind machine in the tree tops. It was purely coincidental and would perhaps not happen again in a million reproductions of that same play.

Twenty-five years after that event, a request was made that we repeat the play with the same cast. Not all of them were available, but Ed Earnhardt still took the part of Abraham, and Mrs. Fallaw, who was Miss Amy Childs in the first production, played her regular part as Sarah. Again Ed starred as Abraham. Those who saw the mountain-top scene were agreed that no better piece of acting had been seen on any stage, amateur or professional. A few weeks later he wrote me: "I was not conscious of the audience. I really had forgotten that I was saying lines. I was an old man, alone on a mountain top with God and a little boy." Kern Ormond, who was the Isaac in the first play as a boy, took the part of Isaac again. He is a small man and we had little trouble in making him up for the occasion. The "five o'clock shadow" was a little disconcerting for the role of a twelve-year-old boy in the latter case, but he acted the role as impressively as he did in the first production.

Naturally the plays and pageants which I wrote for the church at large were more far-reaching in their influence and perhaps brought me more of public notice. I also wrote for the love of the cause in the case of these productions. The *Pageants of the Bishops' Crusade* were missionary in their significance and nature. They were published and sent throughout the entire Methodist Episcopal Church, South. These were short and adapted for production by small churches, as well as large, and were produced in hundreds of churches and communities.

The play which caused the widest attention, so far as I can learn, was *When Cross Roads Cross Again*. The play was the dramatization of the famous story by that name which was published in *Collier's Weekly*. Rupert Hughes was its author. *Collier's* and Mr. Hughes gave the Methodist Church of Finance permission to republish the story in pamphlet form. The publication was received with such widespread enthusiasm that Dr. Luther E. Todd, Secretary of the Board, asked me if I would dramatize the story. Mr. Hughes and the magazine again were willing to grant the Board the desired permission. Mr. Hughes telegraphed.

"I cheerfully proffer dramatization rights to my story *When Cross Roads Cross Again* to the Methodist Church South for all performances, proceeds of which are devoted to the furtherance of the Superannuate Endowment Fund. I am glad to contribute this mite to so beautiful a cause. Best wishes for its success."

I never did learn how many communities actually produced the play but the public again read the story avidly. I trained a cast, and we produced the play in many towns in the state. We would charter a bus and go to various cities where it was usually presented in a local theater on Sunday or in a school auditorium on week nights. The public welcomed it enthusiastically. The story was that of a young minister who gave up his sweetheart in his youth because of her desire

to become an actress, which of course was taboo. In later life his road and hers crossed when she was living in a home provided for old actors and actresses. She invited him there for dinner to meet her companions. When he said "good bye" that night, the snow was falling, and he was going out into the cold and darkness, in poverty. Their parting scene, played to the background of a quartet singing "Abide with Me" in the warm living room of the Home, was overwhelming. (I can say these things with some degree of modesty since Rupert Hughes wrote the story, not I.) An old minister's daughter, touched by the reality of the situation as it actually existed throughout the church at that time, said: "Your play is terrific. I brought two handkerchiefs along expecting it to be a touching play. But I cried them full before the play was half over. Next time I shall bring a sheet." At Henderson, North Carolina, the stage hands did not lower the curtain promptly at the close. I frantically rushed to back stage to find out what was wrong, to discover them so deeply convulsed in tears that they had forgotten to pull the curtain.

I missed the one great chance of my life that next year. The General Conference of 1926 invited me to take my troupe of actors to Memphis, Tennessee, and present it before that august body. But the majority of my excellent cast had graduated the previous commencement and I did not have time to train another group, so I reluctantly declined.

There was a demand some years later for the revival of the play for the benefit of the Superannuate Fund, but the mother-in-law of one of the influential persons around the campus disapproved of one of the jokes. What powers mothers-in-law!

Another piece of dramatic work done for the church was the writing of the pageant, *Marching Men of Methodism*, which was written to celebrate the Sesqui-Centennial of the foundation of American Methodism. This pageant was published also and produced in many cities throughout the state.

I think the play enjoyed the most by the public and the actors was my dramatization of Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. You may remember that there was little in the way of dramatic activities going on around the campus in the twenties except the splendid work of the Taurians, as the players coached by Mrs. Gross were called. I usually used my own students in my plays. In this way I not only had a better opportunity to train them but a slightly better hold upon their time and conduct. Again we chartered a bus and went to various cities wherever the churches would guarantee transportation and entertainment. Nearly always we were greeted with a Christmas dinner before the play. If we could not return the same evening, homes were provided among the church families for the students. It may be noticed that I have not mentioned personalities to a great extent. But Arthur Kale,

now my successor at Duke, played the role of Scrooge in such a wonderful way that I want to comment on it. Neither Lionel Barrymore, nor the late Professor Koch, who delighted North Carolina audiences so many years with his reading of the Carol, could interpret the role of Scrooge in as vivid a way as did Arthur. One especial piece of good acting should be noted, but the name will not be called because the person might be embarrassed. One lovely girl was impersonating Mrs. Cratchit. At the dinner scene, when they were waiting for Bob Cratchit to come home, she forgot her lines. With naturalness she ad-libbed and made the scene very much more attractive than if she had merely spoken the lines which were written for her. But she thought she had ruined the play and was inconsolable. The scene following was the one in which Tiny Tim was supposed to be dead. She wept over her own failure to remember her lines. But the audience thought that she was acting. They agreed that it was the most perfect acting they had seen. But she wasn't acting. She was sobbing her heart out because she thought she had let us down.

The play consisted of many acts and scenes. Between scenes, while the staging was being changed, a quartet led the audience in the singing of Christmas carols. This alone would have guaranteed the success of the program. The play was repeated for two or three years at Christmas time. But one day tragedy hit the campus. The little Cratchit boy died. Little Ed Aldridge, who played the part of the older Cratchit child was taken ill, and in spite of all possible efforts to save his life he passed away. He was a prime favorite on the campus. We simply couldn't carry on with the gloom that would have been felt when someone else had to take his place. His father, characteristically forgetful of self, came to my office and said: "I understand that you are discontinuing the Christmas Carol because of the grief it would cause me and my family. It would hurt us, of course, to be reminded of his death but we are willing to suffer any sorrow whatever if it will bring happiness to others."

The action was so characteristic of this good man, who deserves more than passing mention in this book, that I shall digress here to pay a tribute to Fred Soule Aldridge. Professor Aldridge was rated as one of the best students ever to graduate from Trinity College. He was one of the most beloved teachers and administrative officers ever to be connected with the Trinity Park High School. When it was discontinued, he was given a place in the mathematics department of Duke University. Although he probably never ranked higher than assistant professor, he was one of the most popular and effective teachers on its staff. His energy, interest, good humor, enthusiasm, and his devotion to all things pertaining to Duke University endeared him to the hearts of the entire community. When he was compelled to retire on account of the age limit, he continued to render a much-

needed service to the institution by serving as chaplain to the hospital and looking after the Golden Cross funds of the North Carolina Conference. He was perhaps one of the most loyal Methodists in the state. At the sessions of the annual conference he was always useful in assisting with the reports and making out the statistical appropriations for each district. Only when there was a game of football at Duke was there any question as to his loyalty to the church. He usually solved the problem by sitting up all night on Friday night, finishing his work, reporting to the Conference Saturday morning and then breaking the speed limit in driving to Durham in time for the game. He was so loyal to the Methodists and had such an antipathy for the University of North Carolina that I used to tease him by telling him that he would be willing for the Methodists to die so that the death notices in the papers would carry the names of more Methodists than Baptists, and that he would be happy in Hades (or words to that effect) because he would see more University of North Carolina men there than Duke men. Not that they were any worse, but at that time there were more of them.

Only once did he break down this antipathy. During the war, a game was arranged between the universities and the colleges of the Big Five. Davidson, State, and Wake Forest made up a team from their respective squads and played a similar team from Carolina and Duke. During the intermission, I saw Professor Aldridge and J. R. Patton (as enthusiastic a Carolina fan as Mr. Aldridge was a Duke fan) walking arm and arm. A group of alumni of both institutions were enjoying the spectacle when I said: "Fellows, you have seen the prophet's dream come true. At last the lion and the lamb are together but I don't know which one is the lion and which the lamb." Professor Aldridge said: "Oh pshaw!" and dropped Patton's arm and slipped away. Whenever his institution lost, Professor Aldridge was almost inconsolable. He attended every game regardless of weather, and was very much in evidence. Once he figured in the publicity in a way which was most ridiculous and, to him, most embarrassing. He was one of the most cantankerous teetotalers I have ever known. He hated whiskey like the proverbial saying, "The devil hates holy water." He did not hesitate to let the world know of his opposition. Hence the comic as well as serious aspects of the episode. Drunkenness is frequently to be seen at college football games. No satisfactory way has yet been discovered of completely discouraging it. On this particular day there was much of it in evidence. During the intermission between halves, Professor Aldridge was taken quite ill and became uncontrollably nauseated. While he was illustrating Virgil's famous description of seasickness: "Eructans viscera cum gemitu," which being freely translated reads: "Up-chucking all his innards with a groan," some men passed by and not recognizing the Professor thought he

was drunk. One said: "Ain't that a d--- shame. It's bad enough to see these young roughnecks vomiting all over the place, but to see an old man like that making a dog of himself is simply disgusting and pitiful." So great was the shock to Professor Aldridge to discover that he was mistaken for drunk that he got well immediately.

He was the type of man who does his work without hope of praise, pay, or publicity. He was a splendid illustration of the type of citizen who, without pomp or parade, works untiringly for every good cause. He was a living example of the old nursery rhyme:

"Work while you work, play while you play;  
That is he way to be happy and gay.  
All that you do, do with your might;  
Things done by halves are never done right."

Professor Aldridge was the most all-out, all-overish man I have ever known. He was intense in everything he did, and was the more attractive because of this quality of eagerness. In fact, his faults were more fascinating than the virtues of most people. He was alike dear to rich and poor, to black and white, to high and low, to learned and unlearned, to saint and sinner. For he loved them all and was fair to them all. He hated with a holy hate and loved with a loyal love. He hated wrong-doing but loved the wrong-doer. He fought fiercely but fairly. He pulled no punches, yet never hit below the belt.

But to return to my dramatic activities. It may seem that my book is a bit too heavy with a recountal of these things, but this is the only way that I have to inform the public of them. I was a little surprised when I searched through the back numbers of *The Chronicle* to discover that so few references were made to my work in this field. I was urged by interested friends back in those days to place more stress upon the publicity of my work. I replied that the house was always full and that was all one could ask. They suggested that some day I might want the world to know about the work and there would be no record. I wasn't worried a great deal about publicity and said so. I have become less modest in my old age.

It is a matter of interest to note just what attitude *The Chronicle* has at times taken to reporting matters at Duke. I have no quarrel with the paper and never have had. I was always on friendly terms with it. It may be recalled that I was on the very first board when it was organized and served as editor for a few weeks during World War I. But I have never been able to get much publicity through its columns. I have come to the conclusion that any activities, outside of social and athletic matters, must rely for publicity on one of three things. It is possible to get space in *The Chronicle* if one of the reporters is a member of one's class and needs a grade. Or it is possible to get the needed space if one writes up his own "stuff" and furnishes

the copy. (Only recently have I begun to blow my own horn.) Or if there are charges for a play, concert or what not, a pass issued to the paper will insure the coverage of the performance whatever it may be. There is enough Scotch in every reporter to make him willing to cover a performance, if he thinks he is making a buck.

Even at that, the reporting is not always very enthusiastic. I recall sitting behind some Chronicle reporters at a play given by the Duke Players. At the close of the first act, the head reporter left the hall and did not return until the next act was over. When he returned he asked the cub reporter how the second act had gone. The cub made a non-committal answer. When pressed for the truth the boy said: "I don't know, I went to sleep." I did not think it quite cricket, but they panned the play, probably on the grounds that if it had been very good the boy would have stayed awake. I couldn't blame the boy for going to sleep on that particular play. I did, too.

Sometimes there were reports, however, that showed not only wide-awakeness but real flashes of genius. At one time the problem of petting was very acute on the campus. An amusing headline came out over a write-up of the situation which read: DEAN ——— PROMISES TO STOP NECKING ON THE CAMPUS. Needless to say, the students liked that type of reporting. At another time a certain sense of humor was shown in connection with parking space. One of the officials had a placard made and placed it on a parking spot with the sign: "This space reserved for ———." Some mischievous boys removed the sign and placed it on top of a manure pile which was being composted for use on the grass. *The Chronicle* did more than carry the story; the candid camera man made a picture of the ludicrous scene.

I wrote numerous dramatic works which were never published. Pageants celebrating important events, such as the publication of the Coverdale Bible, Christmas programs, Thanksgiving and Easter programs were written and produced although not published. I wrote the Easter programs for the sunrise services and for the Easter afternoon and evening programs for years. I also wrote and produced over the radio some Bible plays which were not included in my volume, *Old Testament Plays*. One of these was the play *Esther*. A star actor Don McCallum, took the part of Haman in that play. In one place Haman was supposed to call out to his wife, "Zeresh, the lot is cast." Mac got a little excited and yelled out over the radio "Zeresh, the cast is lost." Mr. A. T. West thought that to be the most natural line in the play.

Speaking of broadcasting brings me to say that for several years I broadcast over WPTF and WDNC one series of four plays each spring. These plays were produced each Sunday afternoon for a month. We were thrilled to get favorable accounts from them from far away sec-

tions of the country. Once when we were broadcasting *The First Eastern Dawn*, one of the actors, a well-known football player, got mike fright. Although in rehearsal he had done splendidly, when his time came to read his lines he couldn't open his mouth. One of the other boys sensed the situation, leaned forward and read his lines. At a recent homecoming, I spoke to the returning student and called him Mac. He thought I said Mike, and answered: "You don't even know who I am. You think I am Mike Karmazin." When I reminded him of the mike-fright incident he asked: "Don't you ever forget anything?"

One other phase of dramatics of which I am rather proud was the introduction of putting on dramatics by local amplification. In this case, the play would be read over a microphone in an adjoining room. Wires would lead to loudspeakers placed in the front of the auditorium and the play broadcast in that way. Sound effects were produced in the side room and the play could be presented as realistically as if it were actually being broadcast. This method saved costuming, staging, memorizing lines, and solved many other problems. One of these was the avoiding of paying royalties for, so far as I know, the copyright law does not include this and no one would object to such a presentation. I made a statement to that effect before a group at Randolph-Macon College once when giving a course before the Virginia Conference Pastors' School. I then presented my own play, *The Rain Bride*. A few weeks later I received a petition from a Sunday School class with several dozen names signed to it protesting my use of that method in presenting that play. They said it was an evasion unworthy of a minister of the Gospel and a university professor. They were slightly mollified when I wrote and informed them that I wrote the play and owned the copyright myself. What efforts people will make to straighten out the morals of other folks!

This method of local amplification is growing in popularity. I have had many letters from former students telling me of their success in using it. An attractive feature of this type of presentation is the arrangement of a program of worship in which the entire audience is invited to participate. This program consists of music, scripture and prayer, setting the mood for the play. When the worship period is over, the house is darkened with the exception of one light at the front to suggest locale, and the play is then given. I have yet to see a person leave such a presentation, although he could easily go without offending anyone.

A more definite and extensive development of my dramatic work followed a year's leave of absence which I spent in Chicago. At one of the University churches there was a traditional Christmas dinner given each year representing a mediaeval Christmas feast. Many of the persons in attendance were in costume. Old fashioned dishes were prepared. The Boar's head was brought in to the accompaniment of

the singing of the famous carol. Pranks and frolic were engaged in. At the conclusion of the feast, the crowd repaired to the auditorium of the church and living tableaux were presented representing outstanding nativity scenes from the Masters. A continuity was read by a member of the University faculty. Upon my return to Durham I suggested to Dr. N. I. White that we ought to undertake something like that at Duke. He suggested that we have an old southern supper rather than a mediaeval one. Acting upon this suggestion, I worked out the program for the first Faculty Club Christmas Party which was held in the Hope Valley Club House. Old southern songs were sung. Christmas carols were also sung. A band of Mummers crashed the door, mediaeval style. This type was not unknown to the old South, but there they were called "cooners." A play of some sort was produced. Dr. R. S. Rankin and Dr. Charlie Jordan staged a mock duel. The supper was the chief feature. The conventional Christmas dinner with all the things that go along with turkey was served. The dinner closed with plum pudding and syllabub. I was very careful to use only non-alcoholic flavoring for the last named part of the dessert. But some over-pious editor, not knowing what syllabub was, looked it up in the dictionary and discovered that normally it was supposed to contain spirituous liquors. Of course we got panned. "A church school ought to have set a better example!" Blessed are the reformers! They get joy out of meddling with other people's business and trying to tailor the morals of their neighbors. I suspect that they have their reward.

This party started a long line of Christmas celebrations which are still making the campus merry at Christmas time. For years the parties were held at the Hope Valley Club, where the setting was conducive to Christmas merriment. I recall one year that a sudden snow storm made the roads impassable. The Club Hostess was compelled to postpone the dinner until the next night although the plates had already been served when we called the party off. It was impossible, however, to get through the deep snow that night. The next day we secured the special services of the road forces and had the paths cleaned. The skies had cleared and the eighteen inches of snow made an indescribably beautiful scene that really looked like Christmas.

Many of my plays were written for this Christmas occasion. Each year we would produce a play, have old-time fiddling and folk dancing, and sing Christmas carols. One night Mrs. B. N. Duke, even then at an advanced age, took part in the Old Virginia Reel and outlasted any other person on the floor.

We continued to hold the parties at the Club House until we outgrew its capacity. We then moved the party to the University dining halls where the supper was served and the plays presented on improvised stages built of the dining room tables. The main attraction about the plays was that they were presented by leading members of the

faculty. Participation by faculty members, instead of entertainment by outsiders, always proves more attractive. The height of the attraction was reached, I think, when a play called the *Play of the Three Kings* was presented. Mme. Marie Dow translated the play, which was a fifteenth-century mystère, into English. I then rewrote it in exactly the same meter as the original play. Our group had never been through an entire rehearsal when we came to the night of its production. I knew we were in for a grand failure. But the idea occurred to me to burlesque the whole thing. So I made a serio-comical introductory speech and told them how plays were produced in the Middle Ages and that if an actor forgot his lines and asked to be prompted, or pulled out his manuscript and read his lines, the style of the Middle Ages would be carried out. A more ridiculously funny play I have never seen. At one time Professor W. S. Fitzgerald looked over to where I sat and said: "Can't you see I have forgotten my lines? Why don't you prompt me?" At another time, Dr. Willard Berry, who was acting the role of Herod, pulled a scroll out of his boot top and said to a wise man: "I thought they called you a wise man. Haven't you got enough sense to get out of my light so I can read my lines?" None of this was in the script, but it saved the play from being a flop and made it a huge success. For ten years I wrote and produced the plays for the Christmas Party. Some of the leading members of the faculty were my actors.

That part of the Chicago program which was put on at the church gave me the suggestion which resulted in my writing the Christmas Pageant. For years this was put on during the week immediately preceding the Christmas holidays. Finally, it was changed to the Sunday before the beginning of the holidays. For twenty-one years the pageant has been given, and still there is "standing room only" at every presentation. There are scores of Durham people who have attended every performance for the entire twenty-one years. Mention should be made of the presentation of the Messiah by Mr. J. Foster Barnes and his wonderful choir which takes place the Sunday before my pageant. This choir is one of the chief factors in the success of the pageant. A program is arranged wherein the audience takes part in reading, prayer, and the singing of a few well-known Christmas hymns. Then the house is darkened and eight tableaux are presented in a large framework, properly lighted. These tableaux consist of gorgeously costumed students representing the various characters connected with the Nativity. A continuity is read and appropriate music is sung as a background for the beautiful tableaux. My thanks are due not only to Mr. Barnes and his choir but to the late A. T. West, Director of Dramatics at Duke, and in later years to Messrs. Kenneth Reardon and Joseph C. Wetherby of the Drama and Speech Department, with their

group of Duke Players, who assist in the staging and costuming. Mrs. West and Mrs. Reardon deserve especial mention also.

Mr. West was a perfect genius in staging and producing plays. For years he produced some of the most wonderful plays here that any community could desire to see. Many of his productions were worthy of Broadway. I am greatly indebted to him for assistance in the production of my plays and pageants, as well as for guidance in writing some of my plays. One incident connected with the pageant is worth relating. At first we borrowed the majority of our costumes from the Masonic Order of this city. Gradually we built up a set of costumes of our own. I recall that one good friend gave us a valuable jaguar skin which we used for the Little Shepherd. By buying job lots, odd remnants, and by careful scrimping and saving, we finally had enough costumes so that we did not have to borrow a single thing from anyone. Through the years Mrs. Spence fixed an attractive supper and served it to the cast, make-up crew, costumers and others so that they would not have to go to supper and thus could devote their attention to getting ready for the performance. For many years this was the high spot in the experience of many students. A gay bunch of fine boys and girls, with Christmas in their bones, singing Christmas carols and undergoing the thrilling experience of being made up to represent biblical characters and dress in gorgeous robes, was all that was needed for a wonderful time. Usually there was cake and coffee left over, and some of the group would remain for a short while to finish the refreshments. The year that Mr. West was married, we were sitting in a side room after the performance, eating and drinking when some one rushed into the room crying: "The studio is afire." And so it was. A naked light had touched a tinselled robe and the fire was on. When we reached the studio, the flames had burned practically every costume. Mr. West frantically grabbed at the burning costumes and burned his hands terribly. As soon as the flames were extinguished, we hurried him over to the hospital for treatment. For once I lost patience with that rather wonderful institution. A nurse began to ask perfunctory questions: "Have you ever been here before? Do you have a number?" I blew up and shouted: "The man was working for the University and was hurt while in their service. They will pay the bill. He is suffering. Cut out your red tape and get a doctor quick!" She got one. He was so heavily bandaged that on his wedding night, two days later, he couldn't put the wedding ring on his bride's finger.

We had been running the pageant about ten years, so I wondered whether or not we should discontinue it before the public was tired of it. So I said: "Well, thank heaven, we won't have to worry about whether to continue the pageant any more. This settles it." Judge of my surprise when Mr. Dwire sent for me and said: "You don't get

out of things that easily. You may not know it, but we have a million dollar policy covering all such things as that. The insurance adjuster will be around to see you in a few days." When the adjuster came he was very generous. He said: "I understand that much of this was given to you and that the rest was secured at bargain rates and made by your wife. We are not interested in what it cost you. Try to give us a fair estimate of what it will cost to replace the costumes, and that's all we want to know." I went to New York and consulted a costumer who informed us that we should ask for four hundred and fifty dollars. The company paid the claim promptly. I then secured another hundred dollars from Mr. Dwire, and Mr. West and I went back to New York to buy the costumes. At Mr. West's suggestion, I purchased the materials from a house which gave the University a large discount, and Mr. and Mrs. West made the costumes. In that way we secured wonderful costumes which would have cost perhaps a thousand dollars had we bought them already made.

On that trip I had an experience which taught me never to do anything which I wouldn't be willing to be caught doing. I had an attack of influenza and was almost too sick to sit up. We went into Childs' restaurant for supper. Mr. West was greatly solicitous over my welfare and recommended that I take a cocktail to stimulate me and help overcome my illness. He probably recommended a very sensible thing. I had never taken a cocktail in all my life nor have I taken one since that time. So I thanked him for the suggestion but stated that I would stick to coffee. He kindly insisted that it was the right thing for me to do. Then he said: "I know what you are thinking. You are worrying for fear that someone who knows you might see you. There isn't one chance out of a thousand of your being recognized. It is not vacation time and we don't know anyone in New York. You are running no risk." I said: "I'll still take coffee." I had just about half finished my cup of coffee when a big hand slapped me on the shoulder and a happy, hearty voice cried out: "Professor Spence! I saw you when you came in. I said to my girl 'There's the man who taught me religion two terms at Duke University. I just must go speak to him.'" How would I have felt if he had caught me drinking a cocktail? I might have explained that this was my first experience and that I was sick, but he would never have gotten over the fact that his religious professor was drinking a cocktail in a New York restaurant.

Mr. and Mrs. West made the costumes and we are still using them. Upon Mr. West's death, Mr. Reardon and Mr. Wetherby came to my assistance and are still carrying on, even though I have retired. Dr. J. H. Phillips and Dr. Arthur Kale took charge of the pageant last year (1952), and I suppose it will be continued indefinitely. There seems to be no let up of interest on the part of the public.

In both this pageant and the Choral Communion Service, which is

given each year on Maunday Thursday evening, I am greatly indebted also to Mrs. Mildred Hendrix and Dr. Frank S. Hickman. For twenty years Dr. Hickman has done a superb piece of work in reading the continuity for both of these programs. His magnificent presence and his sonorous voice make both of them extremely impressive. I have no words which will express my admiration of Mrs. Hendrix' ability to interpret moods through music. A perfect wizard at the organ, through her genial willingness to help with these programs, she has placed me in her debt for life. I am also indebted to Mrs. J. Foster Barnes, Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Myers and many others for their kind assistance. But the lion's share of gratitude must go to my wife who, for years, made the costumes, helped with the costuming, and otherwise assisted with the production, including the supper for nearly forty hungry college students each time the pageant was produced.

One further item of interest in connection with the pageant may be worth noting. When Mr. West died in 1947 I wrote a sonnet in his memory, and it was read during the supper at the next performance of the pageant. This gave us the idea of lighting the "Memory Candle" each year in memory, not only of the dead who had participated in the past, but as a ceremony to bind the living together in ties of memory. Letters have been sent to each alumnus, whom we were able to locate, with a copy of the memory sonnet and with a statement of our plan. They are asked to think of the ceremony, wherever they may be, and to remember that those who are producing the pageant the current year are lighting the candle and all thinking of each other. The poem is read and the Christmas Angel lights the candle. It has turned out to be an impressive ceremony and forms a tradition with both present and past participants in the pageant.

### THE CANDLE OF MEMORY

Like scudding clouds the fleeting years go by,  
And with them take the friends we love away;  
Their smiling faces fade, their song a sigh—  
These Christmas troopers of the yesterday:  
Did those who shared our pleasures in the past,  
Who graced our pageants in the long ago,  
Impress so lightly that no trace shall last?  
And will we from our mem'ry let them go?  
As angels sang of peace, good will to men,  
While starry candles lit the song-filled skies,  
So shall we bring them into mind again,  
Give proof nor love nor friendship ever dies:  
Lest we forget them on this festal night  
Our Christmas Angel shall their candle light.

Two other items in connection with my dramatic work I should like to relate. The idea occurred to me that an Easter program in the form of a grand opera would be a feasible and attractive entertainment. There had been Easter plays and pageants galore. In Europe, there was the Passion Play at Oberammergau. In one or two places in this country there had been passion plays produced, but so far as I know, there has never been an Easter program produced with the greater part of the program consisting of dramatic acting and singing. So I decided to arrange such a program. Beginning with the Triumphal Entry and ending with the Resurrection, I went through the cantatas, oratorios, and other music available and compiled sections representing all the important phases of the Easter story. I planned to produce this in costume. A part of the acting would be in the full view of the assembled spectators. Other parts were to be brought in by remote control. The scenes were to be laid in front of the Chapel and on either side. I think that the effect would have been simply overwhelming. Those who read the score were all agreed that the opera would be unique and most effective. The money was all provided for. Incidentally, I should like to state parenthetically again that I have never been refused an appropriation which I asked for in putting on a program at the University. Nor was I ever called upon to itemize my expenditures. One exception will be noted later. But I did not blame them for asking where I was going to get the money in that case. The request was for ten thousand dollars!

The only hitch in our procedure came over the dispute as to whether the Christus should be an actual person or a voice and a light. There were certain discouragements which came from persons who felt that the opera would interfere with the eleven o'clock services, but even those objections would have been overruled except for the problem of the Christus. The Church Board authorized the performance and agreed to underwrite it as well as assist in its promotion. But the Board side-stepped the responsibility of deciding that question. They threw it back into the hands of Dr. Few. When he saw that he had to make the decision, and that they refused to share any part of the responsibility he simply said: "While we are together, perhaps we had better talk about commencement plans." That was the last mention ever made of the Opera. On Easter Sunday morning when I awoke I said: "Thank heaven, the Opera wasn't put on." It was raining the proverbial "cats and dogs." No outdoor performance would have been possible, and all the work and expenses would have gone for naught.

Duke University missed a great chance at arranging a place where all types of worthwhile performances could be staged when it failed to make the acoustics in the gymnasium satisfactory. I wrote to President Few, Mr. Wallace Wade, and others insisting that arrangements should be made which would allow for all types of plays, pageants,

and other programs in that building. No attention was paid to the suggestion. The result was the most horrible acoustics of any building I have ever known. My guess is that enough money has been spent since the opening of that gymnasium to improve acoustics for commencements alone to have built it properly in the beginning. And with all the expenditure, the problem is not yet solved.

The one exception of the question of money came in connection with a suggestion which I made for arranging a series of Christmas scenes around the Chapel. I got the idea from a church in California where the main scenes of the Nativity were depicted life-size in the courtyard around the Church. But these are painted on cardboard of some sort. I also saw one in Cincinnati where the scenes were depicted by life-sized statuary and by live cattle and sheep. It occurred to me that a pageant could be arranged around the Chapel with niches or sheltered recesses arranged at intervals around the building, and, in these, life-sized statutes of the various characters taking part in the Nativity scenes. First would come the Prophet, then the Annunciation, and on to the manger scene and the coming of the Wise Men. Statues made of plastic marble in colors, with animals of papier mache would be used. The effect would be tremendous, especially if accompanied by electrically transcribed music and continuity, either from the scriptural account or one written for this special purpose. I had thought of these scenes being shown at night for several days near and including the holidays. I feel sure that hundreds of thousands of persons would come to the campus to see this beautiful scenery and hear the music. But the one perplexing question was quickly asked: "Where will you get the money?" Perhaps someone who perchance may read this book may know the answer. I think it would be one of the best pieces of advertising the University could do and would possibly go far to offset the counter-attractions offered elsewhere in the state.

I must not close this account of my part in public performance without paying further tribute to the work of Mr. J. Foster Barnes. "Bishop," as he is affectionately known by his countless admirers, is the easiest artist to get along with that I have ever seen. Through these twenty-five years of my dealing with him, we have never had a single quarrel. Only once did he show impatience, and he was thoroughly justified in that. I had arranged a Christmas program in which I was playing up football as if it were the only spectacular activity which had been developed at Duke. And I was using the Glee Club to help pay tribute. Mr. Barnes expressed his disappointment that I was not able to see some value to the University in the work which his boys had done. He was right. They have appeared on television, nation-wide broadcasts, have performed in Carnegie Hall, and in many of the larger cities of the country. I suspect that this organization has done as much to "add luster to its Alma Mater's fame" as any other

organization in the University. Certainly it has done more with the support it has received than any other. I repeat that Mr. Barnes was justified in his complaint, and I was thoroughly ashamed of my thoughtlessness. On every occasion Mr. Barnes has said to me: "I am not going to interfere with your plans. Just tell me what you want me to do and I will do it to the best of my ability." His influence on his choir is amazing. His love for them and their love for him is one of the most beautiful things I have ever known at Duke.

But I have no complaint of the way in which I have ever been treated by any of the people who have worked with me. Mr. West, Mr. Reardon, Mr. Weatherby, Mrs. Hendrix have all been of the most cooperative type. In all these years I have had only one "run in" with a person who was supposed to help me. When I wrote the plan for the Choral Communion Service, I was requested not to give it. I inquired as to the reason and the person said that he had written something similar and it would look as if he got his idea from me. I asked him if he didn't. He admitted that he did, but thought I wasn't going through with it when he decided to use my idea. Fortunately I had sent carbon copies to several persons, including President Few, Mr. Dwire, and others, and my right to claim the authorship was unquestioned. I arranged for the publication of the manuscript whose main ideas the man appropriated (that's a nice word, isn't it?) from my work and let him down light on his plagiarism. No hard feelings resulted.

## CHAPTER VII

### *Friends of the Yesteryear*

The Gentle Reader (if he is gentle by the time he reads thus far) may get the impression that I have written the book in a haphazard sort of way, just as thoughts occurred to me. His impression would be fairly accurate, for that is largely what I have done. I have written on one theme until another suggested itself and then have taken up the other for variety's sake, if for no other reason. I am inclined at this juncture to return to a discussion of some of the old-time teachers. It is manifestly impossible to pay tribute to all the great and good men who have labored for Trinity College and Duke University. Since these are *my* recollection of the institution, I shall limit my comments to a great extent to those who were most closely associated with me and who meant a great deal both to me and the students. Such a person was Professor W. H. Pegram. I think that he was as much revered and respected as any man in his day, and perhaps in the entire history of the college. Quiet in his manner, polite in his attitudes toward even the lowliest student, thorough in his teaching, kind in his every action, he was greatly beloved and earned the sobriquet of Trinity's "Grand Old Man." His favorite expression was: "You grasp the idea." Although a thorough-going scientist, he had the simple faith of a little child in God, goodness and the values of religious living. Although he was not an orator, he was past master in training men to debate or deliver orations. The harshest thing he was ever credited with saying to a student was when one boy persisted in disturbing the class. Professor Pegram asked him to report at the desk after class. Quietly he said: "Mr. Brown, you have been thoughtless in your conduct and have disturbed the class. Consider yourself reprov'd." Mr. Brown stayed reprov'd and did not disturb the class again. The *Alumni Register* carried the following fitting tribute when Dr. Pegram died.

"Through a long and useful life he walked with God, a fine example of Christian living; acting courageously, counseling wisely, with head erect and face ever turned toward the future. As a soldier under Lee and Jackson he developed a stately carriage which remained with

him unto death; as a student he learned to love Alma Mater with a passion that characterized his every act in her behalf; as a teacher he rendered untiring service—and after his retirement his presence on the campus was a benediction to all.”

Another thorough-going scientist whose interest in religion was never dimmed or dulled by his scientific knowledge, is the recently retired Robert N. Wilson, better known as “Farmer” Wilson. The nickname is far more pertinent and appropriate than many nicknames which have been saddled upon various members of the faculty throughout the years. I suspect that many of our alumni can recall terms of endearment, or otherwise, which have been bestowed upon Trinity and Duke teachers. How these came about is a matter of uncertainty in many instances. On one occasion, Gilbert H. Smith wrote a drama which was published in the *Archive*. In this drama he described the teachers and officers as engaging in crap games and shooting crackaloo. President Kilgo was Slaykum; Dr. Few was Dr. Scant; Dr. Plato Durham was Pluto; Professor Pegram was Pigsheep, and so on down the line. Other teachers were named according to their supposed resemblance to animals, either in appearance or by some trait or characteristic. There were “Rabbit” Webb, “Mink” Glasson, “Bull” Cranford, “Bear” Bassett and “Bull” Brown. Other nicknames given for various reasons were “Tubby,” “Wanny,” “Bobby,” “Shorty,” “Gertrude” and “Daddy” Gates—the name is legion. Farmer Wilson received his name from his great interest in gardening and his use of farming terms in making plain his teaching. His influence for good in the college, the city, and the church was immeasurable. He was one of the most effective promoters of Boy Scout work ever to be seen in the state, although the work was a side line with him and not a profession. He showed a deep interest in every phase of college life. He excelled in athletics, played a mean game of tennis, basketball, basball, and volleyball. He was a devoted churchman, was superintendent of the Sunday School for years, and an active promoter of religious education for a score or more of years. He was the type of teacher who could be thoroughly friendly with his students without there ever being the slightest touch of familiarity in the cheaper sense of the word. I never knew a student to speak slightly or disrespectfully of him, yet he was so much at home with them that he knew many of his students by their given names, and called them by their first names instead of the formal Mister.

Dr. W. H. Glasson was very much the opposite of Professor Wilson. It would be hard to conceive of his calling his students by their given names. He was courteous and kind but never thoroughly approachable. He was a capable and most excellent teacher, highly honored and quite popular although slightly dreaded. A vote of the students who were familiar with the teachers in those days would probably put him at the

top of the list in efficiency, but would indicate little personal feeling towards him, either for or against. He kept a strict account of the progress of every student but was not always correct in giving the right student the right credit. His classes were always crowded. The rooms were large and the students were not seated in any systematic fashion. The only way to discover the presence or absence of a given student was to call the roll. This Dr. Glasson did regularly. However he was so engrossed in his bookkeeping that the boys at times would play tricks on him, which he did not always detect. One prize story that went the rounds was that of a student who decided to cut class one morning and asked a fraternity brother to answer the roll call for him. When the boy's name was called, the brother changed his voice slightly and answered for the missing student. All went well until the teacher called upon the missing boy to recite. The brother who answered the roll call for him, undertook to answer the question and utterly failed. Dr. Glasson put down a zero in the space allotted for grades. Later on, he said: "Mr. ——— I am not quite satisfied with letting you get a zero for your morning's work. I think I will give you another trial." So he proceeded to ask another question. The brother was as ignorant concerning this question as he was of the first. So another fraternity mate motioned him to keep quiet and then proceeded to answer the question himself. The Doctor was pleased with the improvement of this answer over the first, removed the zero and substituted a better grade with the comment: "That's very good, Mr. ——— I felt sure the first answer did not represent accurately your knowledge of the lesson."

Regardless of whether this story is typical of his preoccupation or not, the fact remains that Dr. Glasson has always been rated among the all-time "greats" at Duke. He was a strong leader in every phase of academic life, an active participant in the establishment of the Faculty Club, and one of the chief influences in building a strong Graduate School at Duke. An automobile accident shortened his active years, but his work remains as a monument to his thoroughness and greatness.

Many other favorite teachers will be thought of by the alumni as they read these pages: the affable Dr. James J. Wolfe, the famous Dr. William McDougall, the immaculate Dr. C. W. Peppler, the genial Burt Cunningham, and the patient, plodding Dr. A. M. Gates. Dr. Gates' classes were very limited in size, due to the nature of his subject, Latin, but he was one of the most familiar figures on the campus. He was the living example of faith in the ancient slogan: "A wise man carries his umbrella when the sun is shining; any fool will carry one when it is raining." When the weather was at all cool he wore gloves, and almost invariably wore overshoes and carried an umbrella. He had reached middle age before there was ever any increase in his family. He was naturally a bit nervous and anxious. Some mis-

chievous student told a story on him, which has probably been told of hundreds of others, that Dr. Gates was worried as to the effect of food eaten by the parent during the pre-natal period of the child. He is reported as having asked the doctor if he could eat cabbage without hurting the baby.

Dr. Arthur H. Merritt is another whom the old timers will remember. My main contact with him was at banquets and other occasions where afterdinner speeches were to be made. He was quite popular as a toastmaster and frequently "brought down the house" with his droll expressions and witticisms. One ancient poem, when quoted by him, was always good for a laugh:

"The autumn leaves are falling,  
They are falling everywhere;  
And some are in the atmosphere,  
And some are in the air."

If one wishes to get some idea of his ways, manners, affability, wit and wisdom, he may observe Dr. W. T. Laprade. Without apparently being at all conscious of their influence upon each other, these two associated with each other until they walked alike, drawled alike, and joked very much alike. Dr. Laprade, however, was of much more thorough scholarship so far as I could tell. They were both so far above me in their knowledge that I am not an accurate judge. Dr. Laprade I trust will not object to my saying that, in my judgment, he is one of the wisest men we have ever had on our faculty. Through his jocular conversation and agreeable conduct, he has attracted many hundreds of students to his classes. In the *Deserted Village* it was related of the Parson that "Fools who came to scoff remained to pray." Dr. Laprade's students may have come to laugh, but they went away edified both by the help of and in spite of his humor. For more than forty years he has been an outstanding force for goodness, sanity, reasonableness, high ideals and correct conduct upon our campus. Few persons had the ability to see through the practical application of theories so well as he. A constant speaker at faculty meetings, he helped direct the policy of the institution as much as any one man not actually on the administrative force. He laughed frequently and loud. In this case he was the refutation of a Goldsmith line: "The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind." Dr. Laprade's mind was never vacant. He had a grasp of all social, civic, local, national and international problems which few could have. He was normally imperturbable. The only instance recognized of his losing his imperturbability was when he absent-mindedly came to class without a necktie. Perhaps hearing of his embarrassment prepared me for that same ordeal later. On one occasion I walked into class without one. The titter

of students caused me to discover what was wrong. I simply asked which pupil wanted to make a hit with the instructor, then borrowed a necktie from him, put it on in front of the class and kept on teaching.

Heretofore I have limited my discussions of persons to those instructors who taught undergraduates. This is because I had so little contact with the "professional" teachers. It is also true that a very limited number of the alumni were acquainted with those who taught in the professional schools. One great exception to this rule was the unforgettable Judge Samuel F. Mordecai. He was the widely-known and greatly beloved Dean of the Law School for twenty-three years. Only those who knew him could appreciate the utter contradiction which he presented in so many respects. In appearance, he might be taken at times for an uncultured, crude and disreputable person. In reality, he had all of the finer sensitivities a gentleman could be expected to have. On the surface, he seemed coarse, profane, and irreverent. In reality, he had a very high regard for religion and all life's finer things. He was a man of such wonderful ability, such genial attitudes, such amazing common sense, and such bigness of heart and soul, that men overlooked his glaring "defects." As least the majority of those who knew him did.

Judge Mordecai was frequently extremely disheveled in appearance. I need not describe him in detail. Those who knew him will recall his tobacco-stained clothes, his unkempt beard, his likeness to the crudest of the proverbial "hayseeds." Nor need I write at length about his profanity and vulgarity. This book may possibly go through the mails. If I related the things he said in either field, the postal law might ban it from the post offices. Those who knew him will wish I could tell some of the jokes which he was so fond of repeating. But even more humorous than his jokes were his witticisms. Wit and humor flowed from his mouth more freely than tobacco-spittle down his beard. And no one can fully appreciate the Dean without his profanity and humor. His repartee was terrific. Rarely did anyone get the last word on him. Only once do I recall that he was rather floored by a comment from another person. One day as he entered an office rather suddenly, he was startled by bumping into Dr. Holland Holton. The Judge ejaculated: "God Almighty!" Professor Holton shot back: "A case of mistaken identity, Judge. I am only the Director of the Summer School."

Judge Mordecai had a sense of humor which enabled him to make capital of his defects. He knew that he could not pose as a candidate for the handsomest man in town so he found a half dozen pictures of horrible caricatures of male human beings and arranged them in a large frame. In the midst of this revolting array he placed his own picture. Underneath he wrote the significant words: "Beauty is a thing of comparison."

One of the interesting stories concerning him and his profanity has to do with a minister, a devoted alumnus of Trinity College and a puritanical opponent of profane language. This minister was assigned a church near the campus and soon made a visit to his Alma Mater. As he entered the campus he met the Judge and stopped to speak to him without knowing his identity. He spoke sadly of the reports he had been hearing about the use of profanity on the campus and said: "I am told that the Dean of the Law School, a Judge Mordecai, swears right out in public places. I wonder if that can be true." To which the Judge responded: "That, Sir, according to the best of my knowledge and belief, is a d—— lie."

The Judge was a great practical joker. On one occasion, Mrs. Spence and I had gone to call upon his family. The Judge was at home and very graciously received us. He said to my wife: "Mrs. Spence, I have a piece of apple pie here which I made with mine own hands. I think it is excellent and I want you to try it. I am giving you this pie, however, with one proviso: Old Spence must not be allowed to have a single bit of it. You just sit right there and eat it and let his greedy mouth water." Afraid to offend the Judge, she did as he commanded her. When she had finished he turned upon her with, what I suppose, was simulated fury. I have never heard a man "bawl out" a woman worse. He called her a selfish wretch, a loveless wife, a disloyal spouse, and shamed her for her lack of consideration of her poor husband who sat around and drooled at sight of that matchless pie which he wanted but was not allowed to eat. So perfect was his acting, if acting it was, that I never could quite decide whether he meant a part of it or not.

At another time I was cultivating a garden in a small plot near the Judge's house. I had considerable trouble with the animals and chickens damaging the vegetables. Once Mrs. Cranford's cow got in the garden and ate a great deal of my corn. Mrs. Cranford called me over the phone and expressed great regret that her cow had damaged my garden. I listened to her politely for a few moments and then informed her that my greatest regret was that I had placed Paris green on the vegetables, and it would be too bad if the cow were poisoned. She became greatly excited and said that they had already milked the cow and used the milk. Did I think they would become ill from the effects of the poison? What could they do? After awhile I told her I just recalled that I did not put the poison on until after the cow had left the garden. She was greatly relieved, but I had no further trouble with the cow.

In the case of the Judge, there was a different sequel. His chickens scratched up a good many of my plants and someone told him that I was complaining. One day I found a basket at my door. On top of it there was placed a note couched in law terms, with proper whereases,

ergos, primum, secumdum, etc. The note simplified read something as follows: "My dear Professor Spence: I understand that you are accusing my chickens of damaging your garden. This I categorically deny for the following reasons, to wit: you have no garden. I have no chickens. If you had a garden and I had chickens they would know better than to expect to find anything to eat in your garden. If you had a garden and I had chickens and they should scratch in your garden, there would be no damage done. In fact, they would benefit the garden for that is the only cultivation your garden would get, since you are too lazy to work it yourself. But rather than have my chickens bear even a semblance of guilt I am offering a peace offering. I hope you and Mrs. Spence will enjoy it." The basket contained a pair of as fine young chickens as one would want to see, "cooked to the queen's taste."

Judge Mordecai was a good friend, a useful citizen, a helpful neighbor, and a great teacher. He also was a writer of excellent prose and less excellent poetry. He published privately a volume known as *Mordecai's Miscellanies* which contains some very choice reading. I feel sure that anyone who has had the privilege of reading it must have felt that, in spite of his crudities, Judge Mordecai had a heart of gold and a mind filled with beautiful sentiments. A quotation from a tribute to a dead friend is indicative of his faith in religion and God. "Let us comfort ourselves with the assurance of the Master, that to the pure in heart is accorded that grandest privilege of all, to look upon the glories of the very face of God." In an address to the Law School Alumni he gave the following exhortation: "Be loyal to your God; be loyal to your church; be loyal to your country." What greater ideal could be set before men?

The students and the college community knew Dr. Mordecai almost as well through his dogs as through his own personality. He had a dachshund which became famous throughout the state through his offspring. It would be interesting to know how many descendants of Pompey Duck-legs there are throughout the country. Pompey was a little brown dog about twice as long as he was high. The Dean was once "ribbed" about the dog's short legs. Someone asked him if the dog's legs weren't too short. He answered dogmatically, "No! His legs reach the ground and are long enough to keep his stomach (though he didn't use the word) from dragging the ground. That's long enough for any dog's legs." Pompey could chew tobacco and evidently relished it as much as did his owner. When he came around begging for a chew the Judge would say: "Pompey, do you want some tobacco? If you do, cuss." The dog would start to growling and snarling. His master would say: "Cuss, Pompey, you aren't half cussing." The dog would really set up a series of snarls and growls that sounded terrific. He was then given the tobacco which he chewed with

gusto and relish. But there were several other dogs hardly less noted than Pompey. I insert here a poem which the Dean himself wrote about his canine friends of which there were many besides the dachshunds.

MORDECAI'S DOGS  
(of the Vintage of 1916)

Luddy-Dud's covered with soft curly hair—  
Yes, he's covered all over with curls—  
And Luddy has beautiful soft little eyes  
And manners as sweet as a girl's.

Pompey Duck's covered with short velvet hair,—  
Pompey Ducklegs we should really call him—  
But when ladies are present, more modest are we,  
So we call him dear Pompey Ducklimb.

And there's dear little Pug—poor, dear little pet—  
Dear warmhearted Pug that's at rest—  
We'll never forget his bright little eyes  
Tho' he sleeps the long sleep 'neath the violet.

Wherever it be by God's decree  
That good little dogs will go,  
Who have had their day and passed away,  
There little Pug's gone, we know.

And was faithful, brave, and true.  
What more could he be, though a man were he  
He'd a loyal heart, acted well his part,  
With blood of the bluest blue?

In addition to dogs and chickens, Dr. Mordecai also had a pet squirrel. In modern times the campus at Duke is so filled with squirrels that no one notices them unless they get in the way of an automobile. Forty years ago, Dr. Mordecai owned the only squirrel on the campus. So rare a sight it was to see a squirrel that one day someone saw this squirrel and thought it was a wild one and shot him. A few days later at chapel, Dr. Few made a very sharp and harsh criticism of any person who would be so cruel, so heartless, so thoughtless as to inflict an injury upon a helpless, harmless creature like the Judge's squirrel. A few days later, D. W. Newsom sent me a clipping from a newspaper about some person who had shot a pet squirrel. I never did learn how Newsom found out that I shot the squirrel.

It is a far cry from Judge Mordecai's dogs to another dog which was well-known to Trinity students. I have reference to Scab, the ugly, mangy, skin-and-bones dog which came to the campus as an outcast

and remained as a campus favorite. The boys caught the ugly waif, cut off his tail, treated him with used motor oil and made him as good as new. He developed into a handsome animal with rich brown hair, and a dignity and poise which few human beings possess. Scab was an aristocrat. He barked furiously at every wagon or cheap automobile which passed through the campus but paid no attention to fine cars. Each summer he went with the students to Lake Junaluska, hundreds of miles away, where Trinity held a summer session. There also he was a favorite, accompanying the students on their hikes and mountain climbing expeditions. When summer was over, he would return to Trinity and spend the regular year on the campus.

Scab would go up street, like the rest of the Trinity family, stay as long as he pleased, then return to the campus. He knew the students and always recognized them with a friendly wag of his stump when he saw them up street. One day in the old First National Bank, a woman student asked to have a check cashed. The check had been properly stamped by the college office but the teller thought it would be best to identify the girl as a Trinity student. He asked her if she knew anyone in the bank. She told him that she did not. He further inquired as to whether there was anyone up street who knew her. She pointed to Scab and answered: "Yes, that dog knows me." She called Scab and he came over and showed delighted signs of recognition. The teller paid the check without further delay. That ought to be something of a record.

Another professional man who made a great impression upon the students in general, and who was a favorite throughout the entire University community, was Judge T. D. Bryson, also of the Law School. One of the things which made him so well-known and so popular was his unselfish interest in all the affairs of Duke University, both its faculty and students. He was attorney to the University and, in that capacity, was not only in charge of the legal matters which pertained to the University, but assisted many persons, both faculty and students, who were in need of legal advice. This advice always came, so far as I know, without the charging of any fees. His interest in athletics was almost unlimited. He and I were champion grouchers and predictors of failure. I suppose we worked on the theory that it was better to be wrong in our predictions and win, than to be right and lose. Almost invariably if we got real low in spirits and prophesied failure, the teams would double-cross us and win. Many happy hours we spent together criticizing the coaches, players, and everything else which did not suit us. Of course, this criticizing was between us, and we did not let the public know how we felt, at least not usually. Even after the Judge became ill and almost completely incapacitated for work, or for showing interest in the general affairs of life, he was keenly alert to all of the athletic interests of the University.

I was more intimately associated with Judge Bryson than with any other member of the University. We were constant companions at golf, hunting, and fishing. Our work often brought us together in pleasant associations as we worked gardens, pruned orchards and vineyards, played with our dogs, and petted our cats. On several occasions I gave him puppies and kittens. I named one of my cats for him. It was the only cat I have ever known which would go into the fields, catch a rat, bring him to the house and play with him, then take him back to the fields unharmed. Much of our association, however, was of a deeper nature. We had great religious experiences, discussing Bible or other religious problems. It is really difficult for me to give an accurate picture of this man—the quality of his life, his influence for good, the encouragement which he gave others, the inspiration which he furnished, his fortitude, his courage and his splendid character. His record shows that he was a careful and tireless lawyer, a great judge, a wise teacher, and a model citizen. His colleagues said of him: "His broad and profound knowledge of the law, gained not only from years of careful study but also from a long, successful career at the bar, culminating in a term of service on the bench of North Carolina equipped him as the effective educator he early became. His uniform courtesy, his sympathetic dealing with students who sat under him, his wise counsel and his generous spirit have endeared him to all his associates and made him a beloved and respected figure in the Duke Law School." But even this splendid tribute I consider an understatement. This did not quite reveal his passion for justice, his determination to do the right, his high efforts in raising the standards of the legal profession above all reproach, his attempt to reveal the law as a calling rather than a profession, his evincing of a high ideal to make the law a means of service and not of self-enrichment or selfish promotion. To him, his profession was a God-endowed commission.

As a teacher Judge Bryson made an inestimable contribution to Duke University. As a friend he was genial, loyal, unswerving in his devotion. No task was too menial for him to perform gladly for his friends. He bound men to him as "with hoops of steel." He was strong in his likes and dislikes. I have never known a man I would rather have for a friend or would rather not have for a foe. As a Christian he was loyal to his church and his faith. He was one of the greatest non-professional Bible teachers I have ever known. He had an amazingly thorough knowledge of Holy Writ. He took his Bible straight without criticism or speculation. His rule for interpretation was faith and common sense. His influence will live throughout the coming generations. The hundreds of boys who received their high ideals of virtue, integrity, and honor from him will pass on the torch to lighten the jurisprudence of the nation. It is, of course, true

that the influence of many others will never perish, but I think it will be especially true of Judge Thaddeus D. Bryson.

Although my association with the Law School was rather limited, and although the majority of the professors with whom I associated are still living, and there may be some delicacy about writing about them, I should like to pay a tribute to the faculty in general. I think that the Faculty of the Law School of Duke University has shown itself to be as public-minded as any group of men to be found anywhere in this section of the country. Their work with the Legal Aid Clinic, in which help is given free to persons unable to employ legal assistance; their work in the civic life of the community; their participation in the religious work of the city and campus mark them as public servants of the highest order. I remember with pleasure the cooperation which several of them gave me in my dramatic work as well as in my activity with the Faculty Club. In the latter, they were very active, especially Dr. Malcolm McDermott who served the club as president for two consecutive terms. The first Faculty Club play which I staged was made a great success largely by the assistance of the Law School professors. It was called *The Trial of Father Christmas* and was modelled after one of the mediaeval mystery plays. In the play there were three justices needed to conduct the *Trial of Father Christmas* who was accused by Dame Gossip of corrupting the morals of the community.

When I decided to stage the play as a part of a Christmas entertainment, I was told that I would have to rely on young instructors, who were not even members of the club, to take the roles of the actors in the play. I asked the top men in the Law School to take the roles of these Justices, and they not only consented graciously and gladly, but they furnished their own law robes and their wives made the white wigs like those worn by justices in mediaeval times. Other leading members of the faculty eagerly accepted places in the cast and the play's success was assured. Included in the cast were Dean Justin Miller, Dr. John S. Bradway, Dr. Malcolm McDermott, Dr. A. M. Proctor, Dr. C. E. Jordan, Dr. R. S. Rankin, Dr. F. A. G. Cowper, Dr. A. M. Shands, and Professor F. S. Aldridge. What a notable array of talent! Dr. Cowper was unusually intriguing in that he was playing a feminine role, that of Dame Gossip. Without making any special pretense at being an actor, Dr. Cowper was one of the most helpful and effective persons who ever took part in my dramatic work. He was not only capable but willing. He never had to be begged or teased. His roles were usually of the ancient type, demanding the wearing of a beard which interfered considerably with his partaking of the food at the Christmas dinner. Our practice was to have the actors attend the dinners in costume and mix with the other guests, mediaeval style.

Drs. Bradway and McDermott also took major roles in another dramatic production aside from my university productions. I adapted a play borrowed from a modern church production, and rewrote it with reference to the church situation in North Carolina. It was called *The Case of the Commonwealth of North Carolina against the Church*. The play was quite elaborate and took the form of an actual trial. It was produced before the annual meeting of the Council of Churches and again before the Pastors' School at Duke University. Huge audiences attended both performances. The Presiding Judge was Dr. McDermott, the Prosecuting Attorney was Dr. Bradway. Judge McDermott presided with all the dignity and grace of a superior court judge, going as carefully into the evidence as if he were in a regular court room. Dr. Bradway did as thorough a piece of work as if he had been receiving a thousand-dollar fee. His pleading of the case of the people against the neglect of the church was most convincing. I feel a deep sense of gratitude to them as well as to the many others who have kindly helped me but whose names are too numerous even to mention here.

As an alumnus of the University, and a former member of its teaching staff, I am proud of the record which the Law School has made and the influence which it has exerted throughout the land. Perhaps it would be unwise to undertake to recount the names of those who have gone from its halls to prominent places in their profession. One of its graduates, R. Gregg Cherry, occupied the Governor's office for a term. The present incumbent of that office, William B. Umstead, is also an alumnus though not a graduate. I remember him as a student because he and I were in the same movement to protest against the high cost of clothing by wearing overalls and aprons. Quite a hub-bub was raised on the various campuses of our country by students who took up the fad. Of course, like all other fads, it soon played out, and, like most of them, resulted only in making the thing against which the protest was made a greater success because of the protest. The merchants merely ordered a large stock of aprons and overalls, sold them for double their normal value, and sat quietly for the mood of the students to change. But it was fun working at the movement. I learned to know "Bill" well during those days and have had a profound admiration for him through the succeeding years. Many attorneys of national fame in business, many superior court judges, many outstanding politicians are included in the illustrious roll of those who have received their training in this school. The Vice-President of the United States is among the latest of their distinguished alumni. Mr. Richard M. Nixon holds the degree of LL.B. as of the year 1937. A leader of the other side of the national line-up was our own Senator Willis Smith, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Duke University. It is believed by many that his sensible and impassioned

appeal to the Democratic National Convention on behalf of Virginia prevented the disruption of the party, as most likely would have happened if Virginia had been unseated in that convention.

My association with the Medical School has been more limited than with the School of Law. It has consisted largely of a casual passing of the time of day with the doctors as I pass them in the halls of the hospital. I have been attended by several at various times and have had as pleasant experiences as one can expect under such circumstances. The genial dean, Dr. W. C. Davison, has been one of my good friends for many years. The entire group has shown a most cordial attitude toward me in my ministrations to the sick in the hospital.

For nearly forty years I have been an unofficial visitor of the sick at Trinity and Duke. Before the hospital was established, it was my privilege to visit the infirmaries and the sick rooms of the students for whatever service I could render. Since the hospital was established, I have spent many, many hours visiting sick patients. This was done at the invitation of Professor Aldridge, who for years was chaplain to the hospital, and sometimes through the request of friends who would write and ask me to look after some sick friend of theirs who was a patient at Duke. My experiences have been many and varied, too numerous to recount and not necessarily of interest to the public. In all my visitation I have had the greatest possible courtesy shown me by both doctors and nurses. Only once have I had a "run in" with a doctor. For some time I undertook to help with the psychiatry department. It is amazing how many preachers imagine that they are psychiatrists. I was one of that group. Of course, I had the common sense and courtesy to learn the situation with regard to any case I was helping with in order not to set up a counter trend of thought to that which was being stressed by the physician in charge. I seemed to be doing very well for awhile. In fact, the head of the department sent me to consult with a patient once or twice to see if I could analyze the cause of his trouble. He complimented me by saying that I did as good a job as he himself could have done.

Psychiatry has done an amazing amount of good and is capable of doing some harm. In the hands of an unskilled physician or one who is not too scrupulous, a man might very well be run crazy, if he wasn't "nuts" to start with. But at the time when the minister was getting so scientific-minded that he could no longer believe in the mysteries of religion, the influence of the mind over the body, and the transforming power of faith, the psychiatrist came along and brought almost identically the old formula used by preachers of a century ago and charged for it. Folks will believe in and patronize anything which they have to pay for. Those old fellows who believed in "hell, calomel,

and democracy" had a formula for breaking up "guilt complexes" that was very effective.

On one occasion my sister wrote and asked me to call on a friend of hers who had come to Duke Hospital. I went as requested and learned that the woman was a mental case of the most despondent type. She had tried to commit suicide and, when she failed in her attempt, she became thoroughly terrified for fear that God would never forgive her for her attempt at self-murder. She brooded over her sin until she became deranged and hopelessly inconsolable. When I first saw her, she was almost in a state of coma, so completely indifferent she was to everyone and everything. She would not even raise her head, or show any sign of recognition, when I spoke to her. I told her who I was and who had sent me and expressed my interest in her and my hope of her improvement. For days I went through the same formula of simply sitting down and telling her how much people at home thought of her, and how God was not angry with her, but that he loved and pitied her. I quoted many beautiful passages of Scripture encouraging her and assuring her of God's love and forgiveness. Finally, she began to look forward to my coming and within a reasonably short time she was talking freely with me. I never did mention her trouble with her husband which was at the bottom of her difficulty. She eventually overcame her complex and was discharged as having completely recovered. But the "run in" was about another person. One day when I went to see this woman she met me with an eager look on her face and said: "Dr. Spence, you have helped me more than anyone else has and I want to know if you will help a friend of mine. She is in very much more trouble than I was. I have told her about you and she wants to talk with you. Will you help her?" Of course I was happy to help if I could. And this was really a case! A very bright and energetic young woman had been at the head of a large department in a store and had overworked herself until her nerves snapped. She had the strange experience, which so many people have, of imagining that the trouble came upon her because of some sin she had committed. She had brooded over this imaginary sin until she had reached the place where she thought God would not hear her if she prayed, that the door of heaven was forever closed to her, that she would soon die and was doomed to go straight to hell without any possible way to prevent it. She had committed "the unpardonable sin"! What mighty ills have been turned loose upon the religious world by that idea! The only sin that ought to be unpardonable is the unethical use of that scarecrow which some ministers hold over the heads of their people to frighten them into the kingdom of heaven. I asked as to her background, although I didn't need to inquire. She had come from a small denomination which stressed hell-fire and damnation, the unpardonable sin, and the other

frightful things which make for sensational preaching. The woman simply was frantic. She could neither eat nor sleep, so frightened was she. She sat around brooding and was really pitiful to behold. I tried to undo as much as possible of the mischief which the malpractitioner had done, but with poor success. One day she exclaimed in despair: "It's no use. I don't believe in anybody or anything. There's nothing can be done to help me"! I immediately rose and started away. She called out: "Where are you going? Don't leave me." I replied: "Do you think I am going to stay here and be insulted? I have worked with you for days and given my time and attention. I was glad to do so, but I shall not continue to waste my time with a woman who tells me flatly that she doesn't believe in me or my words." I really put on an act of the offended parson. She quickly said: "O, I wasn't talking about you. I would believe anything you told me. I have complete confidence in you." I asked her if she really meant that, and upon being assured that she did, I said to her: "All right. I will go and find out if you are going to die soon, and if you will have to go to hell when you die." Perhaps *I* ought to be charged with malpractice here. I went away and stayed for a couple of days to let the thought soak in on her. When I returned she was sitting amid a group who were trying to attract her attention without success. I slipped up close to her and whispered: "I found out." She immediately quickened her interest and asked fearfully, but eagerly, what I had found out. I told her that I had learned that she was in no danger of dying soon and that God wasn't angry with her and wouldn't send her to hell. She went into almost a convulsion of joy and exclaimed, "Thank God! Oh, thank God!" She immediately began to recover and was discharged from the hospital within a few days.

Shortly after she had gone I asked her attending physician about her condition. He replied that she was permanently cured. I asked him if he were convinced of that and he told me that he would stake his professional reputation on the permanence of the cure. I have joked so many folks during my lifetime that I suppose I thought that everyone would know how to take my "kidding." With a smile I said: "Well, when you are sure it is a permanent cure, I'll be happy to tell you how I cured her." Of course this was a deadly insult, although I didn't intend it as such. I was just fishing for a way to discuss the case with him. I did not realize that he was angry. A few days later, the head of the department asked me to come in to see him. He was quite chagrined that he had to tell me about the doctor's anger. But the doctor insisted that I be told. So, apologetically, he did as he promised to do. I replied: "I regret that I joked with him. I should have had better sense and better manners. But I do think that a man who has that little sense of humor has no business treating sick minds. He is a fit subject for investigation, himself." I asked that my apologies

be extended and that was the end of my practice of psychiatry. The doctor in charge insisted that I continue to visit the ward. I told him that if he had any cases of mumps or whooping cough, I might know what to advise in those cases but perhaps I'd better not practice on the mind anymore. Later on I was asked why I stopped visiting that ward. Again I joked. I told my questioner that I cured the patients so fast that I broke up the profits and they fired me. Incidentally, that doctor was transferred to another department of the hospital shortly afterwards.

I hope that some day Duke Hospital will have a full time attendant minister. I hesitate to use the word Chaplain because there is already a very noted and gifted man listed as Chaplain to Duke Hospital and I would not wish to seem to oppose his continuing in that position. There is a place for him as Chaplain, and he is doing a splendid work in training young ministers in the art of sick-room ministrations. But no one man can edit a magazine, teach in a full-time job, preach, make speeches throughout the country, and visit the sick. In my judgment, Duke Hospital ought to have a full-time minister who is at the immediate call of the hospital in case of emergency. The man should be old enough to have had experience with sick people, yet young enough to have great physical stamina and nervous stability. I know of no work which is more depleting than to visit the sick in a hospital. If a minister is perfunctory and does not enter sympathetically into the feelings and cares of the patient, and especially of the family of the sick, he will do little good. An orderly would be of more comfort and assistance. Even a physician cannot feel the interest which a minister can. The doctor's interest is largely limited to the disease and the patient. He hasn't the time, or perhaps the temperament, to share the trouble with the frantic relatives and anxious friends.

Only one who has seen the despairing looks on the faces of waiting relatives can know fully what I mean. I recall one woman sitting outside the door of her dying sister for almost a week with no hope, just waiting. I remember a mother who sat at the bedside of her forty-year-old son who was dying by inches. She was a young mother again, watching over her baby boy. Just to stop or give a silent prayer, or show sympathetic interest is of incalculable worth. One night while I was a patient in the hospital, having been operated on for appendicitis forty-eight hours earlier, I noted a bit of commotion in a waiting room just opposite my room. Upon inquiry I learned that a group was waiting for a report from the operating room. A man had been operated on for tumor of the brain. Within a short time after he was brought back to his room he started a fresh hemorrhage and the operation had to be done all over again. This was in the middle of the night and the family waited almost panicky. I arose from my sick bed and went over and sat with them for a few hours. I was able

to keep their minds occupied, and their spirits boosted, until the report came that the second operation had been quite successful and the man gave every promise of recovery.

To have some regular full-time minister who would be friendly and kind to visiting relatives and friends in time of a crisis would be well worthwhile. The amount of good done to sick patients, although problematic, is, in my judgment, immeasurable. Many a person has died who had no real reason for it except that he gave up in despair or became frightened to death. And even with the incurable cases, where hope must be abandoned, a thoughtful and sympathetic minister can be of great comfort. I recall attending a patient in one hospital who had been scared out of his wits by a tactless old nitwit who had pictured the fires of an endless hell awaiting the dying man if he did not repent. Never have I seen so much of agony and despair on a human face. He begged piteously for mercy and declared that he would be roasting in hell within a few hours. He declared that God couldn't possibly forgive his numberless sins. No amount of soothing on the part of doctor or nurse could relieve his terror. I asked him if he went to Sunday School when he was a child, and thus got him to thinking about the religion of his early days. He knew the old hymn, *O How I Love Jesus*. I never was strong on singing but I got the dying man to sing softly with me:

“O how I love Jesus,  
O how I love Jesus,  
O how I love Jesus,  
Because he first loved me.”

“How can I forget him?  
How can I forget him?  
How can I forget him?  
Dear Lord, remember me.

The vision of the thief on the cross came to his mind and he was comforted. He died unafraid.

I will be pardoned for relating a personal incident which bears out my contention that the presence of someone who is loved and trusted is greatly desirable in a sick room. Years ago when I was too far away from home to be sent for, my older sister died. It was she who had nursed me so carefully when I was a child and whom I loved more than any other member of my family. She also loved me and became very proud of me. Following the custom of a few years ago, she had a photograph of me enlarged and it was hung upon the wall of her sick room. She was speechless for hours before her death. She had been a hopeless invalid for years and distorted with pain. As she was dying she kept twisting her head around, and the attendants at her

bedside thought she was having paroxysms. They could not figure out what was wrong. Suddenly, it dawned on them that she was trying to look at my picture. They brought it around and placed it on the table beside her bed. She smiled happily and died contented with her eyes fixed on the picture. I have known since that day what the crucifix means to a Catholic, only to him in a much more significant way.

One young woman died slowly of cancer at Duke. I had been a good friend of the family. I had baptized her babies. I attended her regularly in her last days. She told her husband that I was of great comfort to her. Said she: "He held the door open for me to pass through to God." I know of no more sacred service which one could render.

The scene which stands out above all others in my hospital experience was my farewell to Kenneth C. Gerard, known to all as "Jerry." I doubt if any man in the community had more friends or was more dearly beloved than he. When he died, strong men wept who hadn't shed a tear for many a year. Jerry came to Duke from Illinois where he would have been an outstanding star on the gridiron from the first, if he had not been playing the same position as the "Galloping Ghost," "Red" Grange. He excelled in other sports as well. He introduced soccer at Duke and was a very effective coach. He was in charge of one of the most successful intramural programs ever to be carried out on a college campus. He was also one of the most effective basketball coaches in the country. His men dearly loved him and gave their utmost to the game when he coached. He was an enthusiastic player in many sports, including basketball, handball, tennis, soccer and volley ball. In each of these games he excelled, and to each he brought a spirit of good sportsmanship, enthusiasm, and camaraderie.

Jerry was one of the most popular officials ever to referee athletic contests. Men might dispute his judgment, but never his sincerity and fairness. Not even the man who lost the game blamed him for poor umpiring or refereeing. He was so trusted that he was asked for by the opposition as an official, even when his own school was involved. His death brought expressions of sympathy from hundred of sports followers throughout the country. Sports columns were devoted to an account of his illness and death. Telegrams and letters were received by the hundreds. A large sum of money was raised for a trust fund for the education of his daughters. Rarely has a private citizen's death been more lamented; rarely has any young person received more praise.

At his funeral, there was no eulogy. His modest nature would not allow words of praise to be spoken even there. But the minister who offered the prayer caught something of the spirit of the man in its contents. Said he: "We regret his loss, the absence of his cheery smile, the silence following his always encouraging word. Life will be infi-

nately poorer because he has gone away. . . . We are thankful for the usefulness of his life, the influence he exerted, the fine sense of honor which he upheld, the good sportsmanship which he fostered, the friendliness so genuine and unfeigned, the gentleness of his pure heart, the courtesy of his manners, the strength of his Christian character, the boundlessness of his love. . . . We thank thee for the patience which he evinced in his suffering, his uncomplaining spirit in spite of pain."

I believe that all who knew Jerry will agree that he was all that the prayer suggested, and more. He died by inches, yet his spirit was indomitable until the very last. He had no fears of dying but was only grieved because he must leave his work, his friends, and above all his loved ones. He maintained a keen interest in the affairs of the University to the very last. He followed the radio reports of the football games with eagerness. I am not sure I should write this, but I think his many friends will appreciate the story. On the morning of the Carolina game of 1950, just a few days before Jerry's death, I called on Mr. Wade at his home. I told him my business which, stated briefly, was to suggest to him that he ask his team to win that particular ball game for their dying friend. Mr. Wade was more impatient with the cheap dramatic appeal of what is ordinarily known as the psychological approach than any man I have ever known. He, so far as I know, never made a grandstand play to any team during his wonderful coaching career. I hesitated to speak to him about the matter, knowing his distaste for melodrama. He listened to my suggestions courteously and then told me that he had always avoided playing upon the emotions in that manner. He cited instances in which, in the past, it had been suggested that he ask his teams to win a game in memory of some member of the team or other friend of the boys who had died. He had always steadfastly refused. I reminded him that this was not in memory of anyone, but that this was giving a beloved and devoted coach an opportunity to listen to a victory in the last game he would ever hear broadcast. He admitted that this did make a difference, thanked me for calling it to his attention, but stated that he couldn't promise me anything except that he would consider my suggestion.

I have never spoken to Mr. Wade about the matter to this good day, nor he to me. I did not try to find out if he really did what I suggested. I only know that at the end of the day he called Mrs. Gerard and told her to tell Jerry that the boys won the game for *him*. Jerry's reply was: "Oh pshaw, they shouldn't have thought of me." Such was his innate modesty. I repeat that I know nothing of what happened between Mr. Wade and his team. I only know that there was never a more valiant battle waged on any gridiron than the game the boys won for Jerry. The many thousands who braved zero weather in the snow to watch the game will long remember the weather, but they will remember the game long after they forget the cold. The hundreds

of thousands who listened over the radio will not forget the defense put up by the Duke squad. Duke was held to one touchdown. Time after time the great Carolina machine plowed relentlessly down the field, only to be stopped at the crucial moment. Several times they were right on the Duke doorsill knocking for admittance into pay dirt territory. But again and again something animated those boys to put up such a defensive battle as even the "Iron Dukes" of '38 would have been proud of. They just simply could not let their dying friend down.

But above all things else, Jerry was a consecrated Christian. He was an officer in his Bible Class, the Pastors' Aides, at the time of his death. His faith was as simple as that of a little child. I went to see him practically every day during his last few weeks of illness. Dr. J. T. Cleland, Preacher to the University, fan deluxe and soccer expert who helped Jerry with his team, also visited him as often as possible. The last night of his life, Jerry sent his doctor to tell Dr. Cleland and myself, both whom happened to be in the hospital at the same time, that he would like to see us. The scene is too sacred to describe. But I shall never forget his few suggestions of some things he wanted us to do for him and then his expression of a firm faith that all would be well with him. In the simple language of his childhood faith, he told us that he must leave us, but that he would meet us in heaven. As I stood at one side of his bed, with Dr. Cleland on the other, we each took one of his hands and said a prayer which will remain with each of us, I believe, as marking a moment when we were as near heaven as we ever hope to be on earth.

The next morning he was still alive and still had his sense of humor. He said to the nurse: "Is Mr. Gerard still alive?" Upon being assured that he was, he said: "There must be some mistake about that. He was supposed to die last night." He left us that night and left a memory which many of us will cherish as long as we live.

We still, in spite of the skepticism of our age, are a religious people. And never are we in greater need of its comfort and assurance than when we face the inevitable.

Another member of the Duke faculty who was cut off by disease, alas too soon, and who also faced the inevitable with courage, confidence, complacency, and even cheerfulness was Dr. Holland Holton of the Department of Education. If I seem to give him more space than I have given others, I must remind the reader that these are *my* memories and I write about those things which have touched me most closely. No man, living or dead, has meant more to me than Holland Holton. For forty-four years he was a close friend, a constant companion, an ally in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the church and university, a defender and supporter when I had need of someone to take my part. A few years ago when there was an attempt made to get me out of the Divinity School, the leader of the movement went

to Dr. Holton and asked him how much pressure the alumni would stand for in his attempt to oust me. HE FOUND OUT.

My first attitude toward him was that of resentment. Bill Crook, a member of the Hesperian Literary Society, came to me and invited me to join his society. As an inducement, he told me that the smartest boy in the class was going to join. I gave him to understand that I hadn't promised anyone yet. He saw the joke and told me he was talking about Holland Holton. I told him that this was a matter of speculation and I might really have something to say about that. I didn't. When I saw Holland, he was rather insignificant looking, young and small. He was only fifteen years of age but had already made a great reputation as a student and had won several medals in high school competition. I soon saw that I would be as helpless in a race with him as a Model T Ford would be in competition with a "hot rod." I think that he is credited with making the highest scholastic average of any person ever to attend Duke University. He would have made an even higher average except for the hard-heartedness of one professor who docked him two points on his final grade because he missed one class session to attend his sister's funeral. I always thought that was the hardest-hearted thing I ever knew a man to do. But the professor argued that, regardless of the cause of the absence, no man could learn as much in absentia as if he were present. So he was unrelenting. I always thought that particular professor was rather unreasonable. He gave me a grade of 87 once, and when I politely protested that I had done better work than a classmate of mine who received 92, he admitted that I was much the better student but that I showed a tendency to frivolity in class. He thought that I had no business pulling George Pope's ear or punching "Rummy" Wrenn in the short ribs during the recitation period. By way of digression, I wonder how the modern bunch of "softies" would have fared under such stern men. I recall that one of our professors would not allow a man to remain in class wearing a high necked sweater, but made him go to his room and come back wearing a shirt having a collar attached, and wearing a necktie. A far cry to the modern student with no shirt, overalls, bare feet, painted toenails, and an allergy to work, behavior, and conventional conduct. Yet modern students think that colleges are getting harder and harder each year. I wonder what they would have done in the days when classes were small enough for an instructor to keep a strict grade for each student and who called on each one at least every other class session.

As a student, Dr. Holton did everything at the height of the superlative. He did not cut a class willfully during his entire college career. He was never tardy. He was never unprepared. He was never unwilling or unable to add to the interest and usefulness of the class discussion by his contribution. In all my work with him on class, I never

knew him to miss a single question. Yet, he did not seem forward or ostentatious. He learned not only what was required but what was recommended. Four times he won the Braxton Craven Medal, which at that time was given for the highest scholastic average. His brother, Quinton, who entered college the year following Holland's graduation, also won it every year. The story ran to the effect that the faculty looked at the list of brothers and sisters who were to follow Holland and Quinton, then figured that it would be rather monotonous to have so many of that particular medal around one home, and therefore changed the basis for awarding it. I do not vouch for the truth of the story, but the fact remains that they did change their basis.

But these were not the only medals which his genius and hard work enabled him to win. He won the debater's medal and also the orator's medal in the Hesperian Society. As a debater he went so thoroughly into all phases of the question that one might assume he had lost his sense of proportion and that every fact would seem equally important. But woe to the opponent who assumed such, for with incisive insight he would strike at those points which were salient and bring up the others only as reserve if needed. As before stated, I was a member of the first Chronicle staff. I recall with chagrin that our first copy carried an account of my losing a debate to Holland Holton. As editor of the College Year Book (the *Archive* at that time) when we graduated, it was my task to chronicle the achievements and honors of each member of the class. Even in those days of few organizations and little opportunity, Holland had nineteen distinct honors. It required considerable ingenuity to discover enough about some members of the class in order to write a statement of sufficient length to make a creditable showing. It required even more ingenuity to cull out or suppress facts regarding him so as to keep the statement of his achievements to the allotted space. Forty years yater, I prepared a sort of Who's Who for the fortieth anniversary of our class. Once more it was a difficult task to telescope and abbreviate the statement of his achievements to a space which would not seem unduly to overshadow all his classmates.

Dr. Holton had a wonderful record as a public servant before he joined the staff at Trinity. He continued his interest in public affairs until his death. Though it may seem to be no part of the record of an institution of learning to enumerate the various activities of its employees, yet a brief statement of this man's outside activities will illustrate his many-sidedness, as well as his public usefulness. In the church, he was a member of the Board of Stewards and its Chairman, Chairman of the Board of Christian Education, Superintendent of the Sunday School, Sunday School teacher, a member of many of the most significant committees dealing with the welfare of the church, and a lay leader of the highest order. He also served in the educational, civic and religious life of the community and state. He held high

places on many of the important committees and commissions having to do with the general welfare of the commonwealth and entire southern section of our country. He found time to belong to the civic clubs and fraternal orders as well as other organizations. In each of these he was an acknowledged leader.

The simple truth is that Holland Holton's life cannot be properly recorded because of its *excellencies* rather than its defects. A lofty mountain range, which is tall throughout its entire scope, may not seem as spectacular as one tall hill surrounded by low ridges. He was monotonously great. Things are great and small by contrast; his life was great in every phase and the contrasts were slight. Some men live their lives on the dead level of mediocrity. He lived his life on the dead level of super-excellence. He was like the ideal man in Kipling's "If":

"If you can fill each unrelenting minute  
With sixty seconds worth of work well done;  
Yours is the world and everything that's in it:  
And what is more, you'll be a man, my Son."

At least, a part of that was realized by him: he was a man—an astounding and unimaginable man.

Great in living, he was even greater in dying. Again my mind reverts to our Fortieth Anniversary Banquet. He sat in front of me a few feet away, and my heart bled as I saw him putting on a brave front for the sake of his old comrades. When we recited the poem, *Ulysses*, to which I have already referred, his voice rang out clear and strong as he led the chant:

"Come, my friends, 'tis not too late to seek a newer world." Then when the poem was finished, he entered into the giving of the class yell with the same zest which characterized his college days.

His faith was firmly founded in the outcome of good and right. He was the finest evidence I have ever seen of the truth of William James' theory of the Will to Believe. He determined his own faith. Nor was it a blind faith. He had the insight of a scientist, and the outlook of a profound philosopher, yet his faith was as simple as that of a little child. His conduct was exemplary. In the forty-four years that I knew him, I never heard him use a vulgar word, tell an obscene story, or curse even the mildest oath. He lived above all questionable or trivial things.

Still it is not to be assumed that his life was one of drudgery, even on a high plane. From childhood he played as enjoyably and methodically as he worked. I have every reason to know this for I was on the short end of the score at caroms, rook, and other games on many occasions. He enjoyed innocent mirth and fun as well as anyone I have ever known. He had a fine sense of humor, a biting wit, a contagious

laugh which he carried even through his days of intense agony. Often we had tilts of repartee and exchange of banter. He always told me that he wanted me to preach his funeral for, said he, "That is the only way you'll have the last word."

Dr. Holton engaged me to deliver his funeral eulogy twenty years before he died. He was taken critically ill at that time and he really thought that he might possibly die then. He sent for me and told me that he wanted me to preach his funeral but that if I dared to say that he worked himself to death, he would come back and haunt me. When he finally was seized with the fatal malady which ended his life, he told me again that he wanted me to speak at his funeral and repeated his jest that this was the only way I would be able to have the last word in an argument with him. His suffering was pathetically heroic. Although he was obviously enduring untold anguish, he never groaned or gave any manifestation of suffering. I once told him that if he would only break down and groan it would be a relief to us all. He said: "Life has been good to me; my friends have been good to me; the least that I can do is to endure my suffering so as to cause the least pain to my friends and loved ones." I said to him: "I have frequently preached Browning, but you practice him. You are like the man in the Epilogue to *Asolondo*:

"'One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed though right were worsted wrong would triumph:  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.'"

I hesitated. It did not seem appropriate to finish the quotation to a dying man. But he did not hesitate. He said: "I know the rest of it. Go ahead and finish it." We quoted it together and he lived up to the spirit of it. It reads:

"No, at noon-day in the bustle of man's work-time  
Greet the unseen with a cheer!  
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,  
"Strive and thrive," cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever  
There as here."

Like another Browning character, The Grammarian, he lived alert even to the end of life, and was interested in life, "Dead from the waist down." In fact he was dead practically everywhere except in his magnificent brain, but even in torture he talked not of self, but of home, church, and school. He was especially interested, even to the last, in the Summer School and its success. It has been said that every institution is the length of shadow of a great man. To a considerable extent, this was true of the Duke Summer School—its success was due in no small degree to his untiring labors and unflagging zeal. It was

fitting that his funeral should take place during the session of the school to which he had devoted so much of his time and energy.

In response to his request I made the funeral talk. By some strange coincidence a thunderstorm came up just as I began to speak and the rush of the wind and roar of the thunder made a weird and majestic accompaniment to my words. Dr. Frank S. Hickman was so impressed by the weird splendor of the event that he wrote the following lines which seem an appropriate closing to the story of this remarkable life.

### REQUIEM OF DRUMS

By Frank S. Hickman

(Honoring the Memory of Holland Holton)

I have heard the mighty drums of God  
Hurl their crashing salvos across dark skies,  
And strike terror into quaking human hearts.  
But once I heard the celestial drums  
Roll softly God's gentle commendation  
Of a courageous soul stilled in death.

Softly they pulsed their requiem hymn,  
While the departed servant's faithful friend  
Recounted the story of his persevering years;  
Pulsed softly, but with gathering volume  
Ever climbing to its sure crescendo  
In one mighty roll of welcoming salute.

Then when the long and solemn line  
Followed the silent form adown the  
Dim cathedral's lengthened aisle,  
The drums broke into their olden crash;  
Not to frighten him or them, be sure,  
But shout "Well done" to God's beloved child.

## CHAPTER VIII

### *"They Also Serve"*

A feeling closely akin to nostalgia comes over me as I undertake to express my feelings concerning the people who are mentioned or discussed in this chapter. I have been browsing around in the old Chanticleers today and have come across many references to persons who were relatively insignificant in the development of Trinity College and Duke University, and yet whose mention will bring back many happy memories to those who perchance may read these lines and who remember these persons. There is no suggestion here that these were inferior persons, or that their work was not highly commendable. I merely mean that the majority of them were not highly paid, and that they did not have high-sounding titles. Many of them did not even hold academic degrees. In fact it is hard to differentiate between types of service so far as usefulness is concerned. While a teacher of English at Trinity, I complained about the work of a janitor. President Few said to me: "Look here! Don't you find too much fault with that janitor. I can get another English teacher, but a good janitor is hard to get." If we are truly democratic I suppose we must rate all service as equally honorable, so it is unselfish service. Said Browning: "All service ranks the same with God. . . . There is no last nor first." So this section will deal with various groups of persons who have served the institution; some good, some not so good; some white, some black; some educated, some ignorant,—all serving in the best way they could, and in that respect, all commendable.

Many alumni will recall, with varying reactions and emotions, the colored persons whose names I list here as among the many faithful servants of our beloved institution. Among my own recollections of early janitors, I recall Frank Davis, Jim Loy, Ed Lloyd, Uncle Jack Dickerson, and Rom Shaw. Rom was the person who ran errands for the office and went for students when President Kilgo wanted to see them. One year, during the days immediately preceding commencement, the boys went on a hazing spree and had some rather rough fun at the expense of the freshmen. Among the group was genial, chubby, "Tammany" Richardson. President Kilgo sent Rom over to the Inn

to call Tammany to the office. Tammany knew that if he went he would be suspended, and perhaps expelled, but that if he got away without being interviewed, the matter would blow over during the summer. Just as he was leaving the building for the trip to the station, he met Rom coming in the Inn. Rom did not know him and so he asked Tammany if he knew Mr. Richardson. Tammany said that he knew him very well and offered to show Rom to his room. He went with him to the next corridor and then said: "Mr. Richardson's room is the fourth on the right. You may have to knock loud to wake him. I think he was out late last night." So while Rom was patiently trying to arouse him, Tammany hurried to the street car and left for home.

"Uncle Jack" was perhaps as highly respected a man, white or colored, as was ever on the campus. He was the janitor at the gymnasium, and with his kind manner and devoted service, he won the affection and respect of all who came in contact with him. At his death President Few said of him: "He was one of the most faithful servants of any kind the college ever had. His life should be an inspiration to every Trinity student. Although his skin was black, his soul was white." Representatives of the athletic department acted as pallbearers at his funeral and scores of students attended the services.

"Uncle Jack" was greatly disturbed one year because of a large number of thefts which occurred at the gymnasium. In those days there were few lockers, if any, and the boys simply left their clothes hanging on hooks or scattered around on benches. Many of the boys began to miss small sums of money from their pockets. These losses were reported to the proper authorities, and there was quite a bit of speculation as to the identity of the culprit. Of one thing we were all sure: "Uncle Jack" did not take the money. He came to me and said: "White folks, old Jack has been working here a long time and this is the first time anything has ever been missed in this gymnasium. It hurts the old man to think that this should happen now." I assured him that no one suspected him. Tears of gratitude flowed down his black furrowed cheeks when he learned that he was fully trusted by all who knew him, faculty and students alike. The mystery remained unsolved for many years. A long time afterwards I answered my doorbell at the parsonage where I lived, and a former Trinity student and good friend stood at the door. He came in and told me in a confidential chat that he was the one who stole the money from the boys and that he was now returning that which he took from me. He had kept account of it and planned to return it all. I doubt if he told the other men who he was. I think he merely sent it to them in unsigned letters. He had become involved in unpayable debts and this was the only way he could think of to get the necessary money. I took his money rather than hurt his feelings, but it was too sacred to spend.

I put it in the missionary box. Unless the fine manly fellow told the others of his identity when he returned their money, there are very few who know which unfortunate student caused "Uncle Jack" that pain.

I think the finest story about "Uncle Jack" is one connected with President Kilgo. Dr. Kilgo's nerves went to pieces one spring, and the doctors thought he would be benefitted by an electric treatment. That was forty-five years ago and there were no instruments for shocks, massages, therapeutic treatments, and the like. The only way a shock was obtainable was by placing the patient upon a small glass table with rubber legs to it. This completely insulated the patient and he could stand on the table, hold on to the electric motor, and allow the current to go through his body without any harm being done. The sight of hundreds of sparks shooting out from the clothing and body of the person being treated was spectacular and a bit frightening. When Dr. Kilgo went for his first treatment, "Uncle Jack" watched the big motor tune up, heard its frightening roar and watched the sparks fly from it. Just before the doctor stepped upon the table, the old darkey with tears in his eyes and a tremor in his voice said: "Marse Kilgo, would you mind letting them try that on me first. Old Jack don't amount to much and if it kills him, it won't make much difference, but you is needed around here." They let him take the shock to satisfy himself that no harm would befall his beloved President. "Greater love hath no man than this."

Three of the colored persons connected with the institution were named Love. Jim and John Love were brothers. I am not sure whether Will was related to them or not. Jim was Dr. Few's cook when he kept bachelor hall. He was a good cook, but Dr. Few made him very nervous by meddling around and giving him all sorts of instructions as to what to do and how to do it. Jim would tell me that if the doctor would just keep out of the kitchen, he could cook better. John was of great help in keeping Jim encouraged and giving him a sort of confidence. John was never rattled. I knew him intimately for thirty years and never saw him lose his poise or become nervous and fractious. He had a wonderful sense of humor and was a great imitator. He could "take off" almost every outstanding person on the faculty or administration. He could also imitate Dr. Few's signature and on occasion was authorized to use it. Dr. Woody tells the story that when Dr. Few was very ill, John was called in to affix the President's signature to the college diplomas. This story has neither been affirmed nor denied.

For many years John was in charge of the mimeograph and stationery department of the University. Once he operated a machine known as a multigraph machine which did excellent printing. Only once was John known to pull a "boner." An English teacher sent over copy for an examination in composition and writing. He sent the

material over in crude form, with poor punctuation, grammatical mistakes and misspelled words. This was to be given the students with instruction to correct the mistakes and make the necessary changes. John told me that he never did see such copy in all his life. He said it took him an hour to make the necessary corrections. When the mimeographed materials reached the professor, the changes had been made and the whole examination was useless.

John had high ideals, an intelligent outlook upon life, sincerity and honesty. He was as trustworthy as any person I have ever known.

Will Love, or "Shorty" as he was known, was a simple, quiet, faithful soul who simply plodded along in the even tenor of his way, serving as best he could, and always thoughtful, polite and kind. One story told about him is worth recording. The first day that President Edens came to the campus, the flag was hung at half-mast in honor of a member of the teaching staff who had just died. Dr. B. G. Childs, was passing across the campus when Will accosted him thus: "Dr. Childs, I half-masted the flag today on account of the new president a-coming for the first time."

Other colored servants who will be remembered by various generations of students are Brady, Manley, Ha-Mercy Nathan and others. Nathan loved to sing, and it was no unusual sight to see him in the midst of a group of boys singing old spirituals. His favorite was "I Shall Not Be Moved." On one occasion someone shot him in the jaw. The bullet glanced off without doing any more harm than merely making a sort of welt on it. Arch has been a well-known figure on the campus for a quarter of a century and he still makes his rounds daily, carrying the campus mail, guaranteed to reach its destination some time, hour uncertain. But Arch is so likable and dependable, people forgive him if he is sometimes late. It has not been my practice to write about persons currently in service at the University, but I think I shall have to mention two more colored employees. One of these is Sims, the happy, smiling chauffeur for the Administration for many years. The other is big Bill Jones, the most efficient manager of a banquet or other dinner that I have ever seen. If Bill is in charge of the serving, it will be done right. One story connected with Sims and Bill is amusing and possibly has a semblance of true philosophy in it. One day as Sims was waiting for President Edens to come from his office, Bill came rushing out from the Union to catch a bus. The bus pulled out just as he reached the sidewalk. Sims said in his thin voice: "She left you, didn't she, Bill?" Whereupon Bill philosophically responded: "That's all right. Busses are just like women. One leaves you; another will be along in a little while."

Perhaps various alumni will be reminded of others of today and yesterday who meant a great deal to them. Willie, Roosevelt, and the tactful Ralph in the Barber Shop, who played safe by calling every-

body "Doc," if he wasn't certain as to whether he was an undergraduate or not.

I suppose the mention of the Barber Shop will remind many of the earliest attempts in the tonsorial line at Trinity. I am not at all certain as to who first established a "chair" at the institution. The first that I recall was "Jimmy" Warburton. He was a quiet, likable little fellow who was earning his way through school by means of this unromantic occupation. Years later he came back to lecture to the university community on some secrets of success. He was vice-president of a great advertising concern, and reputedly drawing around twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

Today the Barber Shop is one of the real institutions at the University. Under the management of Mr. W. M. Ervin it has developed into one of the best in this section of the state. Many boys have worked their way through college by doing part-time work in the shop. Some of these are outstanding in the business and professional world today. But there are many barbers who have worked there for years as a full-time vocation. Roy Self, Guy Fornes, L. A. Nash, and others have been among those who have entertained the public with the "low down" on athletics, and other topics of general interest, while giving them as fine service as could be desired. If you really want to know what's going on around the campus, get a haircut at Duke.

When mention is made of white persons who worked around the campus, thousands will think at once of "Dean" Hunt. Mr. Hunt had been a merchant in Durham but decided that the business was none too profitable and came to work at Trinity. In fact, the political precinct known as "Hunt's Store" is called by the name of his store. Mr. Hunt was a tremendous man in size and was as powerful as he was large. He was easy to get along with, if he were treated right. In case he was mistreated, he did not hesitate to show his displeasure. He carried his shotgun in his automobile when he made long trips. He vowed he would shoot the first drunken driver who ran into him and hurt his family. Some such threat might put a stop to the reckless driving and wholesale slaughter which is such a great menace to the public highways today.

Mr. Hunt was the object of an insult and the subject of a speculation. One of the copies of the *Chanticleer* carried an article headed: "Who Wet Dean Hunt?" The story is graphically told of how the "dean" was entering the Main Building one Saturday evening to turn in his weekly report when the calamity occurred which saturated the report and infuriated Mr. Hunt so that he did not make a report for that week. What is not graphically told is what really happened. The water was not thrown from a bucket. A large paper sack filled with water was dropped from the third story window upon him just as he started to enter the back door. In spite of his size, Mr. Hunt

clambered up three flights of stairs, almost before the offender could reach his room. He did not merely call down the hall as is indicated in the *Chanticleer*. He paraded, and marched, and ranted. He had a large clasp-knife opened with a six-inch blade. He told the listening world that if the blankety-blank so-and-so (insert the Truman three-letter symbol here) had the "innards" (though he used the vernacular) to come out of his room and admit throwing the water that he wouldn't have any "innards" within a few minutes, for he [Mr Hunt] would cut every one of them out. No one volunteered the information.

How do I know all this? I roomed on that particular floor at that time. No, I did not wet Dean Hunt. Dr. Few told me many years later, when I was protesting against the misconduct of the students, that if I got by with the things which I did in college and did not get fired, I ought not to protest against anything the students did. My older colleagues smiled knowingly as if they agreed with him. But this was not among my sins. I know that one of two men wet him but it has been so long ago I suppose I had as well let it remain a mystery.

Of course there might have been several occasions when Dean Hunt got wet. Roy Shelton wrote the account for the *Chanticleer*. He may be writing about another occasion. In fact, he might have wet Dean Hunt himself. A reputable Duke professor declares that Roy bought the privilege of throwing that pail of water from him for fifty cents. The account which I gave was the original "wetting." I had a letter recently from a well-known Methodist minister, the one-and-only "Jinks" Waggoner who says that he witnessed the performance but would not like to say just who the perpetrator of the deed was. This account is later than the one given by Roy Shelton or myself either. The dean must have been wet frequently.

The peculiar sense of humor which college men have is both amazing and amusing. It is barely possible that there is more refinement in their practical jokes now than in the olden days. In my day in college, there was no such thing as running water in the rooms. For simple bathing of hands and face, the boys brought water in pitchers and bathed in washbowls. There was a zinc bucket in each room in which to pour what we called "slop water." A common stunt was to put one of these buckets above the door, tie a string on the handle of the bucket, and attach the other end of the string to the door knob. Any unsuspecting person, either entering or leaving the room, would be suddenly doused by slop water. This stunt was frequently pulled when a boy wanted to break some tedious student from visiting him and taking up his time. On one particular night one of the boys told us that he was going to play that trick on another boy who always came in after supper and stayed too long. He said that he wanted to go up town and didn't want to be bothered with him. So he set the

trap, and dressed for his trip up street. Forgetting all about having put the water over the door, he walked out to go to another part of the hall, and pulled the whole bucketful down on his own fresh-pressed suit. Needless to say, he didn't go up street.

To return to the white employees on the campus. One who caused more comment and rated more *Chanticleer* space than any other was a night watchman known as "O. T." He was written up in at least four annuals. Several poems and a couple of prose skits were written about him. All sorts of reports have been circulated about him. It is claimed that he got alcohol from the laboratories and helped make "moonshine" for the boys. Other reports said that he would bring liquor to any student who stood in with him. One of the poems describes him as standing guard while special privileged students gambled or had a rough party. He was well-read and quite versatile. Evidently he had stored his mind with fabulous stories from cheap literature and frequently he narrated these as if he had been an eye-witness. He was the boon companion of the home-sick freshman, the blind-spot supervisor of sophomore misconduct, the purveyor of sandwiches and coffee for upper classmen. One bard asked the question:

"Who tells us stories when we're feeling sort of blue?"

"Who is it that is good to us when we are sick?" A series of similar questions runs through the long poem with the same answer at the end of each stanza: "O. T." One writer looked through the crystal ball into the future world and pretended to see "O. T." sitting on a flaming ball of fire, munching a brimstone sandwich, and occasionally shoveling in more coal. One writer described him as never being around when he was wanted and never being away when he wasn't wanted. That would describe many a watchman other than "O. T." In fact, I have known campus policemen about whom the same might be said. I never did know how Chief Jackson could always catch me when I parked wrong, and didn't catch the other fellow. He and I were the best of friends, and we forecast the scores of the games and the prospects for the various teams as if we were fortune tellers. But he kept up with me rather closely at that. I have always shown interest in the stray animals around the campus. In fact, I was accused by one young girl of thinking more of the animals than I did of the students. I had picked up a small kitten and was sitting at the counter letting the cat drink milk which I had purchased and poured into a saucer. Young Miss Flapper thought she would have a bit of fun with me. She said: "Professor Spence, you think more of the animals than you do your pupils." I argued to the contrary and she proceeded to tell me why she thought so. Said she, "You have just bought a nickel's worth of milk for that cat. You wouldn't spend a nickel on me." I replied: "Young lady, that kitten sat in my lap and let me

pet her fifteen minutes for that nickel's worth. I've got a quarter left." She did not continue the argument. Yes, even professors can say silly things.

One morning Mr. Jackson was standing outside my classroom waiting for me to finish the recitation. When I came out he said: "Doctor, you will have to do something about your dog." I protested that I had no dog, but he said that I had been seen feeding her, and he wanted me to do something with her, or he would have to kill her. He told me where she was, and I went with him to the freshman's dormitory to find the little dog. She was lying contentedly in the middle of a freshman's bed, the proud mother of ten little puppies. She certainly did know how to pick out a soft spot for her time of trouble. A dozen freshmen were sitting around the little mother, protesting against her being moved. They vowed that no one should touch her until a home was found for her.

Another interesting servant of the University was Mr. Rivers, at one time Custodian of the Chapel. He had worked on the building during the entire period of its construction and felt a real personal love for it. He was put in charge of the Chapel and took great pride in showing visitors around. Woe to the thoughtless or crude person who failed to show proper respect for the building. Immediately Mr. Rivers would say: "Would you kindly remove your hat?" or "Will you please take that cigar out of your mouth and not have it burning while you are in the Chapel?"

Mr. Rivers was rather credulous and not too well-versed in the history of religion. He fell victim to some practical jokers who tipped him wrong in some of his explanations. He would invariably point out Saint Nicotine and make other blunders equally laughable. One of his explanations was classic. He said: "Folks ax me why them saints in the winders have such wall-eyes and spraddle-feet. I tells them that it was because we copied this chapel from the twelfth century and they did not know much about art in them days." I must confess that this is as good an explanation for these artistic monstrosities as could possibly be thought up. The Chapel is without doubt the most beautiful college chapel in America. Those who have seen all tell us so, and we are too polite to dispute their judgment. But the beauty does not inhere in the feet and eyes of those saints.

The Chapel became so popular and the demands for more satisfactory arrangements for meeting the public so great that Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Jackson were put in charge of it more than ten years ago. The public finds Mrs. Jackson charming, courteous, and thoroughly capable of giving information and assistance with regard to the Chapel, weddings, funerals, or any other function which belongs to be carried out in this particular building. More than 400,000 visitors have been

registered within the past ten years and this does not include the thousands who have attended preaching service, pageants, organ recitals, musicals and other public exercises.

In quite a different area are several others who deserve far more than passing mention. One of these is the former Elizabeth Aldridge, our first full-time alumnae secretary. It is not mine to estimate the value of her service in that capacity, although I feel sure that it was all that could be desired. She did a wonderful work in helping make the campus a place where alumni and alumnae would feel at home, and even the alumni of other days were made to feel that Duke also belonged to them. I have pleasant memories of her as a capable and willing co-worker in putting on public programs for the University. She had a wonderful voice, and took a leading place in the music in many of my productions. In the pageant, *Marching Men of Methodism*, she was the only woman in the cast slender enough to wear a beautiful wedding gown which belonged to the mother of Mrs. B. L. Tyree, and which Mrs. Tyree kindly loaned us for that occasion.

I recall three embarrassing experiences of mine in which Elizabeth figured, although she was the main factor in only one. I was walking across the campus when an automobile horn blew sharply to attract my attention. I went to the car and Elizabeth said: "Here is a lady who wishes to speak to you." I put on my best smile and reached out my hand with a perfunctory "Glad to see you." The woman replied: "Glad nothing. You don't even know who I am." I was compelled to admit that I did not recognize her. Imagine my embarrassment when I discovered that she was my "Best Girl Friend" in college. I mumbled something about the fact that I had just changed to bi-focals and couldn't see very well until I got adjusted to them. But my face was really red.

On another occasion, Elizabeth and Mr. C. E. Jordan, now Vice-President of the University, were invited to bring me to a small city for a notable social occasion—Ladies' Night, at the only civic club the town boasted. It was supposed to be a gala affair. All of the members and their guests were expected to wear full dress. Naturally, the speaker and the singers were also expected to appear in full regalia. When I opened my suitcase to dress for the banquet, I discovered that I had forgotten my evening clothes and left them in Durham. Fortunately, two of the outstanding business men, both millionaires, were dressed in plain business suits, so I did not feel too awkward in plain clothes.

The embarrassment with which Miss Aldridge was personally concerned had to do with an injury which she sustained on the way to Raleigh for a broadcast of one of my plays. In this particular play, singing was necessary as a background for the most impressive parts.

The car in which Elizabeth was riding ran into a rut, threw her up into the top of the car and fractured a bone in the top of her spine or her neck. Although suffering greatly, she went through with the program and then was taken to the hospital. An x-ray revealed the extent of her injury, and she was put to bed for quite a long time. The greatness of her father, the one and only Soule Aldridge, was again revealed. He came to my office the next day, expressed his regret that the accident should have happened, but assured me that he did not want me to take it too hard. Said he: "We know that it wasn't your fault and you mustn't blame yourself. You must not think about paying the bill either. I just won't allow it." However, we discovered that the accident was covered by an insurance policy which covered the welfare of all persons injured while on a trip for the institution, and neither of us had to pay the bill.

Elizabeth did a great work as Alumnae Secretary and laid a firm foundation for the splendid service which her successor, Miss Anne Garrard, has rendered in that same capacity. Anne is still with us, and it is safe to say that she is better known to the alumni and alumnae of Duke University than any other person, with the possible exception of Mr. C. A. Dukes, the gracious smiling representative of alumni matters both at home and abroad, and Dr. C. E. Jordan, Vice-President in charge of Public Relations.

Many others ought to be mentioned in this long list of those who have served in unobtrusive ways and without too much praise. One would list the gracious hostess, Mrs. M. N. Pemberton; the efficient "manager" of bulletin and calendar publications, Miss Charlotte Corbin; the Director of Operations and Maintenance, Mr. W. E. Whitford, and the no less effective, Ken Howard. To all of these my deepest appreciation is extended. Nor would I forget the former manager of the Dining Hall, Jim Thompson, and the present affable and effective Ted Minah. These have all been of wonderful assistance to me in my work. Many others belong in that category, but a list of a hundred people would not make unusually interesting reading.

## CHAPTER IX

### *Coaches and Athletics*

It has been a matter of general suspicion around the campus that I have been rather unduly interested in athletics throughout my teaching career. In fact, I have been mildly suspected of giving a break to athletes and pretty girls. One of my students, Tom Murray, won two dollars for submitting a squib to *Life* when it was a humorous magazine. Under the topic, "Spice of the Campus," various quips, jests and anecdotes were published. Tom submitted the following: Professor H. E. Spence, a teacher of religion at Duke University, had the reputation of never having flunked an athlete or a pretty girl. In order to protect his reputation, one day Professor Spence flunked an athlete." Believe it or not, I flunked a pretty girl once also. To make matters more insulting, she was on the Dean's list. As a matter of digression, I should like to pay my disrespect to that queer anomaly, inconsistency, or whatever it should be termed. Students are encouraged to study hard, attend regularly, and make good grades, in order to give them the right to loaf, cut classes, and learn nothing. If they are really good students, they are needed to assist in making the classes interesting and successful. If they are not good students, but simply have the ability to "cram," put up bold fronts, and bluff their way through, they ought not to be rewarded above the plodding students who work hard but are not so gifted in telling more than they know.

One lovely young girl once told me she was going to take my work and sit on the front seat. She said she understood that a pretty girl who sat on the front seat always got a good grade. I don't know exactly what she meant by that. I will admit that I have never allowed a girl's beauty to be a handicap to her. There is absolutely no ground whatever for the suggestion that beauty and brains do not go together. Some of the most brilliant students I have ever taught were listed among the campus beauties.

I do not plead guilty to being disinterested in other phases of university life. I have staged more public programs, and engaged in more student activities than any non-professional person on the campus. A glance at the various organizations which invited me to become a

member will indicate that the public recognized my interest and thought that I deserved some recognition for it. I was a member of a Greek letter fraternity (Pi Kappa Alpha, social), the "9019," and Phi Beta Kappa (scholarship), the Tombs, Omicron Delta Kappa (hail fellow and general achievements), Sigma Upsilon (writing), Kappa Delta Pi (teaching and educational interests), and Theta Alpha Phi (dramatic interests). I was also invited to join three others, in two of which I had too little interest to wish to become a member. I was invited to become a charter member of the ministerial fraternity but forgot to go to the meeting; hence did not become a member. In getting the punctuation in the wrong place, one reporter once had me belonging to two Greek letter fraternities and one Greek letter sorority. This was a slight exaggeration.

I am strongly for all wholesome extra-curricular activities so long as they are not allowed to interfere too much with one's intellectual pursuits. I am convinced that the main object of school life is the development of intellectual interests and capacities. I am seriously afraid that our whole educational system, from the kindergarten to the University, is becoming too much of a systematized, intellectual baby-sitting. With the "reformers" refusing to allow children to work, what else could we do with young America if we did not have educational institutions to take them off their parents' hands? I think that the development of the social and physical side of our lives is of equal importance with the development of the intellectual side. I am a believer in the 50-50 basis of application and participation. The story is so old that it is musty but is so appropriate that it perhaps will bear telling. I have reference to the story of the restaurant keeper who applied to the Pure Food Commission to allow him to make some sandwiches of both horse and rabbit meat. He was granted his request provided the horse meat and rabbit meat should be used on a fifty-fifty basis. A complaint was soon registered by his customers, and when he was brought before the commission, he insisted that he had kept his part of the bargain, fifty-fifty—one horse, one rabbit. The story is terrible, but applicable. There are many professors who want to work on the fifty-fifty basis, but their work is the horse, the student activities the rabbit. The students take just the other point of view. The activities are the important thing.

I frankly think that the instructor who doesn't teach anything except his subject doesn't teach at all. One of the famous teachers of a few generations ago, Sawny Webb, of the Bellbuckle School, was once asked about his teaching of Latin. He denied that he taught that subject. Said his interrogator in surprise: "You know that you teach Latin, what do you mean by such a statement?" To which the venerable educator replied: "I have never taught Latin in my life. I teach *boys*." The man who is interested only in his subject has missed the

whole aim and method of education. However, if he doesn't think his subject is of tremendous importance, he isn't worthy of teaching it. But no man can influence young life properly or enter into its needs and interests satisfactorily unless he has an interest in extra-curricular activities. One instructor told me one day that it wouldn't make ten dollars worth of difference to him if the university didn't win another football game. I told him that if I were the President, I would fire him forthwith. And I would.

So I make no apologies for being overwhelmingly interested in athletics. It is the one branch of activities in which every student can participate or become interested. The activities are so varied that almost anyone can attain proficiency in some branch of physical training or competition. The value in the development of a four-square life is incalculable. I am tempted to give the gist of my lecture on "Work, Play, and Recreation" at this point. However, it would be useless. Those who are already convinced of the value of the athletic program need no further encouragement. Those who are not would probably be unconvinced when they finished reading the lecture, if they did finish it.

I should like to pay a general tribute to the men who make up the physical education staff. I have not had the privilege of associating with them for the past few years as closely as I once did. But I do not hesitate to state that these men, as I have known them, will compare favorably with any other section of the personnel of Duke University in ability, integrity, application, industry, and loyalty to the institution. It might be a just accusation that I have liked them because they appear to have liked me. I have known them well and have found them likable. As large a percentage of them have manifested an interest in the civic and religious life of the city as any other group in the University.

My experiences with the athletic staff have been interesting and exciting. For years I participated in many of the sports in which they were proficient. I never was an expert in anything and had to make my way by some other method than excelling in one particular field. I have been what one might call an "also ran." I was handicapped in sports, owing to the fact that I did not attend high school and therefore had no pre-college training. I had never seen a basketball, football, handball or volley ball before I came to college. The only kind of baseball we played was the sort where, if the ball was lost, the player might call "lost ball" and the runners would be compelled to stay on base until the ball was found or until another was put in play. I recall one day that the ball was knocked into the top of a cedar tree and lodged there. It was ruled a lost ball, although it was plainly in sight. The boys who had played ball in high school had an advantage over me that made my chances at playing regularly on any team neg-

ligible. My one proficiency in basketball was my ability to keep up with any person, no matter how fast, and to outlast him, no matter how tough. On one occasion Cap Card told us he wasn't going to call any fouls and slow up the game. He wanted us to play straight through in order to test our endurance. We played twenty minutes without taking out a moment except for tossing the ball up at the center after each score. At the end of the twenty minutes, he called for the next squad and there were only nine men available. He asked me to play a few minutes longer until some one could rest. I played the entire second twenty-minute period also. Forty minutes high pressure playing, with no time out, ought to be something of a record also.

The same second-rate ability has marked my progress in all phases of life. At golf I have reached the low eighties but never could go below eighty. At volley ball I could set the ball up but never spike. At tennis I could play a game which would extend any player on the varsity, but rarely won. The same fate has befallen me in all phases of my work. I got one vote out of three for the Wiley Gray Medal. I got two votes out of five for the Aycock Cup, which was given for the best book published in the state. It was very apparent to me that if I wanted to be of any influence in the world, I would have to serve, rather than attempt to excel. So I tried to make myself useful in every way possible. My efforts were appreciated, and I was allowed the questionable honor of being captain or manager of the teams which the faculty put out in various lines of athletic interest. I arranged golf matches among the faculties of the Big Four and we met on several occasions, at Hillandale, Hope Valley, Raleigh, and other places. I tried to be considerate of everyone and always gave the preference to my fellows. If anyone was left out, I kept myself on the sidelines. Once I was matched against a Behaviourist from one of these schools, and we had quite an enjoyable afternoon arguing psychology as well as playing golf. Once we came to a par three hole where the green lay just beyond a small creek. He stood looking at the distance and the lay of the land, took out first one club and then another, trying to decide which club to use. I said: "If you are a Behaviourist, why did you stop to think? Why did you not act automatically?" He answered: "I knew you'd say that. I can only say that sometimes we have to scrap our theories in favor of the practical." He finally selected a mashie, dropped the ball dead to the pin and made a par. I hit in the ditch.

I also managed the tennis squads, and the volley ball games but probably over-managed these. I talked so much in trying to get the game played right, as I thought it should be, that I made myself obnoxious. The boys complained about my complaining until one day I showed up with my mouth taped up with adhesive tape. They missed my chatter so much that they asked me to untape and talk

some more. We had one player whom I will call Smith (that really was his name) who could play an excellent game, and he knew it. He had the hardest smash I have ever seen. Some of the men dreaded to play against him. I soon discovered his weakness. He got angered easily and when he lost his temper, he lost his accuracy in the control of the ball. So I would purposely nag him and ask him why he didn't hit the ball at me and quit picking on the other fellows. This plan worked in most cases. One day, while I was serving, I shot the ball across the net and then ran up to the front court. For once I was careless about my defense. Smith shot a pile-driver smash to my chin and I blacked out. A moment later I came to my senses, rolled over on the floor, got up groggily, and staggered to the back court. One of the fellows threw me the ball and said: "Serve again." I thought, of course, that we had lost the point but learned that the blow on my chin gave the ball a perfect set-up for my spiker who made a kill and won the point. For weeks I was teased about "using my head for once."

My tennis was on a par with my other proficiencies. Professor W. H. Hall, of the School of Engineering, and I were tennis mates. Neither of us had a great deal on the ball, but we played carefully and cleverly, taking advantage of our opponents' weaknesses and were usually successful in winning more than our share of matches. Dr. N. I. White was coach at that time. As a last test of his teams to discover whether they were ready for the season or not, he would send them against us. Our unorthodox style often served to confuse them until they had learned to overcome their weaknesses.

I attribute whatever success I may have had to the characteristics which made me successful in working on these athletic programs: willingness to do the hard and unromantic tasks and the faculty for showing up at the right time. I had the good fortune to be around when things happened. That is why I have a great deal of information which I normally would not be supposed to have.

For example, I was around when the term Blue Devils was first presented as the name for the football team. "Seven cities strove for Homer dead." I don't know how many people have claimed credit for naming the team. That is one honor which I cannot claim. I opposed it. Several men were associated with its selection. As I recall it, Mike Bradshaw, Dwight Ware and several others had much to say about it. The facts are that the name was never officially sanctioned. There can be no question as to who first presented the name. B. W. Barnard has the distinction of doing that. He had been in World War I, and in France had heard of the exploits of a mighty regiment of soldiers known as the Blue Devils. Since a part of our colors were blue, he thought that would be an appropriate name. The name was presented at a pep rally held in Craven Memorial Hall and much was said on both sides of the question as to whether or not it should

be adopted. No decision was reached, but two newspaper men began to use the term and it gradually became the sanctioned title. The sanction was by usage rather than adoption. Henry Belk was the press representative at that time and he sent out newspaper items using the title. W. H. Lander also used the title when referring to the team. I have searched the pages of *The Chronicle* thoroughly and do not find the term used in 1921, although it is barely possible that I may have missed it. It was used for the first time in the fall of 1922, when Lander was Editor. I think that several were in on the movement.

As I mentioned before, I opposed the use of the term. I had no conscientious scruples against its use, but I did not think the term was well enough known to justify its use. I thought that it would have to be explained and that there might be some objection by the squeamish public because of its high-profanity. I was right in my surmise on that point. Quite a bit of objection was raised and some fun made of the title. When Wake Forest came out with the term Demon Deacons, the "rigidly righteous" wanted to know if all the colleges were going to Hell for their sanction.

My contention that the term was not well-known enough to justify its use seems to have been in error. Either that regiment was famous or we made it so. Shortly after the great upset of 1935, I was in Chapel Hill watching a moving picture show. A pre-view was shown of the picture, *The Texas Rangers*. As an introduction, a number of famous regiments were shown. There were the "Ladies from Hell" in Scotch kilts. Then followed the Foreign Legion. Next there marched across the screen the regiment from which our team took its name, The Blue Devils. Immediately such a hissing filled the hall that I was almost minded to quote the statement of a famous preacher when his audience hissed: "The serpent hisses because of the abundance of his venom; the goose from the abundance of her folly." However, I could not afford to be that impolite. I contented myself with calling out in a clear tone: "That score is still twenty-five to nothing." Perhaps that was more effective.

I was around when Bobby James first presented his Alma Mater song, Dear Old Duke. One snowy Saturday morning, our door bell rang and when we answered it, there stood Bobby with a piece of paper in his hand. Said he, "Mrs. Spence, I have something here which I am working on. I wonder if you would listen to it and tell me whether it is any good or not." He played the song for her and she exclaimed: "I think it is perfectly wonderful, but let's call up Mrs. S. W. Venable. She is a marvelous musician and will know very much more about it than I." So she called Mrs. Venable who agreed to listen to the song. Mrs. Spence and Bobby trudged over in the snow, and Mrs. Venable pronounced the music to be good. With perhaps a bit of retouching, "Alma Mater" was given to the world. Mrs. Spence is the proud pos-

essor of a "first copy." Of course it read, "Trinity, thy name we sing." With the insertion of the phrase, "Dear old Duke" in the place of "Trinity" the song is now as it was then. Very soon it replaced the Trinity song by Walter Sheppard, and now it is sung wherever Duke men and women meet. It should be superfluous to quote it here, but perhaps it is fitting so to do:

Dear old Duke, thy name we sing,  
 To thee our voices raise, we'll raise,  
 To thee our anthems ring in everlasting praise,  
 And tho' on Life's broad sea  
 Our fates may far us bear  
 We'll ever turn to thee,  
 Our Alma Mater dear.

Many other songs have been written, but this and the Blue and White by G. E. "Jelly" Leftwich, Jr., seem to be the perpetual favorites of Duke fans. The latter reads thus:

Duke, we thy anthems raise  
 For all thy praises untold;  
 We sing for the Blue and White  
 Whose colors we uphold.  
 Firm stands our line of blue  
 For we are loyal through and through  
 Fighting with the spirit true  
 All for the love of old D. U.

*Chorus:*

Fight! We'll fight! With all our strength and might,  
 Win we can, so here we give a hand,  
 Rah! rah! rah! rah! D-U-K-E, rah!

"Alma Mater" is sung on all serious occasions, and at the close of every football game. The Blue and White is sung after each touchdown and at other suitable times.

There are many other songs which have been written from time to time, some of them rather mediocre, others good. When I was Editor of *The Archive*, I offered a prize for a college song. We had many songs presented but none of them worthy of acceptance. During the early twenties, Professor James Cannon and I arranged for the publication of a Trinity College Chapel Book. This volume, in addition to about seventy-five familiar hymns and thirty-five responsive readings, also contained ten college songs. Bishop Kilgo wrote one. Dr. N. I. White and Dr. Plato Durham wrote one each. D. W. Newsum and I had two each in this volume. They were sung heartily on many occasions but were discarded when the institution attained more

dignity. Dozens of songs have been written by various people since that day, but those already quoted are the only ones whose place seems to be permanent.

I almost got a pep song in on another occasion. I wrote a parody on the Riff Song for use in the famous opening of the stadium in 1929. Mr. Barnes practiced a group of men to sing the song and it really sounded wonderful. The words as I wrote them are as follows:

Ho! Down the field our lines are lunging,  
Ho! Through the foe our backs are plunging,  
Lo! You hear the sharp signal call:  
Go! Blue Devils carry that ball!  
Ho! Watch our warriors grim and gory,  
Go, for their Alma Mater's glory;  
Know, if you're the Blue Devils' foe,  
The fiends will strike with a blow that lays you low!

I said I *almost* got the song in. The trouble with my song was that it was hopelessly inappropriate on that particular occasion. The lines were lunging and the backs were plunging, but they were not our lines and backs. My song "died a-borning," to use a slang phrase.

I suppose all Duke followers will remember that occasion with chagrin. The stadium had been finished, and was the finest and largest between Baltimore and New Orleans. Plans were made for the grand opening, a sort of dedication. I had been attending Chicago University for several summers and had the happy experience of meeting with that grandest of all coaches, A. A. Stagg. He and his boys were constantly on the tennis courts, and I formed a rather close acquaintance with them there. I became greatly interested in the Maroons, as the Chicago team was called. Chicago had once had a wonderful reputation on the gridiron and had not, even at that time, lost all its glory. But it had lost its team. The institution was outstanding. Its football reputation was good. But there were not a half dozen men on the squad who could have made any one of our greater teams. I was sure that we could defeat them. I strongly urged the people in authority here to arrange the opening game with Chicago, insisting that the drawing power would be great and the chances of being defeated small. I had just as well have been a dog barking at the moon so far as any consideration of my suggestions was concerned. Of course, it may have been difficult to arrange a game with Chicago. It was relatively easy to secure a game with Pittsburgh because they were so strong few schools wanted to play them. So the game was arranged with the Panthers.

We learned on that notable occasion that a stadium doesn't make a team and that a high-powered, high-priced sports writer is no asset so far as winning is concerned. I have always been ashamed of the

persons responsible for submitting that fine bunch of ball players to such unfair treatment. Not since the days of the Crimean War has such an indignity been perpetrated. For pluck, nerve, courage, and futility, there's nothing except the Charge of the Light Brigade which will equal that game with Pittsburgh. Ray Matulewicz was as clever and fast an amateur lightweight boxer as I have ever seen, but I would protest his being matched with Dempsey or Tunney, or even Joe Louis. But that match would be hardly more one-sided than that football game. The Panthers could do nothing wrong. As badly as I hated to see our fine boys so hopelessly mismatched, I got some slight satisfaction out of being able to say: "I told you so." Kitty! Kitty!

I was around when the infamous "yellow sheet" was distributed against Coach James DeHart. However, I have never been able to learn who was back of that enterprise. Incidentally, that was the only case in history, so far as I know, when a group of Duke students or alumni ever made a public demonstration against a coach. Our institution and alumni have at times been long-suffering and full of consideration for the coaches. It is a well-known fact that the athletic coach in an American institution of learning has a rocky road. He must win or his scalp will be called for. Only recently, the wife of a mid-western coach protested in one of the great magazines that the public was not human. She lamented the fact that there was no fairness shown to a losing coach. She intimated that the coach was not at fault and the public was unreasonable. Be that as it may, the facts are that when her husband resigned, the fortunes of that particular school began to improve and the team went to the Rose Bowl within a short time. It is not totally unfair to expect a winning coach when one is paid a salary out of proportion to the salaries of other men on the staff of an institution. Many coaches receive a salary at least twice as great as that of the outstanding professors of an institution. In some cases their salaries have been higher than those of the president of the institution. If a man, who has only an A.B. degree, is to get twice as much as a man who has spent many years in graduate work to prepare himself for his task, he may expect that man to be slightly disgruntled if the coach doesn't produce, especially in the light of the fact that the football season is much shorter than the time the professor is supposed to work.

However, it is to be deplored that winning is even largely the criterion of a coach's value to an institution. I have known many coaches whose influence upon the student body, and whose work with the alumni and as a public representative of the institution, made them extremely valuable aside from their coaching work. And there is nothing more despicable and shameful than the continual rapping of hammers from students and alumni whose main interest, in many

cases, is the security of their bets when Alma Mater wins. We have had little of that at Duke.

The yellow sheet in question was circulated after the Thanksgiving Day game in 1929. The season had opened with great expectations. Many outstanding players composed that squad. But failure after failure was the result of succeeding games. The climax came when a hopeless underdog, Davidson, outsmarted the team and won by the score of 13 to 12. Shortly after, a yellow sheet was distributed on the campus with glaring headlines: DAVIDSON 13; DeHart, 12. I do not remember the sordid details, but they were all that could be expected from a sneak-assassin who was ashamed to put his name on the paper, and who gave vent to all his pent-up emotions and personal resentment. The perpetrators were wise in remaining anonymous. It might be dangerous, even at this late date, to admit authorship of the scurrilous sheet. Mr. DeHart had hundreds of admirers and their indignation was unrestrained. Some of the football squad resented the attack so greatly that they made life miserable for some suspects, even going so far as to invade a private home in their attempt to wreak vengeance. It is not at all clear to what extent the followers of the coach would have gone if the culprit had been discovered.

The following week a great mass meeting was held in protest of the publication of the anonymous paper. From the Dean on down the line, representatives of various interests protested the affair. Captains of the other athletic squads made speeches. These certainly made good reading in the next week's edition of *The Chronicle*. Aside from the protest, the main stress was the necessity of unity in the student body, also the desirability of building up a great esprit de corps for the coming Carolina game. Enthusiasm ran high. So did the score. Carolina, 47; Duke, 7.

I have no criticism to make of Mr. DeHart. He is the only coach we ever had with whom I had no fellowship. I knew, therefore, very little about him. Whether he was a good coach or not, I do not know. In fact, I know too little about football to set myself up as a critic of any coach. People either liked him or did not like him. Many protested that he had little chance, since the University furnished him such poor material. Others point out the fact that the losing teams of the varsity were made up of men who, as freshmen, had either been state champions or runners-up in nearly every year. The protest against the treatment which he was supposed to have received was very strenuous on the part of some of his closest friends. One afternoon I was playing golf with a friend, who was both an alumnus and member of the faculty, when we overtook Coach DeHart and some of his nearest associates. One of these, a hulking giant, turned to my companion, who was a very small and apparently timid man, and sneeringly asked

him how he found time to play golf when he was supposed to be running around getting names on a petition to fire the coach. My companion protested his ignorance of what the man meant. The man repeated with an oath and told my friend not to lie about it. The amazingly nervy little man said: "I'll admit that I do not like the Coach. But if you say that I have taken any definite steps to have him removed or have had anything whatever to do with a petition, you are simply a —— liar." The giant threw his golf bag to the ground and clenched a big fist. However, he thought better of it and the matter blew peacefully over. What caused him to change his mind I do not know. He may have seen me take my midiron from my bag, but I doubt it.

One thing we must appreciate about the service rendered by Coach DeHart: he brought us Eddie Cameron. There was a story to the effect that on his first trip to Duke, Mr. DeHart brought Eddie to apply for the place of head coach and ended by accepting it for himself. I do not vouch for the accuracy of the story. I have often wondered what would have happened if Mr. Cameron had taken the position at that time. I suspect he is glad that it turned out the way it did. He is in the enviable position of having made a great reputation as a basketball coach and also as a football coach without having been compelled to go through the tortures of listening to the "Anvil Chorus," and I don't mean the one in Carmen. Championships chased him around. His record as a basketball coach is outstanding. Three times his teams won Southern Conference championships and never finished out of the first division. His four years as head football coach were even more successful. Three times in those four years he won the Southern Conference championship. He never lost a game to Carolina and lost only one game in four years to a Southern Conference team. But he would be the first one to tell you that much of his success depended upon the marvelous help of "Dumpy" Hagler and Herschel Caldwell, as well as the help of many others whose names do not appear in the headlines. Assistant coaches are like certain linesmen and blocking backs, they rarely make touchdowns, but they are essential to the success of the team.

Eddie was popular with his men and they went all out in their efforts to win for him. Only once did I head a bitter criticism of him by one of his players. One morning one of my students, a strapping gigantic fellow, came into my office greatly disturbed, even to the point of tears. He wanted to talk to me about whether he should go down to the gymnasium and beat up Coach Cameron. I discovered that his main grievance was that the coach thought less of his playing than he did of Pat Preston's. A man could be a terrific player and not be as good as Pat was. I never could persuade him to write a term paper, but he was a great football player. I tried to reason with

the boy that a coach must be given the authority to select his own starting line-up and that others might agree with the coach. I further reminded him that this would bring a great deal of unpleasant publicity and that he would be blamed, probably expelled, if he insisted on going through with his plan. I think my most convincing argument, however, was my parting shot. "And besides, unless you are a better man than I think you are, you can't whip Coach Cameron." He did not go.

It may be wondered why I do not make mention of the more recent coaches and assistants on our staff. The facts are that I have not been in very close touch with the group for more than ten years. I entered heartily and enthusiastically into all their sports until two or three doctors simply forbade my further participation. I was more than fifty years of age before I stopped playing tennis. The last tournament match which I played was against Professor C. R. Hauser of the Chemistry Department. Hauser was a very good volley ball player and not too bad at tennis. I won the first set fairly easily against him. But I played down in the second set. He not only beat me, he wore me out completely. I was horribly nauseated and staggered off the court, slumped down under a water spigot, and let the water run over my head for the whole time-out period which we were allowed to take between the second and third sets. Hauser was so distressed at my plight that he begged me to forfeit the game rather than continue. I told him I would try a game or two and if I still felt sick I would forfeit. I got stronger as the set progressed. He was thrown completely off his stride and I won the match. I think he still half suspects that I was putting on an act to get his sympathy and get him off his game.

Perhaps I was wise in giving up the strenuous exercise. When my brother-in-law, Walter Whitted, died from too violent exertion, I accepted the advice of my doctor friends and quit participating in hard play. Genial Burt Cunningham was another victim of over-exercise. He continued to play volley ball long after he was too old to take part in such a sport. He died suddenly of a heart attack. Bert was a very religious man and at one time thought of entering the ministry. We had many serious discussions concerning life, death, and eternity. The day he died I was sitting at home when suddenly an impulse caused me to go to the phone and call his office. He had gone home earlier that day than usual. So far as they could estimate, he died at almost the exact moment I got the urge to call him. I have always wondered if he called me first. Dr. J. B. Rhine will have to give his verdict on that phase of extra-sensory perceptions.

In the 1949 edition of the Duke University Football Information Book appears the following statement: "Wallace Wade is one of the greatest coaches of all time." I have neither the ability to refute, nor

the disposition to dispute that statement. We are too close to his regime to evaluate accurately the sum total of his influence upon Duke University athletics and life. He was difficult to learn and equally hard to forget. He evidently believed in the ancient slogan, "Familiarity breeds contempt." I doubt if he ever allowed anyone to become familiar with him. I would just as soon have called the Queen of England "Lizzie" as to have called him by his first name. From his very first public appearance before a Duke audience, he allowed it to be known that he had come to do a job, that he expected to put all that he had in it, but that he did not want any alumni or bystanders telling him how to coach the team. His men feared him and respected him. He was strict, severe, impartial, fair, and kind.

Coach Wade's record speaks for itself. One thing was characteristic of his teams—they never grew panicky. The nearest I ever saw to a rout was a few years ago when Georgia Tech scored three touchdowns within a few minutes and it looked as if an avalanche had struck Duke. Some of the disheartened ones left in disgust. One alumnus from Winston-Salem drove home in a huff and didn't even turn on his radio. Hours later he walked up the street and was accosted by a friend who asked what he thought of his team. The man answered in complete disgust, only to learn that the team had staged a marvelous comeback and won the game.

Mr. Wade's innate sense of honesty was so strong that I believe he would have sacrificed his own coaching reputation rather than allow an unworthy man to play on his teams or permit a serious infraction of discipline to go unpunished. He sometimes chided me for wanting to win all the time. He was strictly honest in his requirements that his men do their scholastic work well. He told me frequently that he did not want any concession made to his men just because they were football players. Neither did he want any special concessions made in order to get a player admitted to the University who was of low caliber in his studies. He took the position that there was no sense in trying to get a man past the entrance committee if he couldn't stick. It would be just a waste of time in coaching him when that time might be spent on some better student who would be able to pass.

I feel that there is much to be said on the other side of that subject. In fact, I wrote both Coach Wade and others in places of authority advocating that special concessions be made to athletes. I quote from this letter: "Adjustments should be made in the entrance methods and requirements as well as the type of work available for athletes so that the *discrimination against them will cease.*"

I was perfectly serious in writing that underscored line. There has been a great deal of intimation that athletes have been favored at Duke, as well as in other American colleges. I think that the contrary is true. We have been unfair to all concerned, the alumni, the coaches, but

above all to the boys themselves in not making allowance for athletes by which they are given preference to others. For unless we make such discrimination *in their favor* we are automatically making discrimination *against them*.

To start with, the athletes do not have a chance in competition with other students. In many cases they come from poor homes where they had not had as good a chance as other boys born under better circumstances. Too, they have been compelled to put too much time on their athletics in high school and, therefore, cannot be as well prepared as the black-rimmed spectacled student whose chief interests have been a book and a soda straw. The work of the athlete in the high school is a real contribution to the public. I have kept in touch with high school athletics as well as with colleges. I speak from first-hand experience. I was once pastor in a town where it was practically impossible to induce any boy to attend school after he passed the compulsory age limit. Interest in education was at a low ebb, while interest in misbehavior was at high tide. What we do not seem to realize is that with the boys prevented from working by the rather silly child labor laws, unless we can persuade them to remain in school, we are practically daring them to misbehave. Such was the case in this town. As fine a set of boys as I ever knew had degenerated into as tough a bunch of gangsters as the cheap movies depict. Claude Teague, later an honored officer of the administration at the University of North Carolina, came there as principal of the school. He asked me to help with the coaching of a basketball team. He induced the boys to return to school with the promise of more athletic activities. They returned, became interested, mended their ways, and became as honorable a set of law-abiding citizens as I have ever known. The school developed in interest, and today the school system of that town would be a credit to any city in America.

High school athletics, especially the football teams, do as much to keep interest alive in secondary schools as any other one force. The high school athlete sacrifices his own educational interest in behalf of the educational interest of others. I insist that he deserves a break. For with these drawbacks in their preparation, these boys are not at all on an equal basis with the others who have no other special activities or hindrances. I do not see how any fair-minded person could possibly think that these boys do not deserve a special consideration. If they are thus discriminated against, schools with high admission standards refuse to admit them and they are compelled to attend colleges which offer poorer educational advantages. I think these athletes, if they are of good moral character and of even mediocre caliber in their studies, should be admitted, furnished a tutor and given a chance. If they prove that they simply cannot carry their work, we should drop them.

I also wrote Mr. Wade that there ought to be special courses offered for athletes leading to a certificate in physical education. We have been doing that for nurses, even at Duke. Why not for athletes? And why give an A.B. in Physical Education for girls and deny it to boys. This simply doesn't make sense. If a girl can get credit for archery and dancing, a boy ought to receive credit for football and track. There is an ever increasing demand for boys who can run playgrounds, Y. M. C. A.'s, and camps, manage personnel for great business firms and in other lines of athletic activities. And it should go without saying that these athletic representatives are among the best advertising media that any institution could possibly have.

I will admit that I am overwhelmingly in favor of football. In my judgment it is the greatest drawing card which any institution can possibly have. In fact, I have tried for years to get our leaders to see if they could arrange a large endowment fund which would provide scholarships comparable to the Cecil Rhodes Scholarships at Oxford, and which might be distributed, not merely on a scholarship basis, but would be allotted to men and women alike in all phases of University interests who give promise of "adding luster to their Alma Mater's name." [Pardon my immodesty in quoting from my own poetry.] If such a man happened to be a triple-threat or a four letter man in sports, I would not be displeased.

In fact, I should like to remind the people, who are always howling about subsidized athletics, that we subsidize many other things which may not be of any more value to civilization, or education either, than are athletic activities. We give splendid scholarships to candidates for the B.D. degree in return for a few weeks' work in the summer. We give large fellowships and scholarships to graduate students, and sometimes receive nothing in return. If a boy who undergoes the strenuous training which athletes must receive these days hasn't earned his money, I would not know where to go to find a "servant worthy of his hire." I have seen representatives of graduate groups complain against athletic grants and charge the institution with trying to buy boys from other schools when they, in the next moment, clamored for larger grants to graduate students, using as their argument that unless we increased the stipend, Yale and Harvard and other schools with larger scholarships would get the best men away from us. What's that old wise-crack about sauce for the goose? Or maybe some other would be more applicable here such as "Consistency thou art a jewel."

As long as colleges remain there will always be some gripers and grouchers against athletics. And in fairness it ought to be said that some gripes are justifiable. It is bad when the "athletic tail wags the academic dog." It is also true that there frequently is entirely too much disturbance in collegiate communities over some close contest, or a series of games between old athletic rivals. Some of the "gripes,"

however, are unjustifiable. The opponents of athletics point out the prevalence of gambling in connection with sporting events. There have been some scandals connected with the throwing of games in some collegiate sports. It is a compliment to the college men that the world should be shocked by their conduct. Betrayal of trust happens everywhere and in all phases of life. It is a wholesome state of collegiate relationship to the country when the fixing of basketball games shocks the country as badly as did a nation-wide scandal like the "Tea Pot Dome." It just so happens that athletic activities are definite and uncertain events which lend themselves easily to gambling. But they are not the cause of it. Humanity is incurably a gambling sort of animal. In World War I, the men sat in the trenches with death threatening every second and bet as to which side of them the next shell would fall, when the next one was likely to blow them into eternity. I am impelled to tell a story illustrative of men's propensity to bet, once told at a Duke Banquet by Mr. Joseph G. Brown, a former Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the University. Mr. Brown told of a young minister who was over-anxious about the collections and frequently nagged his stewards about their laxness in failing to bring them up to date. He was also anxiously awaiting the coming of the stork to bring him his first-born child. One Saturday afternoon the stewards paid the minister in full, as of that date. That night the stork brought the longed-for boy. The next morning two stewards made a bet as to whether the minister would thank the Lord for the baby first or the money. They placed five dollars each in the hands of a third steward and sat back and listened to the prayer. After the minister had gone through the usual warming up preliminaries he said: "And we do thank thee, O Lord, for the timely "Sukker" which came to us yesterday." Since he pronounced the word, rather than spelled it, there was no way of knowing what he meant, and so the money was returned to the betters.

It is also true that there is much drinking and revelry carried on in connection with games. The spirit of fun and frolic is in the air and frequently parties are held in connection with home-comings which are of the less-tame sort. The same thing happens in thousands of towns every week-end, but that does not keep the hostile public from finding fault. Much of this night-rioting is of a good natured type.

In the early days of the opening of the Duke Stadium, the seats in the bend of the horseshoe were cheaper than those on the side lines. Many of the persons who sat there were of the less-responsible members of the social group and frequently ridiculous misbehavior resulted. Fights were a part of the attraction in that part of the stadium. These fights were in perfectly good humor and without any personal animosity. Some person, who was a bit too mellow with drink, would get up and ask if any so-and-so would like to fight. He would get

this challenge accepted and a few harmless blows would be exchanged. Then would follow a handshaking. The men would express their pleasure at having met each other and return to their seats, little the worse for the encounter. On one occasion an irate wife took a hand and beat the man, who was fighting her husband, over the head with a red umbrella. He got definitely the worst of that engagement. I remember on one occasion the irrepressible "Hip" Martin, wearing a cap marked "Ladies Aid" was having fun in Section 27, where my seat was located. "Hip" expressed distinct dissatisfaction at the tameness of life in our locality. Said he: "What's wrong with Section 27, that we can't have a fight?" Waving three one-dollar bills in his hand he shouted: "Three dollars I'm offering to any man who will start a fight in Section 27. Professor Spence will take him on."

But for the most part these great games have been staged with a minimum of misconduct. Personally I think they are the greatest events in any collegiate year. "Home Coming Day" is the one fine opportunity for the meeting of old friends and alumni. Allegiances are renewed. Men and women become boys and girls again. "Alma Mater" is sung. Fraternities hold open houses. Barbecue dinners are enjoyed. Parades are staged. This is the only thing in modern life which approaches the ancient joust or tournament which made life so romantic in the olden days, "When Knighthood was in Flower." Life is raised from its common level and time is turned backward as effectively as it can possibly be turned in this on-going rush of life.

I know of nothing that has the thrill of a close football game. Hundreds of thousands sit with bated breath and watch "fourth down and six inches to go" or some other equally decisive play. Millions sit glued to their radios or television sets, hanging breathlessly upon the outcome of a play. More people know the academic life of the country through the athletic activities of our institutions than in any other one way. I slightly hurt President Few's feelings after the Centennial by telling him that the trip of the Blue Devils to Pasadena did more to give his institution wholesome advertising than all the money he spent in staging the Centennial. I think he was among the very small minority who disagreed with me. Take athletics away from our college, and we are simply big factories, each division turning out a finished product of some sort, but without any emotion, romance, chivalry, or even any integrating force in the institution. A giant manufacturing concern making clothing, or any other necessity of life, would be just about as stimulating to idealism as an educational institution without athletics.

I have stressed football because it is more spectacular and has more followers. The other athletic events draw fair crowds, and have many interested followers, but are not as popular as football. But they are wholesome and afford an opportunity to thousands to participate while

football is rather narrow in its appeal to boys to participate. Even these minor sports can give an institution wide advertising. Wake Forest got a great deal of wholesome publicity from its baseball team of a few years ago while the basketball at State College has kept it in the national limelight for many years. We have not done so badly at Duke in these minor sports also.

In fact, there are irreverent souls who have observed that even the ministry is more or less influenced by the football fortunes of its Alma Mater. Some one has noted the fact that the Methodist Conferences of this state are in better spiritual mood when Duke has a good football season. Inspiration always seems to fill our ministerial alumni, whenever we win over Carolina. What effect it has on some of their parishioners has not been noted, or even estimated.

There is also the perpetual charge and counter-charge between various institutions of learning as to the eligibility of players, poor ethics in securing attendance of noted high school athletes, and kindred points of contention. For years there were attempts at ridiculing rival institutions because of the number of foreigners on a team. An institution which would brag about having students from all the states and a dozen foreign countries would find itself complaining because some rival institution had gone out of the local territory for players upon its athletic teams. Foreign, jaw-breaking names were ridiculed. Some reported that a Baptist institution had so many athletes of foreign extraction that it had to have special mass for them. One day during a football game at Duke, a grouchy woman sitting near me kept sneering at the odd names on the roster and the foreign look of the boys. Finally big Bob Baskerville ran out on the field to take his place in the line. Bob was large, husky, swarthy, with dark eyes and black hair. The woman said: "Now, look at him. You just know he's a Dago. I'll bet he can't even speak English." I replied: "You are probably right, Madam. The majority of our students speak American. This particular Dago happens to come from one of the oldest and finest towns in this state, Warrenton. He is of an English family, an Episcopalian, and would be an F. F. V. if he had been born fifty miles further north." She subsided.

On another occasion, Mr. Lawrence Bolich, of Winston-Salem, was driving from Durham to his home when he picked up a hitch-hiking student from a near-by school. The conversation turned to intercollegiate athletics. The student was loud in his denunciation of Duke for its use of foreign players under assumed names. Said he: "Take for instance, this fellow Phil Bolich, their heavyweight champion boxer. Now it is a well-known fact that this fellow never went to high school, and that he is a tough bum from a foreign family. They hired him and gave him a local name so as to fool the public." A little later the student said: "By the way, I did not catch your name." To which

Mr. Bolich replied: "My name is Bolich. I am the father of that ignorant foreign bum, Phil Bolich." The boy said: "Stop. Let me out." Mr. Bolich did right well in fathering boys of one sort and another. As I recall he sent six to Duke. One, Bryan, was a Rhodes Scholar and is now on our Law faculty. One was a good football player, while another was the aforesaid boxer.

I had an interesting experience with Phil in New York a few years ago. Mrs. Spence and I were spending the Christmas holidays in New York in attendance upon a national convention of Bible teachers. At least that's the story we gave out. On the side, we were attending Christmas pageants and programs and taking in a few shows. I have always been an admirer of the much-discussed Mae West. So we decided to go to a show in which she was starred. Since I am a little hard of hearing and a little dim of sight, I got front seats. Mae was all she was advertised to be. The show was a little bit on the raw edge, and I began to feel slightly self-conscious at being there. Mrs. Spence laughed and told me she doubted if anyone would see me who knew me. Again I had a good illustration of the truth that one ought never to do anything unless he is willing to be caught at it. In the intermission following the second act, someone tapped me on the shoulder and a man asked: "Aren't you from Duke University?" I acknowledged my guilt. Said he: "And you taught Bible there, didn't you?" I again acquiesced. He then asked: "Aren't you Professor Spence?" I said: "Yes, who are you?" He said that he was named Bolich. It was my turn to ask questions: "From Winston-Salem?" "Yes." "Heavyweight champion boxer in college?" "Yes." I said: "We seem to know each other pretty well, Phil." His wife told us that Phil missed the second act looking at me and trying to recall who I was.

I knew and enjoyed the acquaintance of nearly all the coaches from "Shorty" Rothensis until the present day. Floyd Egan was, I think, the first whole-time coach ever employed at Trinity. Of course Cap Card coached, but he was also athletic director and the manager of the Angier Duke Gymnasium. Egan created a great deal of dissension by ordering the baseball players not to try to hit a ball hard but just to meet it with the bat. This ruined their batting style and they lost rather consistently until they convinced him that he had better let a man hit in his own natural style. Our first nationally known coach was Howard Jones, who came from Iowa where he had turned out a national championship team. He had very poor material here as compared with the husky corn-fed boys from the plains and had only mediocre success during the year he spent here. He was called to Southern California at the close of the year and was released from his contract here that he might accept the offer. He was most affable and I enjoyed talking with him at the faculty club. He kept me embarrassed by insisting on discussing football plays with me, and I

was always afraid that he would discover how little I knew about the game. When I was on leave of absence in Chicago, he came to Evanston and played against the mighty Northwestern. I went over to see him. He greeted me cordially and that night when he broadcast a pre-game statement he sent his best wishes to his old friends at Duke in their encounter with Wake Forest the next day. They backfired. Score: Duke, 3; Wake Forest, 21.

There are many others of this group with whom I had most pleasant associations: Big Aleck Waite, Carl Voyles, Bob Chambers, George Buckheit, "Dumpy" Hagler, Herschel Caldwell, and many more. But I must not write too much about this particular department or people will be convinced of my partiality. However, no account of Duke athletics would be complete if one left out "Jack" Coombs. Jack came to Duke in 1928. He found Duke with one of the greatest ball clubs it had ever produced. The team composed of Werber, Farley, Dean, and Kistler and other excellent players had already achieved fame under the coaching of former big leaguer, George B. Whitted. Jack caught baseball playing at its peak and maintained a high standard throughout his almost quarter century of service. Numbers of players have gone up to the big leagues as a result of his coaching.

Jack was an institution within himself. He was one of the most popular coaches ever to be employed at Duke University. He and I were the very best of friends. On occasion we would go with the Brysons to Morehead City for deep-sea fishing. He was a good sport, a good story teller, a dependable friend. Sometimes he would appear to be peeved with me for giving his boys low grades. He would complain that I gave his A students, B grades. I would then assure him that "gave" was the right word to use but that the facts were that I gave his C students, B grades.

This reminds me that the only tilt I ever had with a coach over grades was with another noted Duke baseball coach, Dr. Merle T. Adkins. Doctor Adkins was a star pitcher for the Baltimore Orioles while he was a coach at Trinity. When he retired from pitching, he settled in Durham where he became one of the most popular and useful physicians ever to live in this city. He was a great church worker and an excellent singer. For years he was in charge of music at one of our leading churches. He was always a friend to Duke and made quite a contribution to our athletics by sending us one of our best players, Emory ("Knocker") Adkins. The man who accused me of never flunking an athlete evidently had never heard of the time when on a mid-term test I flunked fourteen of Doc's baseball squad. The good Doctor was furious. He came to my office, loud with protest. I asked him if he knew anything about the course on which I had flunked the players. He admitted that he was exposed to it in college. I simply showed him the examination questions and the test papers.

He was really furious then, but not with me. What he told that baseball squad would not have been appropriate language for the synod. The boys apologized for complaining, worked on the course, and passed the second examination.

But to return to Jack. He was just as interested in other coaches and their work as he was in his own teams. He was a familiar figure around the stadium during all football games. I shall never forget the snowy day when an over-enthusiastic female was making herself a bit obnoxious by throwing snowballs and cramming snow down the collars of her friends. Jack took her across his knee and administered a sound spanking. He was good fun. He had a vast amount of common sense and was of wonderful influence in giving wholesome advice to the students who seemed to trust his judgment implicitly.

Carlyle once said that a great man was one who said what we wanted to say, but couldn't. Jack was like that on many occasions. Duke lost the game to Georgia Tech in 1933, the only loss of that season. If ever a team lost a game through a series of tough breaks and bad decisions, Duke lost that one that way. To start with, State College had greatly injured the squad with rough play the Saturday before. One of our most dependable fullbacks, Nick Laney, was injured so badly that he could not play at all. Horace Hendrickson, first string quarterback, was put out of the game for alleged roughness. The Tech man, who was supposed to have been roughed, protested to the official that Hendrickson had only helped him to his feet and had not roughed him. But some officials, like ancient monarchs of the Medes and Persians, feel that they cannot change their decisions or they might lose their majestic influence. So the decision stood. At that, we had two chances to win the game. Once we made a touch-down, only to have the play recalled on the charge of offsides. Jack and I were behind the electric scoreboard in Page Auditorium receiving telegrams and making the electric contrivance demonstrate the progress of the game to the students in the audience. We had just flashed the touch-down and the students went wild. But instantly another telegram came; "play recalled, offsides." "That blankety blank H——" Jack roared. He then turned in apology to me for using such language. I replied: "Coach, you surely do know how to express other people's sentiments accurately." Carlyle's great man! It so turned out that the official admitted after the game that he did not see the offside. He simply knew that a player couldn't get through the line that fast unless he was offside. The player was Freddie Crawford. If he had known Freddie, he would have known that this was Freddie's natural rate of speed. Another touch-down was nullified because the ball had been touched twice by Duke receivers. The same thing happened in a Tennessee game some years later but was allowed for the Volunteers. Duke thus missed a Rose Bowl invitation by accident. The team that

year has always been counted among our strongest. Old Father Time caught up with Coach Coombs, just as he catches up with all. He will be missed when the bat cracks against the horsehide this spring. However, I won't be there to discover how much he is missed. Father time caught up with me too. The fans are looking forward with great hopes and expectations to the continuation of fine coaching under "Ace" Parker, just as the work in football has been successfully carried forward by another alumnus, Bill Murray.

A great bunch of coaches, a great set of athletes, a loyal group of alumni, a cooperative institution—what more could be asked for athletics?

A few other ideas have occurred to me concerning Commissioner Wade, which are hard to fit in to the previous pages, so I shall append them here as a sort of postscript. He had a peculiar, but sensible, attitude toward receiving favors from others. On one occasion a sportsman, who owned a fine shooting preserve, wrote and invited me to bring Coach Wade for a few days' shooting on his place. I was no hunter but conveyed the invitation to the Coach. Courteously but flatly he declined the invitation with the statement: "I have made it a policy through the years not to place myself under obligations to anyone." A wise policy. One interesting incident, so far as I was concerned, was connected with the changing of a date for a football game. As I recall it, the year was 1934. We were booked to play State on Thanksgiving Day. Rain poured several hours during the preceding night. When day came, the clouds were hanging heavy and the rain was descending in torrents. The gridiron was covered completely with water. It would have been impossible to play any sort of satisfactory game that day. The weather was too rough for even the hardiest to venture out. I got in touch with Mr. Wade early that morning and suggested that he call off the game and postpone it until Saturday. He called a session of his board of strategy and accepted my suggestion. He phoned the various radio stations in the State and they kindly cooperated in spreading the news of the postponement. On Saturday, the weather was lovely and conditions perfect for a game, which incidentally we won by the score of 32-0. Mr. Wade told me that when the fans would express their appreciation of his thoughtfulness in moving the game he would say, "Thank you." A few fans who could not come on Saturday expressed their disapproval and disappointment at the postponement. To these he replied: "You'll have to blame Professor Spence. It was his idea."

Mr. Wade's greatest disappointment, I think, was in his post-war team of 1946. On paper this team looked like a world-beater. Actually, it made the poorest record of any Wade-coached team at Duke, this in spite of the fact that its roster was studded with names of former

great players. He was at a loss to account for it. I suggested the reason to him which I think was the correct one. Perhaps there were two reasons. The first is that the majority of these men had been playing bigger games than football during the interim. Football is a rah-rah game. Emotional reactions play a great part in bringing a team to its peak and keeping it there. It would be unreasonable to expect these men to bring the same enthusiasm to a game after they had been in foxholes and faced bombardment in the great game of war. Of course, someone will be ready to counter with the statement that there were other servicemen who made great records after they were dismissed from the service. Perhaps it might be well to look into their war record. Many servicemen did not even smell powder except on a WAC.

I suggested another reason, which I feel was valid, from my own athletic experiences. When men grow more mature their physical reactions lag behind their mental reactions. It is necessary for a tennis player who is growing older to make allowance for his failure to react physically as promptly as he once did and start just a bit sooner and play just a bit harder. I think the main reason for the failure of this team was that they were thinking in terms of pre-war conditions and reacting in terms of post-war conditions. At any rate, they were not as effective as they had been prior to the war and were a distinct disappointment to all concerned.

## CHAPTER X

### *Contests and Contestants*

In this chapter I shall endeavor to write about some of the outstanding football games played for Alma Mater. I also will write briefly about a few of the outstanding participants in these events. I think one observation should be made: nearly everything is relative in the world, and there are few absolute standards of measurement for anything dealing with human beings. The law of compensation plays a great part also in our estimate of enjoyment, thrills, and interests. The students, faculty, alumni, and other fans got as much "kick" out of the earlier contests which were played at Trinity as they do from the more highly developed and more effective athletic events of today. A further observation concerning contestants is appropriate: the greatness of any given contestant is also a relative thing and hard to estimate. Stars depend upon their teammates. Teams depend upon their stars. Many a first-class pitcher would have been mediocre without good backing. The only pitcher I have ever known who could get along without his teammates was the eccentric and erratic Rube Waddell of the Philadelphia Athletics. Occasionally he would call in the outfielders, dismiss half of his infield, and strike out the opposing players or make them pop up or hit weekly to the infield. But college players are especially dependent upon their fellows for their own greatness. No one can estimate how much this interdependence affects the individual's record. Did Charlie Justice make Art Weiner or did Art Weiner make Charlie Justice? Or did they make each other? Would Steve Lach have been the great back he was, if Mike Karmazin hadn't been there to clear the way? Was the star of our earlier days great because he was in contrast with weaker members of his team, or would he have been greater if he had been on a heavier and more experienced and better trained squad? Just how would men like Lagerstadt, Simpson, Bullock, Crute, Porter, Neal, and others have fared in the competition of today? I do not know, nor does anyone else so far as I know. I do know that these boys and dozens of others thrilled Trinity teams as greatly as the Big Blues do their spectators now.

Football was renewed at Duke in 1920. Many attempts had been made to have it reinstated but the first intercollegiate contests, after

the long lay-off, were played in 1920. Our opponents were small colleges but we were small too. Such schools as Guilford, Elon, Wofford, and others were our opponents. The first year's record was excellent. Four wins and one tie was the result of the season's play. The tie was with Wofford College. Rock Hall did a splendid piece of work throughout the season, but no one who saw the Wofford game will ever forgive him for calling for a forward pass with the ball on the three-yard line and four tries to make a touchdown. The pass was intercepted and the threat ruined. Jimmy Simpson broke into the limelight in those days. He was unusually effective with his drop-kicks. He was outstanding as a center and had the distinction of being the only man who played without a head gear.

In those days only a few hundred spectators saw a game. There was some preparation made for seats in improvised bleachers, but the majority of the on-lookers walked up and down the sidelines as they watched. I recall one ridiculous situation in which I figured in the year 1922. The North Carolina Conference was held in Raleigh that year. It was my business to be there, and I was there for the greater part of the week. But as Saturday drew near, I had a hankering to see the football game between Trinity and Presbyterian College which was being played at home. There were no busses, no automobile transportation, such as there is today. If I came, I would have to come on the train. I had dismissed my classes for the duration of the Conference and was, therefore, not expected to be in Durham. But I thought I would hardly be noticed if I went to the game. Presbyterian was leading by the score of 6-0. They were making a definite and sustained drive toward our goal and things looked bad for the home team. Suddenly there was a fumble. We recovered the ball on our thirty-yard line. On the next play Ed Lagerstadt broke through and lit out down the field. Forgetting that I was attending incognito, I started up the sidelines right after him. I had a derby hat in my hand and my long overcoat was flying in the wind. At every step I yelled: "Run, Lag, run." Handicapped as I was, I overtook him and paced him to the opponent's goal. Lagerstadt ran 69 yards: Spence, seventy-five! And I beat him to the goal! The folks got to looking at me instead of him. I attracted even more attention, as a result of the run. I was slightly out of training and the unexpected and unusual exertion slightly disturbed my stomach. Did I say, slightly?

Another incident of those early days will be of interest to the "Old Timers." Football was not graciously received by many Trinity alumni and friends. The game was rough, and we were censured for reinstating it. One Saturday the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees met in Durham on the day of a game with Oglethorpe. Politeness demanded that they be invited to the game and they were too polite to refuse the invitation. We were all especially fearful of

what the attitude of Colonel John F. Bruton, the Chairman of the Board, would be if there were any rough stuff. He was a special friend of former President Kilgo and shared his disaffection for the sport. We hoped for the best. And there was rough stuff! Oglethorpe played what might have been termed "dirty" ball. Everyone looked at the Colonel to see what his reaction would be to such a rough game. He was excitedly yelling, "Kill 'em! Kill 'em." We felt safe from then on.

One of the most comical situations in connection with Duke football arose in connection with a game held on the Woman's Campus before the stadium was completed. The walls around Hanes Field were high enough to keep spectators from seeing the game from the streets or adjoining parts of the campus. However they were not covered with barbed wire, bits of broken glass, and the other impediments which cover so many walls erected to insure privacy. The walls around Hanes Field were built to keep out honest men but did not take college students into consideration. Knowing the tendency of students to crash the gates, climb walls, and otherwise "bum their way" into games, Dr. Frank C. Brown hired a large number of policemen, with a promise of five dollars each, and, of course, an opportunity to see the game. These policemen were stationed around the field within the walls, with orders to prevent anyone from climbing over the walls into the enclosure. When the game started, the policemen got so interested in the game that they left the fence and came toward the gridiron. This was the signal for the rush. Hundreds of visiting students from the institution which we were playing rolled over the walls and almost stampeded the game with their vociferous cheers for their team. The trees overlooking the gridiron were so thickly studded with onlookers as to look like trees filled with swarms of blackbirds. Dr. Brown was so indignant and furious that he protested paying the policemen who had neglected their duty. He threatened to have the trees cut down so that they could not be used as "deadhead" grandstands any more. A mention of Raleigh, a conference, and my embarrassment at running a race with Lagerstadt reminds me of an even more embarrassing incident in which I was the main actor. In 1937 the conference was again held in Raleigh, and again we played a game on Saturday of conference week. On this occasion, however, the game was played at State College. I had been the guest that week of Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Edgerton in their palatial residence, Tatton Hall. President Few and Dr. Flowers were also guests in their home. In this way I was fortunate enough to be included in a group of special guests who were invited to eat lunch with Chancellor J. W. Harrellson of State and to sit in the guest box at the game. I had not been thoroughly coached as to the proper deportment of those who sit in the Guest Box. The code seems to run about like this: one is not supposed to root, cheer, or give vent to emotions either in approval or disapproval. If

one's own team makes a good play, one may ejaculate, "Oo." If the opposing team makes a fine play, one is allowed to say, "Ah." If an official makes a bad decision, "Oh" is permitted. If a player on either team gets badly hurt it is quite appropriate to say "Ow!"

I was sitting intensely watching the game which at first seemed to be going against us. Suddenly "Honey" Hackney got the ball, dashed through the entire State team and came rushing toward the goal. I forgot all about decorum. I jumped up, snatched off my hat, waved it in the air and yelled: "He's away, he's away, he's away for a touch-down!" I suddenly recalled what a spectacle I had made of myself and sat down deeply humiliated. Turning to Dr. Flowers I said: "I am sorry. I have disgraced myself, and embarrassed you." Dr. Flowers grinned and answered: "That's all right, Bud. If he does it again, I'll get up and join you."

I have suggested in the title of this chapter that I am to mention or describe some of the outstanding contests which have been held at Duke during our athletic career. I have inquired among a number of alumni as to those which are likely to stand out in the memory of all alumni, and invariably have found the 1935 upset of North Carolina leading the list. Duke had started the season well and for several games had shown great form. Then an unexplainable reversal of form struck the team. We lost two in a row, one to Georgia Tech and the other to Auburn. Murmurs of complaint began to be heard. The little knockers began to sound like the faint tapping of woodpeckers all over the State. Somebody was slipping! I think Dr. Charlie Jordan was responsible for the suggestion that Mr. Wade's contract, which was expiring with the close of the season, be renewed in advance just to let the public know what the institution thought of its great coach. This was done and seemed to have a salutary effect upon all, the team included. One of the New York papers wrote an editorial commending Duke University for not allowing wins and losses to affect its treatment of a coach.

However, it was a rather foregone conclusion that we were in for a drubbing when we met Carolina. Their team had swept through all opposition easily. Rose Bowl hopes ran high. Tentative plans were made for accepting a bid, according to the reports which were flying thick and fast. Carolina had an all-time great in the person of Andy Bershak. He played in the backfield of the opposing team throughout the whole season until that fateful day at Duke. Mrs. Spence and I went to see Carolina swamp a strong team from one of the Virginia schools a few weeks before our notable game. I think the score was something like sixty odd to nothing in favor of the University. She shuddered as she watched the slaughter of the helpless opponents and said: "What on earth are they going to do to us?" I said: "Nothing. We are going to beat them." I might state here parenthetically that

it is easy to find hundreds of folks who "knew" that we were going to win that game. The majority of them, however, knew it *after* it happened. There were, I think, only three mature men on the Duke Campus who were foolhardy enough to predict a victory—Cap Card, Arch, and I. Of course, students always hope. Mrs. Spence said: "Are you crazy?" I answered: "I married you, what do you think?" She replied: "All joking aside, on what do you base your hope of a victory?" I replied: "They have built their entire team on the expectation of what Andy Bershak will do. If he is kept out of the game, they will crack up."

The following Monday, I told my "football class" of our conversation and big Gus Durner, held up his hand for recognition. Said he: "If that's all, Professor, it's in the bag. I'll keep him out of the game." The candid camera caught Gus with Bershak on his hip as a child lugs a pet. Gus brought the picture to me with great delight.

Yes, I had a football class. There were other persons in it, but the majority of them were football men. I did not promise them good grades if they won, but I sometimes did tell them they had better not lose.

About two weeks before the game, I was in Eubanks Drug Store at Chapel Hill and the "Village quarterbacks" were sitting in there discussing their trip to Pasadena and the Rose Bowl. I bought a coca-cola, turned and squinted over the top of my glass at them and asked: "Did it ever occur to you gentlemen that you have one more bowl to get by on your way to Pasadena?" They said: "Do you mean Duke?" I replied: "Could be." My suggestion met with a storm of laughter and one of them said: "We'll put in our first string, score four or five touchdowns, then put in the third and fourth teams and coast to a victory." I said: "That's awful white of you. I wouldn't stop that soon if I were playing you and had my way." They thought me pretty vicious but took my suggestions lightly.

I was away from the campus for about twelve days prior to the notable conflict. I was in Kentucky making speeches on behalf of a state-wide young people's meeting to be held at Center College of Bo McMillan fame. When I saw the announcement of the renewal of Mr. Wade's contract, I immediately wrote a letter expressing my delight and satisfaction that the University had shown such good judgment and had complimented itself by this act. I then wrote him thus: "I want to send you a recipe for a great football player (*cuss words not mine*). A good football player must have brains in his head, lightning in his feet, and hell in his heart." I further wrote: "If you want to win that game against Carolina next Saturday, tell the boys to play every minute of the game, not as if it were the last minute of that particular game, not as if it were the last minute of their last game of football, but as if it were their last minute on earth and they knew that

St. Peter wouldn't let them into the pearly gates if they did not win." After the famous victory, the enthusiastic crowd surged around the gymnasium trying to catch a glimpse of the heroic team which had done the supposedly impossible. But no persons not connected with the Athletic Department were allowed to enter. That is, not until I came along. Two of the boys were watching for me and took me by the hands and led me through the door to the blackboard, which was sometimes used for charting plays. There, in the middle of the board, was my letter. The boys told me it had been there the entire week, and each boy was required to go by and read it every day. I hope that was correct. At any rate, that was the proudest moment of my entire life.

I might say here that I made twenty-one speeches in six days in Kentucky and wore my throat almost completely out. When I returned, I was suffering with both a cold and laryngitis. My physician forbade my attending the game unless I would promise not to yell, and to go home if it rained. I forgot to obey his instructions with the results that I was unable to make another public address until the next August. And as fate would decree, that first speech I made was in the Methodist Church at Chapel Hill. Without calling any names or places, I expressed my delight at speaking there and told them that this was the first speech I had made in several months. I stated that I yelled myself hoarse at an athletic event and lost my voice temporarily. After the service a lady came up and said: "I know what you are talking about. You had no business yelling. You ought to have lost your voice for good." I half believe she meant it.

When the great day came, all was expectancy. The largest crowd ever to assemble in the state was there. Almost any odds could have been secured on Carolina. One rich sport, filled with liquor and too intoxicated to know what he was doing, couldn't get any money against Carolina, so he bet his whole wad on Duke. Imagine his surprise when he sobered up and learned that he had won a small fortune.

Just before the game I was standing looking out over the great stadium jammed with spectators. Dr. M. T. Plyler, a great churchman and also a great fan and, formerly, a great football player, said: "Why are you looking so sad, Spence?" I said: "I am grieving for Carolina. She is like ancient Nineveh. In the terms of the Prophet Nahum, I would say: 'There is no healing for your wound; your hurt is incurable.'" Plyler said: "Oh pshaw! You haven't got a bit of sense. You know they will win."

I need not replay that game. From the first it was "in the bag." I do not think the Carolina team suffered from over-confidence. Two factors beat them. First, that Duke team was "up." A week or two later I was visiting in the home of a Carolina professor who was much chagrined at their loss. He asked me how we took it. I told him it

was all in the day's work for us, just another game. Of course, I was not serious. He said: "Well, I suppose it is as well we got beaten. If we had won and gone to the Rose Bowl, Stanford would have made monkeys out of us." Said I; "You could beat Stanford any day in the week." He ejaculated: "My God, where does that put you!" I replied: "On that particular day, right up with Minnesota, the best in the country." I think I was right. From the first long run of eighty yards, until the close of the game it was all Duke. That team was as good as any in America on that particular day. I think the other factor was that, instead of being over-confident, the Carolina team was over-anxious. Some of this could be attributed to J. B. Clark and his broadcast on the previous evening over station WPTF. He adroitly suggested that Carolina might possibly lose and if so it would be a terrible jar to their Rose Bowl hopes. Whatever may have been the cause, Carolina was not at its best and Duke was great. The kicking, charging, passing, all were super-excellent. "Ace" Parker made one mighty kick of seventy yards. His throwing arm was unerring. The blocking and tackling were something fierce. Big Joe Cardwell went into the game with a smile on his face and it never wore off. Years may come and years may go, but there will never be a victory like that again. To call the name of the heroes would be to give a roster of the majority of the Duke players.

Naturally, the Carolina followers were chagrined and, in some cases, bitter. One said to me in bitterness: "Well, that's what money will do. You can even buy a victory." I replied: "If we bought that game, some one had to sell it. Do you think any of that fine bunch of boys sold their Alma Mater out?" "No," he replied. "I know they didn't, I guess I just spoke without thinking."

It seems a logical move to our own first Rose Bowl game. The famous "Iron Dukes" of the '38 team went through the season undefeated. On the way through this undefeated season they met with some formidable foes and played some spectacular games. The one which stands out perhaps the clearest in the memories of the fans was the classical battle in the snow which they won from Pittsburgh by the score of 7-0. With the mighty Goldberg and many other stars, Pittsburgh invaded Durham filled with high hopes and expectations. It looked for awhile as if their hopes would be fulfilled. For the first ten or fifteen minutes they gained ground at will. I would have been willing to settle for a two touchdown defeat before the first quarter was over. But suddenly their impetus gave out, and from there on it was a grim dogfight with neither side having a very great advantage over the other. On that day, Eric Tipton did perhaps the most spectacular kicking ever done by an amateur player. Time after time he kicked the ball out within the three or four yard line, or caused it to

roll dead just before it reached the end zone. To make the kicking more spectacular, there was a slight snowfall, and the ground was covered with just enough snow for the ball to make a very clear mark in the snow and show graphically where it struck. Finally, the Blue Devils made the break they had been waiting for. Pitt undertook to kick out from near their goal line and the ball was blocked. Bolo Perdue fell on it for the only touchdown of the game. Tipton kicked the extra point and the score remained 7-0 to the end of the game. Excitement ran almost as high as it did in the Duke-Carolina game of '35. Some girl sat behind me and at intervals would raise my hat and rub my head with snow. She said the old egg needed basting. I regret to say that I didn't seem to care. I was too excited to care what happened after we made that touchdown.

We were all agog over our invitation to play in the Rose Bowl. It was no new experience for Coach Wade. He had played as a guard on the Brown University team when it played Washington State at Pasadena in 1916. While coaching at Alabama, he carried the Crimson Tide to the Rose Bowl in 1925, 1926, and 1930. But this was our first experience in bowl games. In fact, Duke is the only Southern Conference team ever to play in the Rose Bowl. So it may be easily imagined just how excited we were. A Blue Devil special was arranged. The entire trip was one of excitement and enjoyment. The railroad showed us every courtesy. "The Duke Steps Out," was one of the headings for their menu cards. On others was printed, "California, here I come." At every stop, crowds met the train and hero worshiping teen-agers mobbed the boys for autographs. Mrs. Spence and I accompanied them but were not, strictly speaking, a part of the party. We were what one of the group tactlessly, but accurately, termed, "Camp followers." This did not prevent our having a great time. I have never known a finer set of boys than composed that team. We learned to know them very well on the long trip out and the longer trip back home. They sang songs, played games, and had a good time in general. Even after they broke training on their way home, they deported themselves in a highly commendable manner.

I think I enjoyed Hollywood more than I did the football. The city of Los Angeles and surrounding vicinity extended every courtesy to our whole company. With the simple explanation that I was with the Duke group and a teacher of religious dramatics at Duke, I had entree to almost any broadcast in Hollywood. We were also shown every courtesy at the movie lots and allowed to watch them make movies.

Among my prized memories of the trip were interviews with Edward G. Robinson, Tyrone Power, Fanny Brice, Loretta Young, and George and Gracie Allen. These people were intensely human and most cordial.

One thing of interest on that trip was the large number of Carolina backers who became rabid Duke fans for the time-being. I sometimes think that much of our imagined hostility between Duke and Carolina is like the ancient feud between the Jews and Samaritans. Those ancient rivals did not like each other because they were so nearly alike. Their rivalry was keen and genuine. Rivalries are always much fiercer when two institutions or individuals recognize each other as worthy competitors. Carolina and Duke have always had much respect for each other, and a great deal of friendship down beneath the athletic surface. Just prior to World War II, the distinguished artist, Mr. Louis Orr, who did such marvellous sketching of Duke Buildings, was visiting in Tarboro, North Carolina, in the home of a fine family who were rabid Carolina fans. Both the hostility and respect of which I have been speaking were manifest there. In those days there was a fear that the United States would become involved in a war with Germany. One morning, at the breakfast table, a little girl about four years of age said to her father: "Papa, if we go to war with Germany, will Duke be on our side?" In almost all cases, except where athletic problems are concerned, Duke is on the University's side.

Just before the game, Mr. Wade received a letter from Chapel Hill the substance of which was as follows: "We are sending this letter on behalf of the 3372 students at Carolina. The Tar Heels are back of Duke and the Blue Devils 100 per cent. We know you have a great team and we all want that team to win all the glory it deserves to win and can win. Give 'em h—— and Carolina is with you all the way. Signed, Your best enemies and staunchest friends."

The game was postponed until the 2nd of January due to the fact that New Year's Day was on Sunday. That was one of the most memorable days of my life. We had splendid grandstand seats where we could watch the famous Tournament of Roses parade. The lovely child actress, Shirley Temple, was perhaps the most prominent celebrity in the parade. That handsome actor, Leo Carillo, with all the trappings of a cavalier, rode on a beautiful horse up and down the line of parade. Millions of flowers were woven into various designs representing the interests of hundreds of business firms, cities, organizations, and other institutions. The Duke float showed the large wooden horse of Trojan fame, haltered by a Blue Devil. At intervals the Blue Devil would pull the halter cord and cause the proud horse to kneel. Unfortunately this was not duplicated in the game.

As I look back over that game, I am amazed that we even stayed on the field with Southern California. In those days there were no two-platoon systems. The majority of players played the greater part of the game both on offense and defense. Southern California had more nearly a four-platoon system. Their "bench" was made up of players who were heavier, and physically better, men than our first

squad. Coach Jones put in his first stringers and wore us down. He then put in the second-string and continued the wearing process. Finally, he ran in many other fresh players. I believe we could have won over his first squad without any question.

When the whistle blew for the kick-off, the biggest bunch of beef ran out on that field that I have ever seen outside of a herd of buffaloes. And they were real players, as well as big men. The tackling was fierce on both sides. Body against body smashed and the sound could be heard above the cheers of the grandstand. I think we must have tackled a little harder or were in better shape, one or the other. Trojan after Trojan was carried off the field while the casualty list for the Blue Devils was small. Eric Tipton broke his ankle which may have been the turning point in the contest. For the greater part of the game the teams battled on even terms. Finally Tony Ruffa, known as "true-toe Tony," kicked a field goal and until the very last minutes of the game Duke held a 3-0 advantage. But the boys were worn down. An unfortunate fumble within our ten yard line gave the mighty Trojans the ball with an apparently easy chance at the goal. "The Iron Dukes" showed the stuff that earned for them that sobriquet. When three downs were used up, the Trojans had lost yards. They were penalized five yards for delaying the game and then attempted a field goal. This attempt failed and Duke took over. The game was almost over. Many criticized the team for kicking on second down instead of running out the clock, taking a safety and kicking the ball down the field. I was among the critics. I have read and reread the accounts of the game in preparation for this chapter. I am convinced that this would have been a risky thing. I am even more convinced now, that, if I had been in their place, I would have played for a shut-out just as they did. For nine games their goal had not been crossed. With the abandon and heroism which characterize youth, they decided to gamble on the shut-out. They lost, but lost gloriously!

The game was one of the most thrilling in football history. Even today the tradition around the campus of Southern California is that this was the greatest game in their long series of Bowl encounters. I repeat, that team deserved all the credit which could be given a team for holding the mammoth Trojans to as low a score as they did.

It was a long trip home and not as cheerful a trip as if we had won. But friend and foe knew that a good account had been given of our team. We were not satisfied, but gratified.

A few weeks later, I received a letter from a prominent alumnus of Duke who was living in Reno. He had driven to Los Angeles to see the game and be with us. He wrote me in substance as follows: "Dear Hersey: There is one deplorable aftermath to the Duke game which I regret very much. Such an event as I am about to relate doesn't help the University at all. As you know, I went to the train to

see the team off on its return journey. I then loafed around town until late in the afternoon. When I entered my hotel at about four o'clock in the afternoon, one of our Duke players was standing in the lobby, crying and cursing. He had missed his train. I spoke to him and tried to quiet him. But he refused to be comforted. He said: 'I am . . . and I lost the Duke game. It was my poor playing that caused us to lose. I shall never get over it.' Finally I got the poor fellow up to his room and he became quiet." I replied to his letter: "Dear Clarence: Either *you* must have been pretty heavily in *your* cups, or some one was 'pulling your leg.' The player in question was crossing the desert homeward-bound, some two hundred and fifty miles from Los Angeles, when your drunk friend was making such a scene. I do not know who he was but he wasn't one of our boys. They were all en route home." Thus stories start and rumors spread.

The second Rose Bowl game was played in Durham on January 1, 1942. If ever a game was unnecessarily and inexcusably lost, that game was. There are many who claim that the Duke team of that year was the most powerful team ever to represent Duke in a contest. It is certain that the Oregon State team did not measure up to the usual standards of the Pacific Coast. The general opinion of the sporting public was that the Blue Devils were at least two touchdowns better than the Beavers. Perhaps that is one thing which caused the upset. The papers and many individuals were so strong in pronouncing Oregon State the inferior team that its youthful coach, protested bitterly against being classified in that role. His team responded to his coaching and decided to show the public that it was mistaken. They worked hard through the Christmas holidays and were at their peak when the day of the game arrived.

On the other hand, Duke did not take the game as seriously as it should. The boys insisted on breaking training and going home for the holidays. The Coach consented but was reluctant to allow them to go. His parting words were ominous and prophetic. Said he: "I hope that you men will have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I doubt seriously if you can have both." The boys went home for the holidays and then returned to take up their training again. It seems, however, that they never did get quite back in form.

The situation arose from the fact that the game was transplanted from Pasadena to Durham. Throughout the season our whole constituency followed the fortunes of the team with great expectancy. For nine straight games we were victorious. Wake Forest, Tennessee, Maryland, Colgate, Pittsburgh, Georgia Tech, Davidson, North Carolina, and North Carolina State fell on successive Saturdays. Duke ran up the amazing score of 327 points as contrasted to their opponents' 61. This was the largest score ever amassed by a Duke University

team. The team was led by those stalwarts Steve Lach, Mike Karmazin, and Bob Barnett.

Expectancy ran high as the season neared its end. Our only real rival for the trip to the Rose Bowl was Texas. The Longhorns were rated as the greatest team of all time. Many of the magazines were filled with pictures of their team. They were unconquerable, invincible, unparalleled in the history of sports. Suddenly they met with swift reversals at the hands of two other members of the Southwestern Conference. This eliminated them from the picture and left Duke a clear field. The whole campus was in ecstasy when the long distance message came informing us that Duke was the choice of the Rose Bowl Committee. Then suddenly the bottom dropped out of the world's peace. On December 7, Japan made the sneak attack upon Pearl Harbor and we were engulfed in war. Uncle Sam stepped in and forbade the gathering of large groups on the Pacific Coast for fear of bombing from the Japanese. For awhile it appeared that the game would have to be cancelled. The Duke Administration, encouraged by the City of Durham and other friendly organizations, conceived of the idea of bringing the Rose Bowl to Durham. The matter was arranged and plans were made for the playing of the game in the Duke Stadium.

The game was under the auspices of the Rose Bowl Committee and also under its management. The public, including the student body, was slow to understand that Duke University was not in complete charge of the affair. Hundreds of phone calls were received from friends asking preference in seating. The students expected that they should be given first choice in seats and perhaps be allowed to use their student athletic books, or at least to get tickets at greatly reduced rates. A great deal of disaffection resulted. The students lost interest and the majority of them did not even attend the game. No organized rooting was attempted. No special activities were provided for.

In fact, the entire community, including the team, lost much of its interest when it was discovered that we would not make the fascinating trip to Pasadena. It is doubtful if the team would have voted to play the game if they had foreseen that there would be no trip to Hollywood. Many boys who had planned to save their extra money for a trip to see Hedy LaMar and Dorothy Lamour, now decided that they ought to spend New Year's day with their aging parents. Many girls who would have gladly foregone the purchase of a spring outfit for a chance to see Clark Gable in the flesh and get a view of his entrancing moustache, suddenly decided that their mothers were the dearest things on earth to them and remained at home until school opened. The band, which had been so prominent in the games all fall and which had visions of a long trip to California now decided that music wasn't necessary to football games. It was claimed that they

refused to play because the University didn't offer to give them free board during the time they were compelled to be here for the game and the remainder of the holidays. Be that as it may, there was music but it was not furnished by the Duke band. No school spirit was evident. What should have been a great occasion degenerated into a drab affair.

The whole lackadaisical spirit affected the team greatly. A few weeks later, I assigned a paper to my class in dramatics, asking them to write up some dramatic episode or event. One of the football team chose that game. Among other things which he wrote was his description of his own mood as the game approached. Evidently Mr. Wade's ominous statement had troubled them. They became a bit shaky. This boy wrote that he did not sleep a single wink the night preceding the game.

Even at that, we should have won the game. During the second half with the Blue Devils trailing 20-16, the famous Lach and Karmazin act began to be demonstrated. For two or three plays the Blue Devils swept easily through and around the foe. As I remember it, Lach pulled his famous end around run for twenty-five yards. Then suddenly, Duke took to the air in spite of the progress it was making on the ground. The pass was intercepted and the threat ended. So did the scoring, and Duke was defeated by an inferior team.

I asked the Duke leader why they suddenly gave up a clicking ground attack for the hazardous air route. He said that after they lined up for the play, they noticed that the Oregon State defense was out of position and would, therefore, be an easy victim in a passing attack. They went back into a huddle, changed their strategy with the result already mentioned. I do not know whether the Beaver field general played them for a sucker and faked his position, or whether he diagnosed the change when the boys went back into the huddle. At any rate when the pass was thrown, he was there to receive it and end our chances at winning the game.

To make matters worse, the Texas Longhorns decided to redeem their lost reputation and at the same time prove to the Rose Bowl Committee that a mistake was made in selecting Duke above them. They walloped the Pacific Coast runner-up, Oregon, by a wide margin of half a hundred points.

I did not see the Sugar Bowl game. It was rated as one of the best ever to be played in New Orleans. It was certainly thrilling. I have seen the movies of that game several times and always get scared that we are going to lose the game in spite of the fact that I know we won it.

The Bowl Teams were not our only great teams nor were the Bowl years our only successful years. In fact, many think that the 1933 team, which lost only to Georgia Tech, was one of the most wonderful teams

Duke ever produced. As has been earlier recorded, Tech beat us by the slim margin of six points. Perhaps the most spectacular game of the year was the one in which we defeated the mighty Volunteers of Tennessee by the score of 10-2. General Neyland and Colonel Wade had been rivals of long years' standing. I think that each considered the other the greatest coach in football. Whenever a team coached by either invaded the other's territory, the poets always burst forth in effusion celebrating the event as one which would not likely be forgotten. And usually they were unforgettable. The game in question goes down in our annals as a classic. Led by the redoubtable Beatty Feather, the Volunteers were expected to have rather easy picking with the Blue Devils. "Corky" Cornelius was the hero of that occasion. It would not be fair to say that he beat the Vols single-handed for he had incomparable support. However, he did account for all of Duke's ten points. He kicked a field goal, scored a touchdown, and made the point after touchdown. As I recall, the ball was held by Horace Hendrickson, who called as beautiful a game that day as any coach could desire. The ball-holder in the kicking of placement kicks is usually another unsung hero. Much depends on his timing, and the accuracy with which he places the ball. When Corky left the field in the closing moments of the game, he received an ovation such as few players ever receive. In my hysterical enthusiasm I declared that I would rather be Corky Cornelius that day than to be the President of Duke University. I still think the choice between the two was rather slight. One comical aftermath amused the spectators and embarrassed Corky. After the game he strolled as nonchalantly as possible down the sidewalk near the Union, trying hard to look modest, when suddenly an enthusiastic female fan, better known as "Ma," rushed impetuously out of the crowd and kissed him with a smack that resounded almost like a toe on the pigskin. Perhaps no man ever relished publicity less than did our hero at that moment.

A man who emerged from that game as one of Duke's all-time great was the one and only Fred Crawford. The first time that the ball was kicked to Tennessee, Freddie tackled the receiver so hard that free catches were called for the rest of the afternoon. There was no chance to elude the fleetfooted Crawford. He was so fast that he sometimes would have to look back over his shoulder to see where the punt was coming. He could easily outrun one. And when he hit a man, the man stopped where he was. One player was asked why he didn't try to run back any more balls that afternoon. He is reported to have said (I retranslate his language so that it may be printable) that he had a disinclination to having Freddie Crawford slam the basic part of his anatomy through terra firma, or words to that effect. Freddie was tough in the physical sense of the word. It is related of him that when he came to Duke as a freshman, he walked from Waynes-

ville to Asheville to catch the train. In later years when he played on the all-star team at Northwestern, he got off the train at Chicago and asked the way to Evanston. Someone undertook to tell him which El to take, but he only wanted to know the direction to the place and not directions as to how to get there. He walked the entire twelve miles.

Crawford is a natural wit. I have had the great fun of sitting near him during the football games of recent years. His comments, exhortations, ejaculations, and what not are worth the price of admission. My information may be at fault but I think I am restating fairly accurately an interview which Freddie once had with the Dean concerning a bit of rough work in a football game. The game was with State which had the reputation in those days of being rough. In the earliest part of the game, the first play as I recall it, a State player smashed E. B. Dunlap full in the face with his fist, making a red ruin of E. B.'s nose. The official was right over the play and couldn't possibly have missed it, but he did. The boys were furious. The very next play, the offender left the game for the rest of the afternoon. In the Dean's office, a few days later, something like the following conversation took place: Dean: "Mr. Crawford, do you know who slugged that State player?" Freddie: "Well, you see, it was like this. He slugged E. B. in the face and it made Jack (E. B.'s brother) mad. He said that no so-and-so and such-and-such was going to slug his brother deliberately and get by with it. The boys talked him out of fighting back because they were afraid he would get put out of the game. He wasn't close enough to the fellow to hit him without being seen." Dean: "Who did hit him, Mr. Crawford?" Freddie: "Well, the boys thought I was in a better position to get him without being caught than anyone else since he was right close to me. They sort of figured that I could handle the matter easier than anyone else." Dean: "Did you hit him, Mr. Crawford?" Freddie: "I can't rightly say. All I know is that when the ball was snapped I felt my heel hit something soft and they called the ambulance."

When Freddie became a professional ball player he was pitted against the fabulous Red Grange. After the first game, he wrote to a fraternity mate: "Last Sunday I played against Red Grange. The first time he got the ball he came around my end for a gain of fifteen yards. The next time he came around, he kept on going right straight to the hospital." He was simply terrific. When he decided that he had to stop a man, that man was in hard luck. I was standing near the boys one day when they were engaged in a spirited scrimmage. A young fellow weighing about one hundred and ninety pounds was trying hard to make a place for himself and was really playing savage ball. He made gains over Freddie several times. The coach said rather caustically: "Run that same play again and keep on running it

until Crawford stops his man." I heard Freddie mutter under his breath: "I didn't want to hurt the kid." The play was run again. Freddie stopped his man, not only for that particular day but for several days to come. He was our first All-American player, making the second team in 1932, and the first team in 1933. He is almost mythical with Duke fans and will probably continue to be so long as we play football.

In discussing individual stars in Duke athletics, it must be remembered that we do not have accurate records of players extending back of 1931. Doubtless there were many players who were great stars beyond that date but whose records are not available. Our present Coach, "Bill" Murray, was such a player. In his senior year he amassed a total of more than a thousand yards gained, and was probably the greatest reason why the DeHart regime ended with the splendid record of eight games won and one lost with two ties. He also figured in the famous "Battle of Kenan's Lake." This game ended in a 0-0 tie and put an end to eight straight years of domination by the Tar Heels over Duke.

Our 1936 season was another heart-breaker. In that year we won nine and lost only one, and that by what might be called an accident. We amassed a total of 208 points that year against 28 for our opponents. The only game we lost was dropped to Tennessee by the score of 15-13. Duke was leading by the score of 13-9 with just a minute to go. Ace Parker kicked the ball out of bounds on the Vols' twelve yard line. It would have been practically impossible for them to have brought the ball down the field in the few seconds left in the game. But we were unfortunately offside. The splendid kick went for naught and Parker had to kick again. The ball was received by Harp of Tennessee, who ran through the entire Duke Team for a touchdown. No more sudden reversal of fortune could be imagined. It was too late for Duke to make any attempt at a come-back. In those days, radios were relatively few and the games were not broadcast over local stations as they are today. I had a powerful radio set and lived in the country where there was little interference, such as there was in heavily wired city sections. I had as my guests, Dean Wannamaker, Dr. Flowers, and Judge Bryson. Appropriate refreshments were served and we had an enjoyable afternoon up until that fateful moment. We were absolutely sure that the game was won, when that "sudden death" run of Harp's occurred. Never have I seen such a crestfallen and downcast group. They quietly left without saying goodbye, had a good time, or anything else. I don't think anyone spoke a word. They left me disconsolately sitting on the ground in my front yard with a sympathetic bird dog in each arm.

The 1939 season was again almost perfect. Our sole loss was to Pittsburgh by a score of 14-13. Reports are a bit confusing as to whether

the Pittsburgh victory came about as the result of a fumble or a lapse of consciousness on the part of a Duke player, who made a lateral pass to the wrong player. I wasn't there and don't know.

Many other games, plays, and players, will be recalled by those who read these lines. Naturally all are proud of the other All-American players who have represented us, besides Crawford and Parker. First team men included "Tiger" Hill, the red-headed firecat who had few equals in intercollegiate football as a center; Eric Tipton, the greatest kicker of them all; Steve Lach, Bob Gantt, Pat Preston, Bill Milner, and Al DeRogatis. George Clark might have been among the most brilliant of them all if he hadn't been more interested in music and marriage than he was in athletics. He was a natural runner and a smooth performer.

I will confess to a slight prejudice, but, for my money, Clarence Parker topped all athletes I have ever known. My readers will probably have to stop and think who he was. Not that he wasn't well known, but he was not known by that name. Early in his career, he became known as "Ace," and Ace he continues to this good day. Job once declared that he put on righteousness and it became him like a garment. No one ever disputed the right of Clarence Parker to be called "Ace." The sobriquet became him as appropriately as a corsage fits a debutante. He was "Top Guy" in every sport. I am sure that he could have made his letter in every intercollegiate sport played at Duke today. He was an excellent track man; basketball, football and baseball player, and tennis star. He shot golf in the low seventies without time for practice, and could doubtless have proved an outstanding player in soccer, lacrosse and other sports. In football he was a four threat man. He could kick, pass, receive, run, smash lines and do everything which is done with a football. He played practically every position in baseball and played them all well. He was a better football player than Jackie Robinson or Jim Thorpe and certainly a better baseball player than Thorpe. The tendency of the public to play up the unexpected is probably responsible for the fact that Thorpe has been acclaimed the greatest athlete of all times, and that Robinson has been featured in magazines, while Parker has been to some extent overlooked. He was named All-American on every first-class All-American team. Grantland Rice omitted him from one of the Collier teams, only to bring ridicule upon himself. Rice's blunder probably did more to explode the myth that he was the greatest of all sports writers than any other one thing. Ace got over the fact that he was left from Grantland's list, Rice never did. Parker was also named as the most valuable professional player in America. An interesting fact connected with Parker's athletic career is that he was never seriously hurt at football but had both legs broken at baseball. One can never tell which sport is going to bring an injury. "Fatty" Cross came to

Trinity long ago weighing two hundred and twenty-eight pounds. He was wanted as a football player, but his mother wouldn't let him play for fear he might get hurt. He played tag football and broke his leg at that game.

Ace was modest with all his achievements. He came by that honestly. On one occasion a quiet couple were watching a hotly contested game in the stadium and Ace was doing his usually unusual playing. The grandstand was cheering him and the team hysterically. One fan was so excited that he could not understand how anyone could keep serenely quiet during all that commotion. He said to the quiet couple: "How can you keep so quiet? Don't you know anyone on the team?" "Yes," they responded, "we have a son out there playing." "What's his name?" queried the excited fan. "Clarence Parker," was the still quiet reply.

No one who saw the 1936 game at Carolina will ever forget Ace's runback of the Carolina kick-off. He caught the ball five yards behind the goal line and ran 105 yards without a hand touching him. The score was a 7-7 tie at that time but that run seemed to take all the spirit out of the Carolina team and they did not score again that day, while Duke scored three more touchdowns. His 70-yard kick in the famous game of 1935 has already been noted. It was claimed for him that his presence in a game was the equivalent of having a coach on the field.

Other thrilling plays and sparkling, or spectacular, players can be easily recalled but space forbids my writing about all of them. Who can ever forget Barney Carter with his fierce football playing and his fiercer temper? It was hard to tell whether he was a greater asset than liability. He was a hot-headed Georgian and would not stand for certain epithets to be applied to him. His opponents knew this and would invariably call Barney a so-and-so and this always started a fight. Barney either got put out of the game or the team got penalized and thus offset his really great playing. Some people have been described as being ready to "fight at the drop of a hat." Barney would fight without any hat being around. After a violent contest with Carolina, the players were under the showers in the gymnasium. One of the Carolina men sang out: "I've got a date with Mr. Barney Carter after I get through this bath." Barney responded: "You haven't any such thing. You've got one right now." They went together in the nude and bit each other like dogs. Coach Steiner took them by the nape of the neck and butted their heads together until they quit fighting. Barney could be slightly offensive himself. One day we were playing William and Mary. They had a splendid Japanese-American named Matsu on their squad. He was having as easy time around the opposite end from that which Barney played. Barney would yell out: "Send that laundryman around my end. I'll stop him. He would have, too, but Matsu didn't 'choose to run' in that direction.

Nick Laney was also an outstanding performer but with other grounds for being noted. He was an excellent player and led the scoring in 1932. He had one great defect. He became pitifully nervous when he actually got into the game. The result was that he frequently dropped the ball when he received a punt. Normally he would recover the ball, but there was little chance to return one after dropping it. One day Nick came to my office and said he wanted to talk to me. He was worried about his propensity for dropping the ball and asked me what could be done about it. I asked him if he didn't usually think to himself: "Suppose I drop that ball." He admitted that he did worry about it. I then suggested that when he went back to await a punt he draw a few full breaths and try to imagine that he was in a practice game. I do not think he dropped any more balls during his playing career.

And who can forget the Davis boys—Jap, Tom, and Bill? It is doubtful if any one family ever turned out more good players than the Davis family, although the Knott family of Albemarle furnished Duke with four players of high quality. There, too, were the Mount Airy stars, Fearless Fred Folger and "Squirrel" Billy Cox. Fred had the best record for punting of any Duke man, averaging more than forty yards per punt for four years. Billy Cox had the best passing offense for a single season, and also the best total offense. Neither of these boys was of gigantic stature but they were both made of grit and gristle. Freddy was bumped so badly one season that the boys declared that he was held together with hay wire. The McAfee brothers, George and Wes, made outstanding records for themselves. Winston Seigfried, Ceep Youmans, and Steve Lach also belong to the list of those holding individual records in Duke football.

Or who can forget indescribable moments of thrill aside from the great victories? All who saw the game will recall Jimmy Simpson's dropkick which was the only score of the Trinity-Wake Forest game in 1922. Many thrilled at the sight of "Doggie" Hatcher as he got his shoulder dislocated, went under an anesthetic, had his shoulder reset and then re-entered the game. This happened on two occasions. The goal linestand of the Blue Devils in the 1940 game with Pittsburgh also provided the thrill of a lifetime. The Panthers had possession of the ball on the Duke one yard line, first down and goal to go. Second down found them on the four yard line. Third down found them again on the one yard line. On the fourth down they had inches to go. The mighty Panther surged with all his might. Big Alex Winter-son, the Captain of the Blue Devils, met the Pitt ball carrier at the goal line. They went straight up in the air and seemingly hovered there. When they finally fell, they fell away from the goal and the ball went over to Duke.

Then, too, there were some notable kicks and passes along the line. In addition to the notable kicking of Ruffa and Tipton which has already been noted, many will remember the 37 yard field goal kicked by Jack Caldwell against Wake Forest in 1925. The man who kicked it will always remember the punt in the game against Davidson, when our punter kicked the ball backward over his head for a loss of five yards. We would all like to remember one which didn't get kicked. In the 1949 game with Carolina with the score 20-21 against the Blue Devils, Mike Souchak was all set to kick a field goal which would have given Duke the game. An excited official prematurely blew the whistle for the end of the game. Then, discovering his error, he ordered the teams back and Mike undertook the kick. By that time the team was off key and Art Weiner broke through and blocked a kick which might have been possibly made if the official hadn't broken in at the wrong time.

As before stated, there were scores of other hard-hitting, clean playing boys who played excellent ball for Duke, but I cannot take space to record all of them. They are, however, written in the memory and across the hearts of the thousands of Duke fans who have followed the fortunes of the Blue Devils, since the teams adopted that name, and hundreds of older fans who recall even the earliest days when the Flying Wedge was in practice and there were such few players that almost every man was a sixty-minute man. Many of these men have made notable names for themselves as coaches. Many others have made places for themselves in the great world outside of university life. The majority of them have proved loyal to Alma Mater and are among the most enthusiastic supporters which our beloved institution has today. Hail, King Football!

Many of my readers may imagine that I am too partial to football as a sport and that I should have stressed other sports more. This could be especially true of participants in those other sports. We have had just as notable performers in baseball, basketball and other sports as we have had in football. But I have dealt with football because it is better known to the entire student body at any given time and is followed with more eagerness by the alumni than are the other phases of athletic life. The general public has far less interest in other sports than it has in football. In fact, the stadium is the only place connected with the University which attracts the attention of the majority of the faculty.

However, there have been great teams and great players in all lines of intercollegiate activity at Duke. In fact, I think mention should be made of great debaters, outstanding singers, talented musicians in the instrumental world, actors, writers, scientists, artists, and politicians! Les Brown, Johnny Long, Fannie Gray Patton, Frank Slaughter, Dan Edwards, Ambassador George Allen, Irene Price, Hardin F.

Taylor, Richard Nixon, Willis Smith,—the “name is legion.” But this chapter is supposed to deal largely with athletics. And I shall be compelled to confine myself to the better known games because of my limited knowledge of the other sports.

The baseball and basketball teams have come in for the limelight next to the football squads. Many outstanding teams have represented the institution in both sports. The records show that in basketball Duke held State Championship five years under Eddie Cameron, while it had the Southern Championship five times under coaches Cameron and Gerard. Bill Werber, Sr., Bill Mock, and Ed Koffenberger are among Duke's All-Americans in that field, while the unforgettable Dick Groat had the distinction of being our only All-American basketball and baseball player, so far as I know. That is probably because the experts were not making up All-American lists of baseball players years ago. No one could doubt that Bill Werber, Sr., was of that caliber in baseball just as his son, Bill, Jr., has been recently. In fact, it is doubtful if there has been any greater player during the years than Bill, Sr. The list would be insufferably long if one undertook to name the great basketball players of the past. The Thompson brothers, “Suitcase” Swindell, “Chalky” Councillor, “Skin” Ferrell, the “Jenny” Brinns, “Bull” Hedrick—the list is endless. The mention of Jenny Brinn reminds me of a semi-serious incident which happened years ago. Charley Bagley, himself a distinguished scholar and athlete, was walking across the campus looking rather dejected. I said: “What's wrong, Charley? Why are you so sad?” He replied: “As you know little Jenny Brinn is in Turkey. The morning paper has an account of the fact that the Turks are massacring the Christians. I am afraid that they might mistake Jenny for a Christian.”

Many Duke athletes figure in three or more major sports. Ace Parker, Jimmy Simpson, Gordon Carver, Tom Neal, Lloyd Hathaway, “Horse” Hendrickson, C. K. “Cocky” Bennett, Fritz Crute, Charles “Bohunk” Weaver, Bob Gantt, Jr. made letters in three or more major sports. Recently athletes have been discouraged from stressing more than two.

Baseball is the oldest and best established sport at Duke. For more than fifty years we have had outstanding baseball teams and players at the institution. Only once in about sixty years have we failed to come up with a team. Old timers will recall the incomparable Bradsher, “The King of the Southern Diamond”; “Triple no-hit” Bob Gantt, Sr. (hitless games against Randolph-Macon, Eastern, and the Raleigh Professional Club the same season); John Dempster, with his terrific southpaw slants; Jesse Sanderson, perhaps the lightest pitcher of his caliber in the history of amateur baseball and others. There was

George Barley, who, I believe, lost only one college game, winning 24 out of 26 games which he pitched here: Raymond Coombs and Tim McKeithan, who did the "iron man" stunts of taking regular turns at pitching and playing outfield when not in the box. And who could forget E. L. "Lefty" Jenkins for the game way in which, after being beamed by a Carolina pitcher, he returned to the mound and pitched his team to a 7-2 victory?

A survey of the records through the years reveals the fact that not only Bradsher and Gantt pitched no-hit games but that at least ten other Duke pitchers have joined that notable pair winning that exceptional honor. Earl "Iron Man" Southard, Jesse Sanderson, "Chubby" Dean, Dave Smith, Bill Mock, Bob Houghton, and perhaps others.

Many other players made names for themselves in this great sport but it is difficult to single out outstanding performance for fielders, catchers and others even though they may be just as important as pitchers or more so. Who could forget Ambler, the Johnsons, the Wagners, Shokes, "Candy" Smith, "Peewee" Turner, Russ Bergman—see what I mean? It is impossible to list them all. Many went to the major leagues there to continue their distinguished athletic careers: Bill Werber, Hal Wagner, Eric Tipton, Claude Corbett, Bill McCahan, "Ace" Parker, "Chubby" Dean, Al Curtis, Ron Northby, and among the more recent ones, Dick Groat and Brandon Davis. Score of others have played excellent professional ball in the minor leagues.

An interesting note might be inserted here concerning the catcher who helped make Bob Gantt a great pitcher. Also it might be appropriate to make a brief comment on perhaps *the* outstanding family connected with Trinity College and Duke University. Other families have furnished scholars, athletes, benefactors, administrators, trustees and other servants of the institution, but the Flowers family furnished all of these. The father of the family, Colonel George Washington Flowers, was for many years a distinguished trustee of Trinity College. There probably never was a man more interested in the athletic career of the institution than was he. Claude Flowers, the catcher who helped make Bob Gantt a great pitcher, told the following story on himself.

Claude was something of a pitcher in his youth. He had fair success and was looking forward to the time when he would be a member of the Trinity pitching staff. In fact, he was already rated as the third pitcher. But with the graduation of the great "Rummy" Wrenn, the college was left without a catcher. Dr. M. T. Atkins, the coach, requested Claude to try out for the position of catcher. Claude wanted to pitch and so he told Dr. Atkins that his father did not want him to catch. When he got home that afternoon his father met him with the demand to know why he had told Dr. Atkins that fib. The coach had already been to see the Colonel and learned that Claude's story was pure fake. The Colonel told Claude to get in there and do what-

ever he was told to do. Although he had never caught before, Claude became one of the gamest and most effective catchers Trinity ever had.

Claude was the last of a long line of athletes from the Flowers family. Charlie Flowers was a catcher on the team of Old Trinity. W. W. Flowers was shortstop on the baseball team. He was captain of the football team, played at quarterback, and actually coached the team one year. John Flowers was a great outfielder on the same baseball team with Cap Card. In fact, it is reported that they were the only bona fide students on that team. George Horace Flowers played as shortstop. Fred was an excellent outfielder. For more than ten years one or more of the Flowers boys represented Trinity College in one or more athletic sports.

Mr. W. W. Flowers was a trustee of the institution for many years. The only daughter, Estelle (Mrs. Marshall T. Spears) has the honor of being the only woman ever to serve Duke University as a trustee. As is well known, Robert Lee Flowers served the institution longer and in more capacities than any other person. For sixty years he was connected with Trinity College and Duke University in the various capacities of professor, secretary, treasurer, vice-president, trustee, successor to Mr. J. B. Duke on the Duke Foundation at Mr. Duke's request, president, and chancellor. He was the only chancellor Duke University has had. There are more scholarships, fellowships, and lectureships given by this family, or in their honor, than any other family in the history of Duke University.

But to return to baseball—Many outstanding plays will be revived in memory as old grads think back over the years. John Thompson came to bat for his last time saying: "Here goes a home run as a parting gift to Alma Mater." He hit the home run. John Sikes shut his eyes and swung wildly at a ball in a game with North Carolina State and knocked it over Hanes wall for a game-winning home run. One of the most amazing plays ever pulled was "way back when." Wake Forest was at the bat. Trinity led by one run in the ninth inning. With two down and the bases full, a Wake Forest batter hit a ball almost to the fence in right field. Everybody lit out for home. Arthur Elliott scooped up the grass cutter and threw the batsman out at first base. This spectacular ending could be matched by one of more recent date. A few years ago at Chapel Hill, Duke was leading Carolina by a slim margin. Carolina came up for the last bat in the ninth and jammed the bases with nobody out. A sharp crack resounded as bat met ball with what was labelled for a two bagger. By a marvelous play, a Duke infielder jumped high, snared the ball, stepped on base, threw to another base catching the runner off. Within less time than it takes to write it, there was a triple play executed and certain victory for Carolina turned to sudden defeat.

I would be inexcusable if I left out Eric Tipton's home run in his last game. The contest was a normal Duke-Carolina dog-fight. The Tarheels were ahead at Duke went in for its last inning. Two men were out and the bases full when Tipton came to the bat. I was sitting in the bleachers with George Whitted, a former coach, when Tipton connected with the ball. The ball went so high that I said: "That's out." "Yes," responded George, "out of the park." And so it was. That ball sailed a country mile over that deep center field fence and the game was over.

My readers will all remember some incident which I should have included. There was the day when Phil Weaver was playing first base and went after a foul ball at the same time the catcher did. They ran together, knocking Phil unconscious for minutes. But when the umpire was called on to rule on the play he discovered that the unconscious boy still held that ball in his glove. And surely someone will remember the day that Buie kicked on fourth down when the ball went straight up in the air. He caught the ball and ran for a touchdown. It was disallowed, but that also goes for a record.

Yes, I have been a lop-sided advocate of sports. I do not know of any one thing which contributes more to the general welfare of a school than athletics. I have been rather frenzied in my following of the success of our teams. From my freshman year until now, I have been a fulfiller of the ideal set forth in the old hymn:

"Weep with those who weep,  
And smile with those who smile."

I have suffered more from our athletic losses than any coach, for I have suffered longer. I still get so wrought up that I have to stay home from many of the games and cut off the radio at critical stages of the game. I have always run sub-normal temperature except when sick, or when my Alma Mater has an important athletic contest on. Then I run a temperature. I have been accused of demanding victory too much. I have not demanded victory. I have always expected and desired hard and alert playing. If that fails to win, I am content. But I feel keenly that a man has no right to don his Alma Mater's uniform as a representative (and that ought to go in every phase of activity as well as athletics) unless he is willing to put all he has into the contest. On one occasion, Carolina overwhelmed us with a lop-sided victory on the gridiron. One of our minor coaches said to me after the game: "You'll have to hand one thing to our team—they were in tip top shape. They looked just as fresh after the game as they did at the start. On the other hand the Carolina team was wet with sweat and completely out of breath." I boiled over and made one of my normally abnormal statements. Said I: "For heaven's sake, don't ever brag on that again. Before I would let that bunch beat me that bad I would spill enough

— *insides* around that gridiron to make it look as if a freight train had hit a truck filled with boiled macaroni."

I still agree with my extravagant statement. Winning is not absolutely essential, but hard playing and alertness are absolutely necessary and should be expected of every contestant.

Duke has made bids for greatness in other sports also, but I have written too long on this one subject and will have to "sign off" and allow my readers to fill in the spaces which I have left empty.

One final story must be told because it illustrates good sportsmanship better than any incident I have ever observed. As will be remembered, Duke participated in intercollegiate boxing for many years and developed some wonderful men in that particular sport. Among these boxers was Al Mann. Throughout the years he was more than ordinarily successful in winning bouts. He came to the climax of his career with a match with one of the outstanding boxers in college circles. Al brought his mother to see this climactic bout of his career. As I recall it, she had never seen him box and, of course, he wanted to win for her sake as well as for the sake of his Alma Mater. The match was furious. For two rounds Al made his famous opponent look like a rank novice. As the ring expression goes, "he hit him with everything except the water bucket." The boxer rallied and was on a par with Mann for the final round. The students went wild. It must have been apparent to everyone that Al had completely outclassed his opponent. Wild joy changed to unbounded rage when the referee went over to Al's opponent and lifted his hand as a signal of victory. I doubt if either the boxer, himself, or his coach expected that decision. The referee explained his decision on the ground that the other fellow had a better ring generalship. The final score rated by the official was 38-37 in favor of the winner.

The students were at first stunned. Then boos and expressions of rage and contempt filled the air. Such a manifestly unfair decision has never been seen in this section before or since. I would not have been surprised if the boys had taken the referee out and tarred and feathered him. Few would have protested against such a procedure. The rage grew and made itself even more violently manifest. Then occurred the most magnificent gesture I have ever witnessed. In spite of his disappointment, the heroic Al Mann went over to the crestfallen and frightened referee, put his arm about him and gave him safe conduct through the enraged mob of students. Students are good sports after all. They gave Mann a cheer of approval for his good sportsmanship. The referee would have been safe in a dark alley after Al's splendid act.

Each year the Al Mann Trophy for good sportsmanship is given in Durham by admiring friends who will never forget the finest act of sportsmanship ever witnessed by a Durham group.

## CHAPTER XI

### *Class Rooms and Students*

“Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot.”

This couplet from the poet Thompson has intrigued me since I first read it as a boy. There is something fascinating about the teaching vocation. You will note that I called it a vocation and not a profession. It may be that, also, but unless it is a vocation I doubt its effectiveness. A profession smacks of careful preparation that one may make a living, forward his own personal promotion, or possibly win a reputation for himself. A vocation suggests that one feels a divine call to his work, an urge which drives him gladly to put all that he has in that task. I feel almost the same way about the teaching vocation as I do about the call to the ministry. Anything short of feeling a divine compulsion furnishes too little motivation for such sublime tasks. I fear that one of the reasons teachers are becoming more and more scarce is the fact that professionalism has entered their ranks to the extent that the verve, fervor, and divine afflatus have disappeared.

To me the ministry and the teaching profession are both sacred callings. “Thus saith the Lord” was the assurance that the ancient prophet had when he went forth to proclaim Jehovah’s message. The Christian ministry has had that same divine urgency among the truly called ministers. With Paul they say: “Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel.” I was brought up in a strictly puritanical home in which the Word of God was the dominating influence. When I decided that I must preach, I committed myself unreservedly to the ministry. Both vocations have practically the same motivation back of them: a deep sense of the needs of the world and an overwhelming desire to satisfy those needs.

Both vocations have something of the same gratification arising when there is a sense of work well done. I do not think there is anything which surpasses the realization that one has preached a sermon which has affected life, caused joy, brought about reformation, and satisfied human longings for righteousness. But very close to that is

the realization that one has implanted a hope, an understanding, an ideal, a burning ambition in the life of a student.

Someone might wonder why I preferred to spend my life in the classroom instead of in the pulpit. I have not deserted the pulpit. I preached my first sermon the third Sunday in July, 1902. For these more than fifty years I have kept in touch with the people through the pulpit, or the large Bible class rostrum. I have averaged a sermon or lecture each Sunday for more than fifty years. All this in addition to my more than forty years in the classroom, averaging twelve hours a week for the forty years.

Aside from the feeling of futility at being caught in the demands of the people for perfunctory service, such as pastoral calling and similar rather trying phases of the ministry, I had a desire for the school-room, because I felt that there I could multiply my influence in a far more satisfactory fashion than in the pulpit. I have earlier suggested the difficulty I had in thinking through some of the perplexing problems of the religious world. After a fashion, I worked my way through to a satisfying conclusion. I felt that if I could help young ministers and future lay leaders come to a strong faith, I would be of far more service than in merely preaching from the pulpit.

I have always thought of teaching as having the same sanction as preaching in the New Testament. It is related of Christ that he was a teacher. In fact, there is no evidence that he ever preached a formal sermon. The so-called Sermon on the Mount is a series of wise observations, thoughtful exhortations, and wholesome advice. There certainly was no text and no sermon outline. His sermon in Nazareth was hardly more than a brief exposition of a passage of scripture. Paul taught probably more than he preached. Teaching was listed among the important callings of the early Christian church.

I have not worried so much about the courses which I gave as to whether the subject matter was strictly religious or not. In fact, I think my teaching of English literature was more effective, from even a moral standpoint, than some of the religious courses which I have offered. Materials of teaching are essential, but the teacher and the student are of more importance than the materials. It was once said that a university was Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other. Certainly Mark Hopkins is a prime factor in any sort of satisfactory teaching. I do not mean to suggest that the content of the studies is not important. But I am convinced that this content of itself is not any necessary guarantee of the validity of the teaching. I can easily visualize situations in which the teaching of the Bible itself might be detrimental to the student. If the stress is upon the mechanics of the book, critical examinations of authorship, dates, etc., without positive direction in the understanding of the main messages, such a study can be worse than no study of the Bible at all. In the hands of

an immature, smart-alecky instructor who is anxious to show his superior scholarship and who is the eternal conjugation of the verb, "don't know," even Bible could do more harm than good.

In fact, any study can be detrimental and dangerous unless the right sort of instructor is in charge of the course. Study *should* be dangerous to the extent that it liberates the mind of youth, makes him challenge conventionalities, causes him to do independent thinking, and encourages him to inquire as to the pragmatic value of the ideas presented. But youth is immature and should be guided by those who have faced life's problems, found a somewhat satisfactory solution to them, and with faith and confidence can give assurance, guidance and encouragement to those who are faltering, but striving valiantly to find a solution for themselves.

Religion presents the peculiar difficulty that it is a subject which almost everyone feels privileged to discuss, pass sentence upon, and dismiss with a shrug, if he so desires. The greatest difficulty in the field comes from the teacher whose religious knowledge is limited to what he learned when he was a boy at Podunk, who has been buried in study and research since he was in high school, and who doesn't know that religion has changed its forms and phases more than almost any other branch of learning. Still he presumes to sit in judgment on a subject of which he most likely knows little if anything.

Throughout these forty years of my classroom work, I have made it a policy not to tell my students what I thought, or what they should think. Of course, I gave them facts wherever they were needed and helped them see alternatives. But I do not think that a teacher is being helpful to a student by doing his thinking for him. A boy said to me once: "I have been in your class six weeks and I don't know yet what you think." I replied: "When you find out what I think, let me know and I will change my tactics in teaching." I have frequently torn down flimsy and untenable ideas of students, based upon false foundations, so that they might substitute unshakeable ideas in their place. But I have been chiefly concerned not with *what* my pupils thought but *that* they thought. For each person must ultimately work out his creed for himself, in order that it may be a wholesome and helpful creed. To accept another's ideas as one's own is like walking with another person under his umbrella: when the parting of the way comes, only one can keep the umbrella, and someone is likely to get wet.

There is always a risk to be run in allowing a student to work out his own creed. He may become discouraged or indifferent and reach no conclusion whatever. If, however, he can be encouraged to work through to a conclusion, he will have achieved something which is priceless. I think the essential thing is that the teacher himself shall have worked out a philosophy of life which is wholesome and stable.

Only a teacher who has done this can properly assist the student to find his own grounds for wholesome living and thinking.

Many have been my experiences in dealing with this difficult phase of teaching. I recall one bright young fellow who came to me with hopelessness in his voice and manner. Said he: "I am sorry but I must give up my religious career. I have lost my faith since coming to this place." I said to him: "Don, will you do me a favor?" "Certainly," he replied, "I would do anything you asked me to do." "Then, do this," I said, "write me a statement of what you have had to give up in the way of faith since coming here. Also write me the things which you feel that you actually can hold on to in your faith." He agreed to do this and went about his task. The next day he brought me as fine a statement of a wholesome creed as I have ever read. I asked him where the statement of his lost faith was. He smiled and replied: "When I began to put in black and white the things I had actually been compelled to give up, they seemed so trivial by the side of things I could believe that I was ashamed to turn them in."

On another occasion I came up behind a group of students on the stairway. They were talking to a great, strong fellow of about thirty years of age. He was a married man with a family and rather mature in his thinking. He was actually weeping. I overheard him say: "He is ruining all my thinking. Just as I get one belief nailed down, he comes along and tears up another, until I just don't know what to believe." I said: "I am sorry, but I will have to keep on tearing them up until you learn to nail them to something which cannot be torn up. I want you to have a faith which cannot be destroyed and the only way to do this is to base it upon things which cannot be shaken." I was afraid that I had lost him. A few weeks later my phone rang and when I answered it, this same man said: "Professor, this is ———. My little baby died this morning. I wonder if you would be kind enough to bury it." Nothing ever touched me more deeply than to have him want me to bury his dead baby. It assured me that he had faith in me and my faith.

The experience of having one's faith shaken is a dreadful experience. Sometimes a student has to be shocked out of it. Once when I was at the University of Chicago, a young man simply bored everyone to tears with an account of his doubts and fears. Every time a group got together this fellow would come along and recite his woes. One day I decided to try a little drastic medicine on him. After he got through his usual recital of his woes, I said: "Son, all that's wrong with you is that your head is swimming and you think the world is going around." This appealed to his sense of humor and cured him of his complaints. At least, it helped his neighbors.

Ordinarily, however, the crucial period should be dealt with very carefully and tenderly. Sympathy, patience, insight, are all needed.

Above all, there must be the belief on the part of the student that the teacher himself really believes something and is willing to stake his own fate on the outcome of that belief.

Students are perplexing problems in many ways. They come from different backgrounds, with different abilities, dispositions, energies, willingness to work, and what have you. Wise is that teacher who is able to understand his students and deal with them in a way which all of these varying factors demand. Thorndike discovered that in a wide spread of high school students the brightest students could do six times as much work as the poorest and with one-sixth the effort. The difference will not be so great in college, but there still is a wide range of capacities, interests, and abilities. Just how much consideration should be given the weak student? How much credit should be given for effort? Should grades be based largely upon results of examinations? What instructor has not been faced with the situation where he has to give a good grade to a student who has done less than one-fourth as much work as another who will receive a poorer grade? Frequently a student will coach other students only to have the others make a very much higher grade on the course than he himself receives.

One student came to me in tears and said that I wasn't fair. I gave him only seventy-four on the examination while I gave John P—— (now a distinguished attorney) ninety-eight, and to his positive knowledge John stayed up the night before exams and played poker all night. I advised him to get John to teach him how to play poker.

A perennial and perpetual pest is the student who demands that the instructor go through the examination paper with him and show him just where he failed. This may seem fair enough, but it becomes very burdensome if any great number of students make the demand. I always gave my students the benefit of the doubt and was reasonably sure that I had given them all that they deserved. When a student demanded a "recount" I cheerfully consented with this warning: "I have given you all that I think your work will stand. I am willing to go through this paper with you and will gladly raise your grade if I discover that you deserve it. But if your paper is not as good as the grade suggests, I will grade you down instead of up." Few pupils are anxious for re-grading on those grounds.

Another, even more vexing, type of pest is the student who discovers that a friend, or fellow student, has received a higher grade than he, with apparently no better claim for the grade than he himself had. Gossip grows to the effect that the teacher is unfair, discriminates, shows favoritism, and has it in for the student with the lower grade. This unfortunate situation sometimes arises in a perfectly understandable way. An instructor may read one paper very carefully and give the student as much as he deserves or even more. Then with tired eyes and weary brain he may work a little less carefully on some other

paper and give the student more than he deserves merely because he did not read the paper too carefully. The sure cure for breaking up this type of dissatisfaction and gossip is to tell the students that each one has been given all his work would stand. Insist that there was no desire to discriminate, and assure them that if someone else has received a higher grade on apparently the same type of work to tell him to bring his paper back and the grade will be lowered to where it belongs. Quiet will reign supreme.

Another thing some students can't understand is why a paper on which a fraternity or sorority mate received a high grade a few years earlier should receive a lower grade when they turn it in. It seems to them that this work ought to be worth as much one year as another. This may sound like a joke, but unfortunately it has its elements of truth. For, as everyone knows, papers do have a way of getting back in circulation ever so often. I suppose there is hardly a college or university in the land where the fraternity and sorority barrel of term papers is not handed down from one generation to another. What's to be done about it? I frankly do not know. One of our professors is reported to have given a student a grade of A on a paper with this comment: "This paper was worth an A when I wrote it several years ago. It ought to be worth as much now." Question: "How did the student get possession of the paper? Was it willed to the fraternity barrel?" The matter of originality in term papers is one of the most perplexing problems which teachers face. Frequently a paper will be turned in with books listed in the bibliography which are not even in the library. It develops that the student read the book at another institution before coming to Duke. This is quite understandable in the case of students who enroll for advanced work, after having studied at some other school. Should a student be penalized for turning in work which he has partially done before coming to Duke?

I have had some comical, and some perplexing and vexing, experiences in this particular phase of work. A few years ago there was a paperwriting syndicate operating on the bootlegging level. There was no way to catch the culprits, but the report was abroad to the effect that any type of paper could be bought from this syndicate. Grade A papers cost five dollars; B, four; C, three. No charges were made if a paper did not receive at least a passing grade. At that time I had very large advanced classes, with papers as a part of the regular requirement. I thought one way of limiting this type of dishonesty would be to require the original paper to be turned in with the typewritten copy, in case the paper was typed by another than the person submitting it. To my utter astonishment, one day a student turned in a splendid paper, typed in excellent form, and with it a paper presented by a pupil the year before. The paper had the original writer's name on it and the grade of A which I gave the pupil. I called the offender

to the desk and asked for an explanation. He answered: "I don't see that I have done anything wrong. You told us to bring the original paper with our copy. You didn't say we would have to write the original paper." Of course I did not allow credit on the paper. Someone asked me if I turned the man over to the Dean's office. I told him that I did not. I didn't think that morality could be imputed to that type of mentality.

On another occasion, I told my classes that there was evidence that some of the papers turned in were not altogether original. I stressed the fact that each student was on his honor and I expected each one to play fair with regard to all his work. One day after class, a fine looking young man came to the desk and asked for a private conference. He had turned in several term papers of excellent quality. The papers had been returned with high grades. In complete dejection he said: "I cannot accept those grades on my papers. They were not mine. I never saw them before I got ready to turn them in. I simply ordered them and paid for them. I cannot go through with it." I replied: "I suspected the papers were not yours, but I could only grade them according to their face value. I have been expecting you to come and tell me about them." He said: "What can I do?" I told him he would have to write me another set of papers. He asked in astonishment: "You mean you are not going to turn me in to the office?" I said: "No. You have been punished enough. The almost certain knowledge that you would be kicked out of school in the spring of your senior year must have been a nightmare to you. And yet you were man enough to tell me the truth about your unethical conduct. I don't think you will ever do wrong in this way again." I doubt if he ever acts dishonestly again.

Perhaps I may be criticized, even now, for having taken the matter of discipline into my own hands instead of turning the culprits over to the proper deans. Perhaps I may deserve it, but I think there are some instances in which an instructor is in better position to deal with offending students than is an administrative office. I may be wrong when I assume that the average student is rather dependable, if one depends upon him to be upright and honest. I know this trust can be violated and I suspect that I would be greatly disillusioned if I knew the truth about some of my former students. One was reportedly overheard to say when he came off an examination: "God, I hated to cheat on his examination after he has been so good to us." Well, at least he *hated* it.

I recall one especially vexing situation which came about at the mid-term examinations in the fall. In those days an instructor was allowed to use his own discretion as to whether he left the room unproctored. I was compelled to be away for a while and simply said to the students that I would expect them to deport themselves in a proper

manner. To my chagrin, it was reported to me that five of my students had been seen either giving or receiving aid. Two or three students who were in semi-official positions on the campus demanded that these offenders be turned over to the dean at once. I told them that I preferred to handle the matter in a slightly different way. I spoke to the class about the matter, told them of my regret and disappointment, and made the proposition to the offenders that if they would confess to the wrong doing I would mitigate their punishment to the point where they would lose half the grades which they made on examination. I gave them a time limit to make their confession. Five were reported as having done wrong. Seven confessed. Some of the students went over my head to the proper dean, but he told them that he thought I was handling the matter satisfactorily. Again, I think those students learned a lesson they will never forget. I suppose it is the preacher in me, but I remember that for a very much worse offense than this, the Master-Teacher said to the offender: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more."

A minor pest is the student who insists upon asking questions. Of course, this depends upon the nature of the question. A certain type of questioning on the part of the students is desirable. If they ask for legitimate information, or if they wish to come to a clearer understanding of a problem, they should be encouraged to ask. But the inattentive student who asks that information be repeated for his benefit, or the student who asks questions in order to gain information which he should have learned for himself, is a detriment to good teaching. Two types of questioners are especially reprehensible. The first is the student who asks questions just to kill time so as to keep the instructor from covering as much ground as he should and thus limit the materials for which the students are responsible on examination. Or sometimes he asks questions on a previous lesson simply to delay the instructor from getting around to the lesson for the day and thus prevent him from discovering that the class is unprepared. I recall an amusing incident which happened in Dr. Holland Holton's class. Dr. Holton had an important meeting down town and needed to leave his class as soon as possible. He explained to the class that he would be glad to let them go just as soon as possible, but that he was willing to answer any question, which they might want to ask, before leaving. One verbose student was late. He entered the room just in time to hear Dr. Holton ask: "Are there any questions?" "Yes, Professor," he replied, "I have several." He then proceeded to keep Dr. Holton answering questions for more than half an hour while the class squirmed, frowned, shuffled their feet, and vainly tried to stop Mr. Verbosity from talking. Finally the student ran out of questions, sank back contentedly, winked at the class as much as to say: "Didn't I hold him for awhile?" He was chagrined when Dr. Holton said quietly:

"As I stated just before Mr. —— entered the room, I am already late at an important meeting down town and I would like to get away as soon as the questioning is over."

A type which hinders good class procedure is the student who wants to ask questions just to get to show off. Frequently he wishes to discuss a matter which is of interest only to himself. A sure cure for such a bore is to suggest that the matter is hardly of sufficient interest to the whole group to take up the time of the entire class with the discussion. However, the student may come by the desk or to the office for a full discussion. Once he is deprived of his audience, the desire for discussion dies away.

In spite of the fact that questioners may become a nuisance, I have always encouraged students to ask the right sort of questions. If I did not know the answer, I frankly admitted my ignorance. I think an instructor is silly to be sensitive about failing to know everything. If a student asked a question just to be smart or show off, I usually answered him in such a way as to discourage further procedure along that line. One incident of this sort has been told until I suppose I had as well repeat it here. Once I was teaching a group of freshmen in a course on the English Bible. One quite difficult student was in that class. He was apparently resented by his classmates. On that particular morning we were discussing the Book of Proverbs. I was commenting on the fact that many of these wise sayings grew up among the Hebrew people just as proverbs or old sayings have sprung up among us in the modern world. In order to make the lesson more realistic, I requested the students to give examples of modern proverbs. There followed several familiar ones such as, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," "A setting hen gathers no feathers," "A fool and his money are soon parted," and others. The freshman held up his hand for attention. I answered, "Yes, what it is?" He sarcastically asked, "If the man was a fool how did it happen that he had money?" I replied "His father sent it to him when he was a freshman at college." I think we all thought that he deserved that type of answer. However, the teacher must be careful not to use his position as a means of belittling his students. He should always laugh *with* his students, and not *at* them. And if a student gets the better in the repartee, the instructor must be good enough sport not to resent his defeat. I have never gloated over the fact that I got the better of a student in a battle of wits, but a few of these occasions stand out in my memory. I was trying to illustrate to my class the fact that when they became teachers they must not go too fast for their students, especially in religious matters. I quoted an old writer who used to tell his readers: "Don't go too fast, you'll leave your hogs in the woods." This homely reference is to the old days when hogs would stray off in the woods and would have to be tolled out by calling them and strewing corn along to entice

them to come back home. One persistent girl insisted that I give them an example of hog-calling. I naturally declined but she insisted. She asked, "Why not, Professor?" I replied, "It's not necessary. I have already checked the roll and you are all here."

I think the most satisfactory answer I ever gave to a student who was nagging at me had to do with a brilliant rather mature student who later took his doctor's degree at Duke. He was brilliant, and almost brutal in his attitude toward his instructors. Of course he stayed within the law and did not subject himself to discipline. But he made smart remarks and offered wisecracks which made him very unpopular with those instructors who detest familiarity or smartness on the part of the student. He was what might be called a "teacher-baiter." One day I was explaining what I considered the proper position on a religious problem when he remarked sarcastically and rather loudly, "The adult point of view." I gave no sign of having heard him and continued with my explanation. When I had finished I turned to him, bowed politely and said: "Now, Mr. C—— may we have the adolescent point of view?" He looked astonished, gasped, and then grinned. Said he, "You win, I'll not trouble you again." We were good friends thereafter.

The proper relationship of a teacher to his students is difficult to determine. Familiarity is fatal, friendliness is greatly to be desired. There must always be understood the fact that the teacher is in authority and should demand respect. If he deserves it, he will have little need to demand it. He will command it. I do not recall ever being trouble with the conduct of my students. After World War II, a large number of G. I.'s enrolled in the University. I was told that they were no longer ordinary students and might be hard to control. I was asked if I wanted any help in keeping discipline. I replied, "No, when I get to the place where I cannot control my classroom, I will turn in my suit." I found just the opposite true with regard to those boys. They had been taught manners in the service and were more polite and respectful than the average student.

In fact, I think that no teacher ever lost control of his class until he first lost control of himself. In all my years of teaching I recall losing control of myself one time. I entered a classroom at the second period one morning and sat down to call the roll. I felt just a faint graze of something scraping past me as I sat down. I arose and looked down in the chair to discover that someone had driven a long wire nail, sharpened to a point through the bottom of the chair, point upward. It projected about three inches upward. It was by only the sheerest good fortune that I escaped perhaps a fatal accident. The realization of my narrow escape scared and infuriated me. I simply boiled over. I challenged the man who had done this horrible thing to admit his guilt and promised that I would throw him out of the

second story window if he would admit it. No one responded to my suggestion. After the class, one student came up and said: "Sir, I came in immediately after the last class was dismissed and have been in the room ever since. That nail was not intended for you. It hasn't been driven in the chair since the last class." He then told me that the preceding class, in another subject, was taught by a professor who frequently cut classes and went off about his own interests leaving a young assistant to call the roll and perhaps make assignments. The students had to come to class unnecessarily just to save the professor's face and they resented it. Someone decided he would break the assistant from coming to meet the group. Fortunately for the man, he stood during the few minutes he held the class that particular morning. I think that perhaps this experience was enough to make a man lose his temper.

I pretended to lose my temper on another occasion, but for a purpose. Those who teach religion are frequently faced with students who not only resent religion but want to show their superiority to it. One of my colleagues told me that one of his students asked permission to present to the class his proof that there was no God. He was refused the permission. My colleague asked me if I would have allowed the student to make such a presentation to one of my classes. I assured him that I would be glad to listen to the only man in human history who was that smart. Students think to shock their elders by such super-smart attitudes. Once I stopped to pick up a student between the campuses. He knew who I was although he had never been on my classes. He greeted me with, "Professor, I am a free-thinker." I replied, "Good, I am glad to hear it." He said, "I didn't think you would approve of free-thinking." I answered, "I have been one myself for many years. Welcome to our fraternity. But I want to be sure that the man who claims to be a free-thinker has two qualifications. I want him to be *free* and I want him to be a *thinker*. Please let's not have canned stuff from Mencken or the New Republic and call it thinking. And let's think for ourselves and not be simply a microphone for someone else." I don't think he believed that he qualified.

But to return to the incident of the apparently lost temper. One of my students was stubbornly resistant to all religious ideas. One day he came boldly out with the statement that it was perfectly foolish to talk of morals, ethics, and any other phase of oughtness. He declared that there was no standard of right and wrong and no such thing as right and wrong. I got up from my chair and said to him: "That's enough from you. You can just get out of the classroom and not come back. And I am going to flunk you on this course." He gasped in astonishment. He protested vehemently: "But you haven't got any right to do such a thing. You are unfair. That's wrong." I said: "That's what? Right? Wrong? Whatever gave you the idea that there are any standards compelling me to give any consideration

to you? There is no such thing as right and wrong. You said so, yourself." He said: "I'm sorry, sir. You are right, there must be standards of right and wrong or we would all be in a terrible fix." Of course, I did not send him from the room. My faking anger and assuming such an unreasonable attitude was to convince him of his untenable position.

If I have been successful as a teacher, my success has been due to two main factors: first, I have loved my work. Second, I have loved my students. In my forty years of teaching, I do not recall ever going to class unwillingly or with a feeling of regret that I must go. On a few occasions I had a feeling of regret after I got there and discovered that I had brought the wrong lecture notes and had to bluff through the hour with a constant dread of being discovered to be unprepared. Teaching has really been a "delightful task." Interest in one's work is contagious. Not always can an instructor create an interest on the part of the students, but it is certain that unless he is interested he can have no hope of interesting them.

I have also had the happy faculty of becoming interested in all my students, especially those who needed help most. Were it not for the fear of embarrassing those concerned I would like to tell of my experiences with some of the most hopeless specimens of humanity at all and how through patient interest they were developed into strong and influential personalities. One boy especially comes to mind. He had a poor background and was sensitive and rather crude. He believed himself to be unpopular and had a hard time overcoming the feeling that people had it in for him. I patiently worked with him in spite of warnings that there was nothing in him. He took every course I offered, about eight semesters in all. He then left the institution and pursued his education at several other institutions. After earning four advanced degrees, he returned to Duke for a summer session as a sort of refresher course. And to my embarrassment he signed up for two courses with me. He became prominent both as a minister and educator.

Many others seemed to gain inspiration through my teaching and improved to an unbelievable extent. I usually allowed a student who wanted to talk to have his say rather than shut him off. One young Baptist minister was not content with listening to the lectures or entering mildly into the class discussions; he wanted to dominate them. The other students showed great impatience. I asked them to be patient and let him have his way. He said: "I know you're tired of hearing me talk. But I'll make a bargain with you. If you can show me any place in the Bible where the term "church" is used to refer to anything except a group of baptized believers, I will shut up and not disturb the class again." I said, "All right, Mr. R——, will you read Acts 7:38?" He read, "This is he that was with the church in the

wilderness." Not wishing to admit that the members of the church in the wilderness were baptized believers, he gave up the argument and was quite well-behaved the rest of the term. In fact, he became one of my most liberal students before he graduated.

One Divinity School student was also of the talkative and slightly troublesome type. He was from Missouri and wanted to show rather than be shown. My first clash with him was of a humorous sort. I was commenting on something as being the most stubborn thing in my acquaintance. He blurted out: "Professor, did you ever see a Missouri mule?" "Oh, yes," I replied, "we register two or three almost every year." He once told me that he enjoyed my course more than any other he had ever taken. Just as I was about to become flattered at the supposed compliment he explained that this was because I let him talk all he wanted to and none of the other professors would.

This particular boy was one of the worst practical jokers I have ever known. He was constantly playing pranks on others and causing them inconvenience. Frequently he would tell some first year Divinity student that Dean Garber wanted to see him at once. The poor fellow would rush excitedly to the Dean's home only to learn that the older man was "pulling his leg." He really became a nuisance and the students resented his conduct. However, he got along all right until the day he was to be married. Just before the time for the wedding a group of boys kidnapped him and took him to the country. He was kept there for a long time. His watch was secretly moved up so as to leave the impression that the hour was really later than it was. He begged for mercy. He vowed he would be good the rest of his days. The boys were adamant. They told him that he had plagued the student body for years and now they were going to get it back on him. They finally brought him to the edge of town, stripped him down to his B. V. D.'s and turned him loose. He ran across the campus to his room hastily slipped into some clothes and showed up at his wedding a half hour late.

I find it difficult to close this chapter. There are so many students who come to mind bringing memories which I would not for anything forget. I have just looked through my old roll books and feel as if I have walked with ghosts,—lovely, beautiful ghosts. Hundreds of these boys and girls I recall as clearly as if I had just seen them. Many of them have grown old. Many have "passed to where beyond these voices there is peace." Many have achieved wealth and fame. There are very few for whom one needs to apologize. One roll shows four boys who sat in the same row, all their names beginning with the letter C. All four of them were A grade students and all turned out to be effective religious and civic workers. Only one student, of all those I have taught, seemed to be hopelessly incorrigible. One morning a student asked me how a person could keep his faith in a world like

this. Among the answers which I gave, I stated that in all my experience with human beings I have never seen a person whom I thought to have more bad than good in him. Frank L—— spoke up and said: "Did you ever know Ike E——? Well Ike was the one student on whom I utterly failed. I would not be surprised to hear yet that he had reformed and become a useful citizen.

On several occasions I taught twins. When there were two on the same class, no special difficulty was presented. But when only one was enrolled, there was always the problem as to whether or not the right one was present. I never could tell whether Ed Fike was on class or whether he cut class and sent his brother. However, I did not worry about it a great deal. I thought that if a man were willing to take his brother's place on class without getting any reward for it, he ought to be allowed to get by with the deception.

In the early days of my teaching religion, controversies frequently arose on moot questions. This was especially true after the visit of a certain high-pressure, seemingly unscrupulous evangelistic team, which played on the prejudices of the public for the sake of popularity. Colleges were the target of much of their preaching. The students became agitated over some of the controversies. One boy asked me: "If you were in the pastorate would you allow a man to work with you who did not believe in the Virgin Birth?" I countered with another question: "When Jesus was on earth did he require men to express that belief before He would allow them to follow Him?" The boy said: "Of course not." I replied: "I don't see why I should be any more particular than he was." A nervous young girl went to her pastor and reported that I had denied the divinity of Christ. The pastor went all around town denouncing me and stating that I ought to be run out of Trinity College. He declared that I had no business teaching at all, especially should I be forbidden to teach religion. A few years later that young girl returned to commencement. When she saw me she said: "I want to apologize for the trouble I caused you by talking too much and spreading a report which wasn't true." I assured her that there were no hard feelings on my part and that so far as I knew I got a good bit of advertising out of the episode. Years passed and I saw her again in a distant state. She came to me beaming and said: "You may be interested to learn that I have changed from the Baptist Church to the Presbyterian and don't believe a d—— thing."

With the coming of Duke University, a definite change took place in my relationship to the institution. This change will be indicated in a later chapter. The year 1924 was our last year as Trinity. My last representation of the great old college was to register, as a member of its faculty, at the World's Tenth Sunday School Convention at

Glasgow, Scotland. I represented both the College and the Sunday School Board of the North Carolina Methodist Conference, but without any financial assistance from either. Mrs. Spence and I went on a three months' tour of several European countries and had a most wonderful experience. I had been to Europe as a single man in 1912. I learned the meaning of the old couplet:

"He travels the fastest who travels alone,  
But what is it worth when the journey is done?"

I retraced many of my steps of my former trip, but there was a new meaning to this with my wife accompanying me. I don't mean that I had to watch my step, or that I was likely to run across old acquaintances. I merely mean that it was great fun to be able to act as interpreter, guide, and tour manager for her. For once, she was more or less under my control, or at my mercy. She specialized in Greek and Latin in her college days and knew practically no modern languages. Of course, we found the ancient languages interesting in rummaging around museums and art galleries but of little practical use. Only once did a knowledge of Latin stand us in good stead. We were strolling through the Boboli Gardens in Rome when we met two young priests. Both we and they needed some information. But how to get it, that was the problem. I began with my usual question: "Can you speak English?" "Non." "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" Again a negative. "Parlez vous Francais?" No. A smile crossed his face and he asked: "Loqueris ne Latine?" I responded: "Procede." It must have been the worst whipping that ancient tongue ever received, but we got the information we wanted. I hope they did. I discovered on that trip that a very limited vocabulary would suffice for all practical purposes. I asked my wife, "With so few words needed in order to get along in the world, what is all this talking about anyway?" She responded: "I'll have to get you to answer that question. You talk more than anyone I know."

My experience in speaking Latin reminds me of one other experience connected with Duke University which I must tell somewhere, and this seems as good a place as any to get it out of my system. While I was studying in the University of Chicago years ago, I had the good fortune to do advanced work in Church History under that distinguished scholar, John T. McNeill. I was a full professor at Duke University at that time, on leave of absence, and felt that I couldn't afford to appear too ignorant. As a part of that course, we studied Dante's *De Monarchia*. There were two other students in that class. One of these was taking her M.A. degree in Mediaeval Church History. The other received his Ph.D. degree that year in the same field. Dr. McNeill came into the classroom one morning and announced that we were rather limited in the study of this particular book because

there were only three copies in the library. Only one of these was in English, the other two in Latin. He said that the two majors in that field did not feel that they could handle Latin well enough to use the original text and asked if I would be willing to use one of the Latin copies. Well, I was like a freshman during my first year in Trinity. There was a smallpox scare in town and the students were required to be vaccinated. When this boy came to be vaccinated he had his right sleeve rolled up. A sophomore sneered: "Look at that fool freshman. He hasn't got enough sense to know his right hand from his left." The freshman shot back: "I don't guess you know, smarty, that I am left-handed." He really wasn't but went on through with the vaccination in his right arm rather than admit his mistake. I was like that. I just couldn't let a Chicago professor think that a Duke professor didn't know enough Latin to read a several hundred page text in that language. I never worked so hard in my life but I got along all right. Years later, Dr. McNeill said that he was amazed that I accepted that challenge. He knew of very few men who would have undertaken it. This was a lovely compliment but "what price glory?"

Some years later I walked into the Divinity School office at Duke and was accosted by the Dean. Said he: "Professor Spence, I want you to meet our new Professor of Mediaeval Church History, Dr. Ray Petry." I wanted to choke the newcomer. He was the student who disclaimed knowledge of Latin sufficient to read *De Monarchia* and made me use the Latin text. He is perhaps as well-versed in that language and that subject as any historian in America. He was smart to dodge that burden at that. I should have known better than to undertake it.

The entire tour through Europe was a beautiful experience. We were too limited in finances to go with a regular party, or to stop at the better hotels. Much of our stay was in pensions, cheap but good private rooming houses. Here we learned the actual living conditions of the people as one can never learn them through the regular travel routes. I had one advantage of my wife. I could say what I pleased and she didn't know what I was talking about. She simply would not try to speak or understand the languages. On one trip to Dresden, I found a place for her in a compartment, with only one vacant seat, and went on to another section to find a place for myself. I returned a short time later to find her in lively conversation with a young lawyer from Prague. He told me that shortly after she was seated he asked her if she were going to Dresden. She said to him: "I speak only English." He answered "Well, I asked you in perfectly good English if you were going to Dresden." She was so accustomed to hearing only foreign languages that she did not recognize her own language.

I learned that it is easy to speak a foreign language to a person who knows no more about it than you do. You will both hunt for easy words and speak slowly. My German was excellent in Italy. The stupid Berliners could hardly understand me. When we sailed down the Rhine and passed the Lorelei Rock, as is customary, the entire group of passengers assembled on deck to sing that famous song:

"Ich weiss nicht wass sol es bedeutend,  
Dass Ich so traurig bin."

I lustily joined in with the group. My efforts must have been ludicrous for they stopped singing and laughed at me.

I did run across one set of old acquaintances with interesting association. When I was in Carlyle in 1912, I had a delightful and rather innocent flirtation with the lovely daughter of the landlord of the hotel in which I stayed. We corresponded occasionally for nearly a year after I returned to America. Perhaps I should explain that I was single at that time. I told my wife about meeting these good people and she suggested that I try to locate them. I learned that the mother was dead but that the girl was married and living at a certain address. I went around to her apartment after dark and rang the doorbell. She came to the door and asked who I was. I told her to let me in and see if she recognized me. She answered: "I don't need to see you in order to recognize you. I'd know that voice anywhere. You are Mr. H. E. Spence of Durham, North Carolina, the United States of America." What a voice! And my poor students have had to listen to it all these years!

Those months were among the most fascinating of our lives but Duke students and alumni would hardly be interested in an account of a European tour. Going to Europe has become so commonplace and the youth of our land are so travel-minded that a recountal of our experiences would seem tame. Sufficient to say that our studies in history and literature were made vivid and real as we went through art galleries, visited battlefields, stood in the Colosseum, and Westminster Abbey, and visited Abbotsford, Oxford, Stratford, and other places of literary and historic renown. One of my most distinct experiences was attending grand opera fourteen times within a few weeks. We also enjoyed many outstanding dramas in the great theatres of London.

Some observations of American students abroad may be of interest. Those were banner years for the tourists. The great liners had been taken over for American student travel and the erstwhile steerage had been arranged for college people. The rates were low and the speed was fast. The latter was one of the main attractions. The American student had to go Jules Verne one better and see all Europe in less than eighty days. An American student asked me in Rome how he

could see that city to the greatest advantage with a minimum of time. I told him if he had a week he might go on foot from place to place, but if he had only a couple of days he had better use a taxi. "A few days!" he ejaculated. "We haven't that much time to spare. We got here at four o'clock this afternoon and must leave at ten in the morning." The Eternal City in eighteen hours! In Florence a taxicab drove up to the building with the bronze doors and the guide started the spiel: "Now, these are the famous bronze doors which Michelangelo said were worthy to be placed as the gates to the New Jerusalem." "Drive on," ordered young America. "We'll take the old top's word for it. We're hungry." The students crowded art galleries and trooped through them at a half-run, seeing little, hearing little, caring for little except the excitement of being with each other. The majority of them had just as well have been at Coney Island. At the close of each tour the guide always gave them a few minutes to buy post cards and other souvenirs. It was amusing to watch them try to decide whether they had seen the pictures or places represented by the cards. Finally they would decide that they would send them, the folks at home wouldn't know whether they had seen them or not.

We found two boys who evidently were traveling alone and in no hurry. They were in Venice and had spent the entire day riding around in a gondola. The gondolier evidently took them for suckers and charged them an exorbitant price for the use of his boat. The boys refused to pay it. He threatened them with jail. "O. K.," they said, "take us to jail. That's what we want." They were thrown in jail and at midnight pulled the Paul and Silas stunt. They began to sing. They didn't cause an earthquake but they did bring forth the jailer and the other prisoners. All of these demanded quiet, but the boys grew noisier. They demanded to see the American ambassador and vowed they'd make an international issue of the episode. Finally, they compromised by agreeing to quit singing and leave the jail if the gondolier would accept the fee which they thought reasonable. He was so glad to get rid of them that he was willing to let them skip the whole business of paying.

A Frenchman upon being asked what was the wildest thing in Paris replied: "An American tourist." He was partly right. But these college men and women had a good time. One night in a cabaret I saw some apparently older men and women who pretended to be alumni of Princeton. They were badly in their cups. With thick tongue one asked: "Do they still drink liquor at Princeton?" "Yes," answered the other. "Thas all right, then," said the first inebriate, apparently satisfied.

Occasionally I would see some nice looking fellow wearing what looked like a Phi Beta Kappa key. Following the custom of our members, I would approach him and start to introduce myself. He would

say: "Sorry, sir, I don't rate." A closer examination revealed the fact that his pin was one of the Kappa Beta Phi, or whatever that take-off on Phi Beta Kappa is called. This pin had a beer mug in the place of stars, and a hand pointing down. In order to qualify for membership a candidate had to flunk a number of courses and be either expelled or suspended for a term or more. I sometimes wonder if they didn't get more out of college than the more intellectual group.

But to return to Europe. I have just been reading my wife's diary and have been reminded of many wonderful scenes and experiences of that journey. But I suspect I had best write a few words about that Sunday School Convention and take ship home.

The Convention was composed of about six thousand delegates from all corners of the earth. Persons were there from every country, of every race and color. For about ten days we were thrilled by messages from internationally-known speakers. At the opening of the Convention a message was read by a representative of the Duke of York, later George VI. We were told that his highness could not be present but that a letter would be read, if we would stand while the reading was being done. I must confess to a resentment against standing for the message but didn't want to be thrown out on one ear, so I stood with the rest. The incident made a profound impression upon me. Afterward I thought it might be a good thing if a minister asked the people to stand when a message from the Bible was being read. The late Bishop E. D. Mouzon is the only man I have ever known who practiced this. It makes a profound impression upon the audience.

The week was one of thrill and delights. It came to a social climax when the delegates were entertained by a great feast at the palace of the Lord Mayor of Glasgow. I had never seen such food or style as I saw at that time. And these people had never seen so much water-drinking as these Americans indulged in. The Scotch use water only as chasers and small ones at that. The little glasses had to be refilled entirely too often to suit the waiters.

The religious climax came at the close of the Convention. Dr. F. B. Meyer made the closing address. He was one of the founders of this great world-wide meeting. Although old and apparently decrepit, he stood erect that night and, without the assistance of amplifier or any other help, he made himself heard throughout that vast auditorium. At the close of his thrilling address, he called the audience to silent prayer. But the silence was disturbed by the insuppressible sobs of hundreds of people. When the amen was spoken, the famous Glasgow Singers under the direction of the renowned choir master, Hugh Robertson, burst into the Hallelujah Chorus. There were five hundred of these trained singers, but they were soon joined by five thousand untrained voices all singing "King of Kings and Lord of Lords"

with all their might. I have heard this mighty chorus scores of times by nationally known choirs, including the rendition of "The Messiah" and the climax of the Christmas Pageant for twenty years at Duke by Mr. Barnes' wonderful choir. Never have I heard it sung as it was sung that night in Glasgow.

We came back by way of London and heard one of the most spirited debates ever held in the British Parliament. Stanley Baldwin was literally mopping the earth up with Ramsay McDonald, who was as helpless in the hands of the Conservative Party leader as a high school boy would be in debate with a United States Senator. One rather disgusting thing in connection with our visit was the discovery of a type of caste in Scotland that is as bad as our attitude toward colored people. Our hostess was not wealthy, but she was the daughter of a Justice of the Peace which is some considerable office in Scotland. She frankly admitted that she had no political influence, but that she had a good friend who was a power in politics and could get us passes to Parliament. The young man had made an immense amount of money in the lumber business and controlled a large part of the city's vote. He would get us a letter of introduction to their representative. The young man came in with this letter while Mrs. Spence and I were drinking a cup of tea after returning from the Convention. As a matter of course, we greeted him and asked him to sit down and join us in a cup of tea. We at once saw that we had committed a *faux pas*. He was embarrassed, but accepted the tea with the explanation that he was in a bit of a hurry and would not have time to sit down. After he was gone our hostess explained that it was unthinkable that a business man, however successful or powerful, should sit down and participate in any social function in the home of a daughter of a Justice of the Peace. And we are supposed to be the world's worst in our discrimination!

The letter was sufficiently influential to get us past all the waiting lines into Parliament. The gentleman to whom it was addressed came out and greeted us, talking affably for several minutes and addressing me as President Spence of Durham University.

College men will be interested in an account of the Wimbledon matches, where Helen Wills was at her best, and America swept the Davis Cup matches. Mrs. Spence's democracy came near to getting us in trouble at these games. Everybody began to rise and she wanted to know why. I informed her that the Queen of England had just come into the stands. She did not see why she should get up for that old lady but was persuaded that it might be politic to stand rather than be bounced out of the stands herself. She further showed her democracy at the Eton-Harrow cricket match. This is one of the great events of the British sporting year. The little boys are all dressed in top hats

and tails and their families all drive to the games in the family coaches with the family silver from which they serve tea at proper intervals. While I was watching the game, Mrs. Spence was visiting the carriages and talking to the servants and incidentally admiring the coats of arms and the family silver. She claimed to learn a great deal about British high life that day. We also saw the Oxford-Cambridge match a few days later. Cricket is a stupid game to most Americans. There is no sharp rivalry, no rooting or pulling for the favorite team. A good play is applauded and that is all. At intervals, time is taken out for tea. The leading amateur batsman of the world was taking part in a match which I saw. He amassed the fabulous number of well over two hundred runs in one inning and finally allowed himself to be caught out so that he could go get a drink of whiskey. The rules did not allow time out for that.

After a trip through Germany we sailed for home from Hamburg. We were the only English-speaking people at a long table filled with Germans who were coming to America to become citizens. Our waiter spoke cockney and I was kept busy trying to help him with the folks and their wishes. Of course, menus were printed in both the German and English languages in parallel columns but frequently some point needed clarification and I was called upon to assist. The Germans on board learned that I knew a little German, and they asked me if I would help them with the English language. I agreed and they brought me a German book. They asked me to read. I started to translate. They said, "No, read." I read, and they seemed satisfied with my accent, pronunciation, etc. For ten days I taught them. At the end of the time they could understand almost any ordinary thing I said to them. The explanation of their quick learning was given by a young Fraulein who said the night before we landed: "Tonight, I am Fraulein Schmidt of Berlin. Tomorrow night I shall be Miss Smith of New York City." They *needed* to know the language. If we could only tie up our teaching with some pragmatic value, how much easier would our task become! Only the Statue of Liberty was hard to explain to them. But that was the one thing we were glad to see again after three months on foreign soil. We were back home again.

## CHAPTER XII

# *The Alchemist*

### The College Becomes a University

About twenty years ago, I planned my *magnum-opum*—my life's chief dramatic work. This was to be a pageant depicting the growth and development of Duke University from its beginnings of 1838 in a small log school house in Randolph County, to its magnificent plant, with national and international reputation, in Durham. This was to have been presented upon the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Signing of the Indenture creating the Duke Foundation. The work was written but never produced. Another pageant was presented in Duke Stadium a few months previous which made the term "pageant" rather obnoxious to the town of Durham for a score of years. This had to do with the Centennial Celebration of the beginning of free school education in North Carolina and was staged on a pretentious scale. Unfortunately, the persons in charge undertook too big a task for any two or three people to undertake. Inexperience and overconfidence caused the event to be a disappointment, as well as an irritation. Add to the above factors, unfortunate interruptions in the mechanism and a sudden change in weather, and the picture of inconvenience, discomfort, and discontent is complete. Just after the pageant began, a sudden change in weather came about which chilled the spectators and threatened the health of hundreds of thinly-clad children who were compelled to remain to the bitter end, since they were in the climatic scene. That night was one of great anxiety on the part of many Durham citizens whose children were left wandering about in the streets without transportation or guidance in reaching home. The performance was insufferably long. About noon the following day, someone dropped in at President Few's office and asked him what he thought of the pageant. With his characteristic dry humor he grinned and asked: "Is it over yet?" About midnight with the performance still unfinished, Mrs. Paul Gross passed me on her way from the stadium and as she passed she said: "H. E. Spence, if you ever stage another pageant, or even mention the word around Duke University, I will never speak to you again." I mention this because it was almost

typical of the reaction of the local public to pageants for many years. So my *magum opum* was never produced.

My pageant was called the Alchemist. Its background was the superstitious, semi-scientific, pseudo-scholarly situation in the Middle Ages. In the prologue, an ancient alchemist was experimenting with the problem which occupied the minds of so many thinkers of his day—the problem of transmuting baser materials to gold. Like Faust, in the old story, he made a contract with the spirits of evil that he might gain power over the minds of men and control their welfare. Of course, the church was against this attempt at the misuse of power. But my pageant was to set forth the story of a modern alchemist, one who would transmute not dross to gold, but waste to wealth, matter to mind, and money to manhood. I had pictured Mr. J. B. Duke standing on the banks of the Catawba and Yadkin Rivers, watching the wild and riotous water as it dashed madly to the sea. He pictured the streams a few weeks earlier when they were but mere trickles of water. If only this titanic power could be harnessed! Out of his dream came the Duke Power Company, and out of the wealth of this company came largely the means with which he endowed the Duke Foundation. Dr. W. S. Rankin, a Trustee of the Duke Endowment and influential leader in the development of the medical aspects of the Duke Foundation, in his speech before the Newcomen Society in 1952, gave the interesting figures that this Power Company had thirty-two hydro-electric and eight steam electric plants, generating approximately two billion horsepower, and distributing annually 6,700,000,000 kilowatt hours of electricity, providing power, light, heat, and comfort for millions of people. Dr. Rankin noted the fact that men must have an answer to the eternal *Why* of life, to what end all great activities are carried on, and pointed out that Mr. Duke's answer to that question was the establishment of the Duke Foundation.

Mr. Duke, himself, made this interesting statement: "For many years I have been engaged in the development of water powers in certain sections of the states of North and South Carolina. In my study of this subject, I have observed how such utilization of natural resource, which otherwise would run as waste to the sea—gives impetus to industrial life and provides a safe investment for capital. My ambition is that the revenues of such developments shall minister to the social welfare, as the operation of such developments is administering to the economic welfare, of the communities which they serve."

And so the Duke Foundation was formed, the fourth largest in the history of American Philanthropic Giving. Only the Ford, Carnegie, and Rockefeller Foundations surpass it. This Foundation was interested in institutions of higher education, hospitals, orphanages, rural churches and superannuated Methodist ministers. My pageant concerned itself largely with the creation of Duke University.

From the first it was very obvious that as a background for Mr. Duke's decision, there would have to be scores and perhaps hundreds of other persons who influenced him. Much discussion has been entered into as to the persons or forces which brought about Mr. Duke's decision to found Duke University. In fact, some have been speculated as to who should be given the credit for its establishment. I should think there would easily be the common agreement reached that Mr. J. B. Duke, himself, was its founder. And I should think it would be easy to reach a second common agreement: there is enough glory to go around. Whoever may have been instrumental to the greatest degree may be problematic, but certainly there are many persons who should share in the praise for the bringing about of this momentous event.

To start with, I should like to offer the observation that it was inevitable that Mr. Duke should have founded the university which bears the family name. Doubtless there were influences, personal and otherwise, which hastened and crystallized his decision, but it "was in the cards," as the proverbial saying goes, that this should eventually have come about. It was as inevitable as the fact that spring follows the winter or that the waters of the Yadkin and Catawba should find their way to the ocean. I am not sure but that Dr. Rankin, again, has furnished an interesting and accurate observation in his address. Quoting from Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*, Dr. Rankin observes that events are sometimes affected by what might be called providence. For Dr. Rankin's learned medical predecessor had disputed the idea that the ram caught in the bushes for Abraham to use as a sacrifice was an accident, or that mere chance caused Pharoah's daughter to find the Baby Moses. The quotation of significance follows: "Surely there are in every man's life certain rubs, doublings, and wrenches, which pass a while under the effects of chance; but at the last, well-examined, prove the mere hand of God."

With this observation, I am in thorough agreement. Although not a noisily demonstrative religious person, Mr. Duke had the highest regard for religion and credited much of the inspiration which enabled him to face the arduous tasks of life to the religious influence which surrounded his childhood. Among these influences was the Methodist Circuit Rider who made periodic visits to the Duke home. A few years ago a movie-talkie was created by the Duke Foundation to stress the effect of this influence in the life of Mr. Duke. It was known as *The Methodist Circuit Rider* and presented the work of the Foundation in a masterful way. I was asked to write a suggestive scenario but only a relatively small part of my suggestions were incorporated. The picture made quite a fine impression upon many audiences which had the good fortune to see it. I think it created quite a bit of good will for the Foundation. My chief criticism of it was that there was

too much talking and too little action. I also thought the hospitals and orphanages were stressed to the neglect of the educational aspects. I could see the point of view of those who were afraid that alumni and friends of other schools would resent the display of pictures of Duke, Davidson, and Furman. But resenders are going to resent, no matter how carefully the attempt is made to avoid offense. I believe it would have been better to put in the dramatic activities of the campuses, make a statement to the effect that similar wonderful activities are carried on at state institutions and let the fault-finders continue their enjoyable pastime.

Credit must again be given to that dynamic personality, Dr. John Carlisle Kilgo, for his part in stimulating interest in Trinity College and higher education in the hearts of the Dukes. Dr. Kilgo was a close friend of the Dukes and was doubtless instrumental in causing the family to continue its interest in Trinity College. Whereas Mr. Washington Duke had been an earlier benefactor, his interests had slightly lagged, due to his belief that the church had not sufficiently appreciated his benefactions. When Dr. Kilgo became President, he at once began to cultivate the acquaintance of this generous family and continued a close friend to it until the time of his death. In fact, he was criticized for being so close a friend. The critics accused him of changing from a South Carolina Democrat to a Republican just to please the Dukes. Hostile newspapers charged him with thinking that Mr. Washington Duke was the greatest man the South ever produced. However true these charges may or may not be, it is certain that President Kilgo did much to stimulate interest in Trinity College. By bringing outstanding teachers to the institution and arranging commencement and other occasions where the world's most notable speakers were to be heard, he kept the college uppermost in the affections and interests of the Dukes.

It is also certain that Mr. Washington Duke kept Trinity College supported at the time of its greatest need. I doubt if it would have ever been brought to Durham had he not given almost a hundred thousand dollars (a magnificent gift in that day) on condition that it be moved to this city. His son, Mr. B. N. Duke, took over when his father died, and even earlier, and continued to share the family wealth with the institution. Mr. J. B. Duke was only carrying on the family tradition, but in a much larger way when he decided to devote a large portion of his immense fortune to the cause of education.

A further thing which doubtless influenced Mr. Duke in making this decision was the fact that many other great and wealthy men had chosen to immortalize their influence through the endowment of foundations and institutions. Outstanding creators of foundations were Messrs. Henry Ford, Andrew Carnegie, and John D. Rockefeller. Cecil Rhodes had made his own name internationally famous through the

establishment of the Cecil Rhodes Scholarships at Oxford University. Outstanding institutions of learning in America had been named for their benefactors or members of their families. Some of these were Harvard, Yale, Stanford, DePauw, Smith, Colgate, and Vanderbilt. None of these had been endowed so munificently, however, as Mr. Duke endowed Duke University. I think, too, that mention should be made of the fact that many great men have shown the admirable characteristic of making privileges possible to others because they, themselves, were deprived of those privileges.

Nor were these the only influences which probably influenced Mr. Duke. The Gift Book at Duke University records thousands of gifts, great and small, given by rich and poor, of both high and low estate. It must have impressed him to see that so many persons had been convinced that the institution was worth investing in.

Further, and perhaps one of the chief factors, it must have been clear to Mr. Duke that Trinity College would be a suitable institution around which to build a great university. It was not a large college, but a great one. For many years it had done outstanding work in the country. Its faculty was composed of men who had made a reputation for scholarship. Its graduates were received without examination in the larger institutions of the land in their pursuit of advanced training. Its President was a man of nation-wide reputation as a scholar and administrator. Professor R. L. Flowers and Dr. W. H. Wannamaker finished out a trio of renowned educators who were capable of managing the affairs of any educational institution. Several of the departments had achieved nation-wide rating in educational circles. Mr. Duke was especially interested in religion. He must have been impressed with the splendid work which was being done both in and outside of the classroom at Trinity. His institution was at hand—capable, outstanding, renowned. What more could he ask?

I do not recall just when I first heard of our approaching good fortune. I had been dreaming of a plan whereby we might interest the alumni and other friends of Dr. Kilgo in the project of erecting a separate building for the department of religion and enlarging the scope of our usefulness and influence. Finally one day Dr. Flowers said: "Bud, keep this under your hat, but if some plans which are in the air are carried out, we will have something far greater than you hope for, or anyone has ever dreamed of up until now." Gradually we began to hear more and more of this wonderful good fortune. Soon the public began to learn of the proposed plan to build a great university and call it Duke. Various and widely different reactions were to be noted. The students in general were delighted at the rumor. One young scribe expressed the regret that Trinity was to become a thing of the past with the loss of its fine traditions. Another *Chronicle* reporter expressed the opinion that if our former traditions stood in the

way of progress, they should be scrapped. Some of the usual critics were loud in their denunciation of an institution which would "sell its birthright for a mess of pottage." Others criticized a man who wanted to buy immortality by getting an institution to change its name. There were the usual "rigidly righteous" who talked about the shame of an educational institution linking itself to what was then considered a reprehensible industry in order to gain wealth. The whisper of "tainted money" of former years was renewed and became a murmur. I am moved to repeat a wisecrack concerning this matter of tainted money. One observer declared that the only tainted money he knew of was when "taint mine." I think he had some truth in his observation. I recall one instance years ago when a young man was in charge of a high school. He went to Mr. Washington Duke and asked for a gift for his school. Mr. Duke did not see his way clear to give the requested assistance. Within a few weeks the young man published an article condemning the tobacco business. It would have been a wonderful industry if he had been helped by it. Our jewel, consistency, again!

I do not mean to enter into a discussion of the tobacco question. Personally I do not use tobacco in any form. I would like to call attention to the fact, however, that there is hardly a church, orphanage, institution of learning, or other organization in America which does not receive a part of its support from people who raise, manufacture, sell, or use the weed. "Let him that is without sin." The majority of persons who find fault with those who accept donations from that source are those who do not profit by it. And they are limited to a very few.

Criticisms were especially sharp of an institution which would sell its time honored name. Out of fairness it ought to be stated that Mr. Duke did not demand the change of name. At the recommendation of the administration, the Trustees of Trinity College made the proposition to Mr. Duke that the name of the institution should be changed to honor his family, out of consideration of his wonderful generosity. There was no danger, so far as I know, of our failing to receive that money if the name of the institution had not been changed. There was a considerable danger of the site of the institution being changed to Charlotte. As soon as it was made known that the expansion program was about to get under way, an epidemic of greed began to spread in certain sections of Durham. It was contemplated at first that the campus should extend north from the present Woman's College Campus. While many of the residents of that section were quite reasonable in their charges, others, with a greed for gain, demanded outrageously exorbitant prices for their land. One small section was charged for at the rate of \$90,000.00 per acre. Indignant and slightly angered, Mr. Duke began to lay plans to move the institution to Charlotte. Dr. Few and

Professor Flowers discovered a large tract of land just west of the Trinity Campus and began quietly to purchase it. Through the assistance of various buyers, this property and other tracts of land were acquired, and the large holdings now constituting the West Duke Campus were purchased. One interesting episode may be worth relating. Quite a large part of the desired property was held by colored people. This section was between the two campuses. Someone tried to encourage the owners to hold out for exorbitant prices. The colored minister who was in charge of the community church called a meeting of the congregation and urged his flock to sell their property at reasonable rates and not run the risk of having it left on their hands at its low value. At that they received several times as much as it would have been worth under any other circumstances. The total holdings of the University reach slightly more than 5,000 acres.

Personally I was overwhelmed with joy when I discovered that this great venture was under way. I have tried to live up to the philosophy of life that one had better lose in a winning cause than to gain in a losing one. I would rather shrink into insignificance by comparison with a great venture than to maintain a place of prominence in a less important one. I saw no reason at that time why I should so suddenly shrink, but that some shrinkage must come was apparent. Referring again to Bacon's story of the fly that sat on the axle wheel and said "What a dust I do raise," I saw that the wheel was assuming unbelievable proportions. I knew that the fly would be relatively very insignificant. I did not contemplate, however, coming so near to being shaken completely off the wheel.

There were many other phrases from literature which I learned to appreciate and, in some cases, put into practice during the coming months. One which I had long admired from Carlyle was the exhortation: "Make thy claim of wages zero and thou hast the world under thy feet." Another was from Tennyson: "And the individual withers and the world is more and more." John the Baptist's statement concerning the coming Messiah: "He must increase while I must decrease" was appropriate in some respects. A harder one from Carlyle I never did quite bring myself to accept fully: "Learn to devour thy chagrins with joy." I devoured them, but the joy was hardly noticeable.

During the days preceding the coming of the wonderful announcement, we were filled with joyful anticipation. Dr. Few called in a group composed, as I remember, of Dean Wannamaker, Professor Flowers, Dr. Glasson, Dr. Boyd, and a few others and went into full detail as to the proposed organization of the new university. He outlined the plans for the various schools, including what he termed a "School of Religion." I insisted that it be called a "Divinity School" but was overruled. He indicated the large hopes he had for such a school, and suggested the various fields which would be provided for

at the beginning. One statement filled me with joy and gave me a distinct thrill. Said he: "There will of course be a department of religious education and Professor Spence will have that in charge." I suppose he went into some detail about other phases but I was so overjoyed that I don't remember much of the rest of the announcements of that particular meeting. Dr. Few also called in Professor Cannon and myself and asked each of us to give him some idea of what we thought there ought to be in the new religion building. We were invited to draw suggestive plans. I gladly did so and still wish he had used my plan instead of the impossible one which was used.

We were highly elated over the prospects for the new school. There were quite a number of strong men in our department at that time whom we thought would make a splendid nucleus for the new organization. As before stated, I had been placed in charge of the department of religion in Trinity College. The department grew so rapidly that provisions were early made for its expansion. James Cannon III, a brilliant alumnus of Trinity College, a theological graduate from Princeton University, and a distinguished chaplain of World War I, was the first added to my list of assistants. He and I worked out courses covering the main fields of religious interest and prepared a text for the general course in Bible study. J. M. Ormond was brought in from Southern Methodist University, soon to be followed by Harvie Branscomb from that same institution. H. E. Myers was added to the list of teachers of religion in 1926.

Dr. Edmund D. Soper of Northwestern University was invited to visit Duke with a view of becoming the first dean of the new school. We were pleased with the general impression made by Dr. Soper and unanimously recommended that he be selected as our first dean. He was scholarly, affable, pleasant, genial, courteous and a splendid speaker. If he had but possessed a deeper emotional nature he would have been one of the country's greatest preachers. His writings had already attracted world-wide attention and he gave every promise of becoming a great leader. Dr. Soper added some outstanding persons to our religious faculty including Drs. Elbert Russell and Frank S. Hickman, both of whom remained at the institution for a score of years and contributed greatly to its success. The school was off to a good start. However, Dr. Soper did not remain with us long. He was shortly elected to the presidency of one of the better colleges of the Methodist Church and resigned from Duke to accept that position.

My relationships to Dean Soper were always pleasant and very helpful to me. I was the Dean of the Pastors' School at that time and in that capacity had unusually close relationships with him. In fact he served that school both on the platform and in our classrooms. He introduced my plays when they were produced on the campus and boosted my work in general.

One incident which occurred in connection with him and the Pastors' School is remembered by me with a sense of great satisfaction. I had engaged him to teach a course in Comparative Religion in the school. This field was his specialty and he was considered one of the chief authorities in the world in that subject. He was a new man in our community and the outstanding man on the faculty of the school during that particular session. A large group of approximately a hundred men signed for the course with our new celebrity. In those days the school ran for twelve sessions or class periods. On the second day, for the first and last time so far as I know, Dr. Soper's voice utterly failed him. He could not speak above a whisper and nothing could be done about it. In my attempt to secure an outstanding substitute, I phoned or wired every outstanding man in that field in the southeastern section of the country, but without success. Finally Dr. Soper suggested that I take his place. I had specialized to some degree in that work at the University of Chicago and had given the subject to undergraduates at Trinity. We explained the situation to the men and offered them the privilege of changing courses without embarrassment. Most men are pretty good sports. So far as I know all of the class stayed with me. Some of them probably stayed because they were primarily interested in that phase of religion. I feel that the majority of them stayed by me because they appreciated my willingness to work under such a handicap and they were unwilling to desert me. I put everything I had in that course and made many friends because of my gameness in carrying on under such difficulties.

I shall defer further comments on my work in connection with the Divinity School until the chapter, The School of the Prophets. Nor will I burden my readers with too much detail of my experiences in connection with other phases than those already discussed elsewhere in this book. I have already noted my relation to the Faculty Club, my work with its programs of entertainment and my service in connection with its various committees. In return I was honored by being elected president of the Club for three consecutive terms. I was Dean of the Pastors' School for fifteen years, as well as Dean of the North Carolina Rural Church Institute for a few years. I served as Chairman of the Sunday School Board (later merged with the Board of Education) of the North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Church for more than a quarter of a century. All this was in addition to classroom or other work at the college.

Perhaps it might be in order to write briefly about my further relationships with President Few. I think we were not always in agreement although I was not aware of any definite friction. I was once told that he said that I could make him madder than any man he had ever known. The thing that made him maddest was that he allowed

me to irritate him at all. Rumor had it that he said that at times I would not play the game according to the other fellow's rules. My reply was that I would when the other fellow made a good set of rules. Perhaps I was wrong in my position, for I suppose that a man is under obligation to work by the rules of the man for whom he is working. Frankly I have never considered myself as working for Dr. Few, or any other president of Duke University, but for the institution itself. The institution has been my Alma Mater—my mother. The presidents were but the managers of her estate. At best they were my stepfathers. I have had two obsessions which may have resulted in my saying or doing things which were not always acceptable to the administration. First of all, I had the interests of the alumni at heart. In the earlier days, the alumni did not rate too highly in the interests of the college. The slang expression, "Tell them nothing and make them like it" was not altogether inapplicable to the attitude toward the alumni at that time. At times I may have made myself something of a nuisance in my attempts to gain recognition for them and their interests. My second obsession was that I was representing the Methodist Church. I did not take a place on the teaching staff of the college merely because I would rather teach than preach. I thought that I could serve my church better there than in the pastorate. I was not at all pleased whenever there were indications that the institution might possibly be losing its interest in the church or its loyalty to religion.

Even at that, there were rarely any strained relationships between Dr. Few and myself. I never feared or dreaded him in all my acquaintance with him. I admired, respected and loved him but I did not stand in awe of him. I suppose that the fact that I lived with him a year also caused me to feel rather free to say what I thought around him. He was very considerate of me and showed me many kindnesses. He frequently spoke rather pointed and even sharply to me, but he explained that on the ground that he hoped to make something of me. He said that when he quit "riding" a man it was because he had given up hopes for his improvement. He kept up his hopes for me as long as he lived.

Dr. Few advocated the policy of recognizing positions and not persons. He always advised me to use men on my programs whose positions explained their being used. In that way there was no danger of being accused of favoritism. He practiced that in his own attitude toward others. When I was Dean of the Pastors' School, he frequently had me in his home as a guest with the outstanding men whom I had invited to be on the program. I have many happy memories of such occasions. Once I was a guest with the eloquent Dr. H. C. Morrison, one of the greatest preachers America ever produced. I began a friendship there that lasted until Dr. Morrison's death. That was not my first meeting with the venerable saint. He was guest preacher for

Bishop Darlington at a session of the North Carolina Conference. The weather was hot and the sessions tedious. The preachers were restless and often stayed out of the church during the sessions. One afternoon the bishop said in a moment of exasperation: "I wish someone would go outside and tell the brethren that I want them in the church. We cannot do business effectively with such a small group present." I volunteered to go and invite them in. I did not go back in myself, but with two others went up the street. We entered a store where Dr. Morrison was making some purchases. I told the boys to watch me have some fun with him. I went up to him and said: "Dr. Morrison, you don't know who I am, but Bishop Darlington told me to say to you that while you were guest minister and under no obligations to remain during the sessions of the conference, it would make a good impression upon the other ministers if you were seen in the conference room more often." The old man stared straight at me and replied: "I don't know *who* you are, but I know *what* you are. You are the biggest liar in North Carolina." In that way our acquaintance began. It culminated years later with his placing a hood over my shoulders as the degree of doctor of divinity was conferred upon me by his institution. I think I had the same feeling of reverent elation which men felt in the days of old when their king dubbed them Sir Knight. Some of my friends told me that if the old gentleman had known what a heretic I was, he would have booted me off the rostrum instead of giving me the degree. The interesting thing is that he did know that I was a liberal, but we were great friends in spite of it. After I returned to Duke I wrote him a letter, thanking him for his courtesies and expressing my delight at the conditions I found at Asbury. He wrote back a good letter which read in part: "Spence, the difference between us is largely a matter of the direction of our emotions. We get a boy up here, get him converted and sanctified on less emotion than you waste at one football game."

I shall have more to say about Dr. Few later. I wish to state here that I believe that Dr. Few was conscientious in his dealings with men, and if he seemed to discriminate against them it was because he thought the cause would be helped by his action. In one sense, he was an opportunist. If he saw a chance to help the work by taking advantage of a situation, he would do so. He was frequently accused of playing politics. On two different occasions he gave the break to relatives of outstanding church politicians. Naturally people noted the fact that one of these was a prominent churchman and also a college mate of his. I believe he thought his action was for the good of the cause. I think he had less of nepotism about him than any man I have ever known. A near relative of his was recommended frequently by friends for an honorary degree. The degree was not granted during Dr. Few's lifetime. He told me, when the name was

brought up, that if we insisted on discussing the matter he would leave the room. He did not want to be considered as using his personal influence to help one of his kinsmen.

Of course, with the rapid expansion of the University, practically everyone grew relatively smaller. For the University did grow amazingly fast. It not only grew, it developed. I suspect that the depression may have helped us to a considerable extent. Other institutions were hampered in their work through lack of funds and we were, therefore, enabled to make attractive offers to outstanding men in various fields which these hampered institutions could not meet. It is amazing to note how successful we were in securing outstanding men for the faculty. Only a few mistakes were made. Naturally, a few were employed who were probably parted with gladly by the institutions from which we secured them. But the greater number of the men secured were excellent men and have done much to make a great reputation for Duke. It is also likely that the depression opened the door to a good deal of first-class patronage from the Middle Atlantic States. Our overall expenses were so much less than those of Princeton, Harvard, and other institutions that men who normally would have patronized those schools sent their children here.

A great shock came to the community when Dr. Few died, October 16, 1940. For forty-four years he had been associated with Trinity College and Duke University, first as Professor of English, beginning in 1896; as Dean from 1902 to 1910; as President of Trinity College, 1910-1924; and as President of Duke University, 1924-1940. I was not in Durham at that time, although I had visited him shortly before his death. By a strange coincidence I was preaching at his nephew's church in Atlanta, Georgia, when he died. He had wrought long and well. By steady, quiet perseverance, and sheer ability he had overcome all opposition and won the esteem and confidence of the majority of Duke University teachers, students, and alumni. His body was the first to be placed in the crypt of the University Chapel. *Requiescat in pace.*

Dr. Few was succeeded in the presidency of Duke University by his friend of nearly a half century, Dr. Robert Lee Flowers. It is not the purpose of this book to present the biography of the presidents of the institution. I wish that it were possible to give to the world the type of biography which President Flowers deserves. Unfortunately there is but little written concerning the life and works of this good and great man, nor can there be, because of the meager data available. On three occasions I tried to interest him in writing his memoirs or allowing them to be written. I have already mentioned the Gift Book which contains the record of all the gifts, great and small, which have ever been given to Trinity College and Duke University. The greater part of this record was compiled by Mr. W. L. Whitted. He and I

planned to ask Dr. Flowers to give us his personal recollections of the way these gifts came to the institution and some incidents connected with as many donations as possible. Walter died suddenly before the work could be begun. Then Mr. Dwire and I tried to persuade Dr. Flowers to talk intimately to us about the "good old days" and his experiences in connection with the college and university. Again he postponed action until Mr. Dwire died. I then went to him with the proposal that he allow me to write his memoirs with the help of Mrs. Ben Kimball, who for many years had been the confidential secretary of Dr. Few and later of Dr. Flowers. He said: "Spence, I don't know anyone whom I had rather have write my biography than you, and I feel that you would do a good job of it, but I just can't bring myself to the point where I am willing to have anything written. People might think that I am bragging on myself." Thus his modesty prevented the world from getting the story of his life and his relationship to Duke University.

Dr. Flowers had an even longer association with the institution than Dr. Few. He began his connection with Trinity College in 1891 as professor of Mathematics. He remained on its staff continuously until his death in August 1951. He held many positions including professor, Secretary to the Corporation, Vice-President in charge of Business Affairs, Trustee, Member of Duke Foundation, President and Chancellor. Dr. Flowers was a graduate of the Naval Academy and was honored by being named as Visitor to the Academy by President Harry S. Truman. He was of great service to the civic, educational, and religious life of the state and nation. He was a trustee of two orphanages, two colleges, director of a bank, a railroad, a hospital, and held many other prominent positions in the civic and educational life of the country. His connection with the church and its work was comparable to that of Dr. Few also. He held almost every position in the church which was open to a layman, from Sunday School Superintendent to delegate to the General Conference. For many years he taught a Sunday School class. In fact, he was teacher of the first Bible class I ever attended in a Durham church. For more than a quarter of a century, I was associated with him on the Board of Education and the Sunday School Board of the North Carolina Conference. He was vitally interested in every movement which pertained to the welfare of the church.

I think perhaps I can do no better than insert at this point the tribute which was paid to President Flowers upon his retirement from the presidency to become Chancellor.

#### A TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT ROBERT LEE FLOWERS

Able Educator, Civic-minded Citizen, Consecrated Churchman, Eminent Educator, Faithful Friend—Thus is inadequately epitomized

the character and personality of Duke University's beloved retiring President—Robert Lee Flowers.

It has been said that every great institution is the lengthened shadow of a great man. This is not strictly accurate with regard to Duke University for there have been many men who have greatly influenced its career and helped shape its destiny. But certainly no other man has served it for a longer term of years or influenced it in a wider range of interests than has President Flowers.

"Professor Bobby," as he is affectionately known to thousands of ardent admirers, friends and alumni, came to Duke University in 1891 and thus has served that institution for well over a half century. He had been graduated from the United States Naval Academy in that year, but chose to cast his lot with the academic interests of his country rather than to engage in its military service. Perhaps an equally brilliant and useful career might have been his in that field also. Every one of his graduating class became an admiral in the Navy and it is but fair to assume that this high place of prestige and power might have been his also had he chosen to remain in the service. He served as Professor of Mathematics until 1934 in addition to his other duties. In 1910 he was elected Vice-President in charge of the business division of the institution. He has also served as Secretary, Trustee, and a member of the Duke Endowment. Thus for nearly sixty years he has been actively and influentially connected with the more important phases of the life of the University.

This brief statement, however, does not begin to tell the story of President Flowers' service to the University and his influence in its life. There is an interaction between every public institution and the constituency which it serves that makes this service contribute in turn to the welfare of that institution. To serve effectively the social order of which it is a part is service rendered unto itself. If this be true, Robert Lee Flowers has served Duke University in many and varied ways in addition to the direct service which has already been noted. Duke University has stood in a peculiar and notable relationship to the constituency which it has served. Once men thought that seats of learning should be established in remote places in order that their work might not be disturbed by their contacts with the busy world about them. Duke University was one of the first institutions in the South to be established in a center of industry and civic life. Brought to Durham in 1891, it soon became an integral part of the city in which it was established and for more than fifty years has exerted a tremendous influence upon the civic, educational and moral life of that city. Its relationship to the church and to other institutions contributing to the moral uplift of the state has also been pronounced. Its earlier predecessor, York Institute, was founded by religious sects. Its later predecessor, Trinity College, was given to North Carolina Methodism

many years ago, and its destiny has been closely intertwined with the Methodist Church in North Carolina ever since. From this church it has received much of its patronage and support. Through it, it has been enable to extend its influence in a singularly effective way. Thus any service rendered to the civic, educational, moral, and religious life of its constituency has been a service rendered to the Institution itself.

President Flowers has probably been connected in an effective way with more institutions and movements which contribute to the welfare of the state and nation than any other citizen of North Carolina, living or dead. The mere recountal of the institutions, boards, committees, and other organizations with which he has been actively connected would constitute a laborious chore. Foundations, Colleges, railroads, orphanages, hospitals, churches, all have felt the benefit of his advice and assistance. His service has extended to people of both races and many denominations. Among the institutions thus served are the Methodist Orphanage, the Oxford Masonic Orphanage, Greensboro College, the North Carolina College for Negroes, Lincoln Colored Hospital and others.

The service of President Flowers to the Church has been no less signal. As a layman he has participated actively in almost every phase of its work. For many years he taught a Sunday School class. For an even longer time he has served as trustee and member of the board of stewards. He was a delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for several sessions. For many years he was a member of the General Board of Education and served on the Judicial Council of the church until its recent merging with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In these and many other capacities he has been of great influence in the religious world.

But "Professor Bobby" has been of perhaps greater influence in the quiet hold which he has had upon his friends and the alumni, and which gave him the entitlement of endearment, than in any other way. Other interests of the University may have vied in their claim upon second place in the affection of its friends, but he has held unquestionably the first place. This was not due to the amount of information which he imparted to his students but the matchless personality which was his. His kindly attitudes, his genial smile, his unfeigned interest in persons, the cordial greeting with which he met people, his immaculate dress and his imperturbable disposition—these joined to create a personality which gripped every student who took work with him and thousands of other alumni and friends who did not have that privilege. His popularity throughout his community and the state at large was no less pronounced than in his immediate university community. He has been recognized as the outstanding citizen of his city and perhaps the state on more than one occasion.

An English queen once stated that she so loved Calais that if her heart could be examined the word would be engraved upon her heart. On Robert Lee Flowers' heart there is doubtless engraved his Church, Duke University, his City, his State, and his Country, and on his great heart there is room for all.

It is with profound gratitude that the university has such a noble friend and servant about whom so much can be truthfully written that this paper is presented.

If I continually use the title "Professor" Flowers instead of Doctor or President Flowers, it must be forgiven me. I knew him so long by that title, and got so used to calling him Professor, it was very difficult for me to change. I asked him if he objected to my continuing to call him by the old title. He intimated that it would please him for me to keep him in the same old relationship in my thinking. He had the wonderful ability to make friends easily and hold them steadily. Some men try hard to be friendly and pleasant but without success. Professor Flowers could make the humblest and greenest freshman feel perfectly at home in his presence. In fact, the freshman would have a feeling that Professor Flowers wanted him for a special personal friend. His wide acquaintance through the whole state made it easy for him to find some mutual acquaintance or some interest in common with almost everyone. I think he had more friends than any man I have ever known. I traveled a great deal for the church and for the alumni until in the later thirties. It is safe to say that with the alumni who graduate between 1900 and 1935, the main interest was Professor Flowers. The first question that ninety-five out of a hundred would ask when they saw me was: "How is Professor Flowers?" Since that time, the first question usually concerns our prospects for a football team.

From the first day I saw him when he was teaching a Bible class at old Main Street Methodist Church until he grew so feeble that he could not recognize me, I counted him as one of my dearest and most dependable friends. He stood by me through thick and thin. A few years ago some very detestable person or persons wrote a disgusting, unfair, disgraceful lampoon known as King Paucus. This was an almost obscene attack upon outstanding members of the community and a general slur upon the university in general. That it was clever could not be doubted. That it was inexcusably crude, was even more certain. Some one told Dr. Flowers that there were only two men on the campus who could write the clever document, H. E. Spence and one other. He promptly replied: "You may just cut that down to one. H. E. Spence could never have written it. He might have been able but not capable. He would never strike at his university in that foul way." At another time someone told him of an accusation which had been falsely made against me and which worried me quite

a bit. He sent me word not to worry, that he would take my word against the word of anyone else. A third evidence of his loyalty and friendship was given when there was an attempt made to bring a man into the Divinity School, presumably to assist me, but actually to force me gradually out of the work. Dr. Flowers promptly told the man who was trying to engineer the deal that there would be no man brought into my department until I asked for him, and that I would name the man when he was brought. "A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

As a teacher, Professor Flowers put hundreds of boys and girls under obligation to him. I do not mean to suggest that he passed people with out some claim for a credit, but it is certain that the quality of mercy did get strained in his leniency to dumb boys and girls who were having a tough time with mathematics. He was hardly rated as a scholar, but he was a most effective teacher. His cheerful smile, and even more cheerful word of encouragement endeared him to us all. His work at the blackboard was a thing of art. How that chalk would fly, as he worked out problems so easily that he made us ashamed that we had even hesitated! I suppose the story of Swink is better known than any one funny episode which ever happened at Trinity. I have forgotten his first name, but Swink made himself immortal by his action while he was but a green freshman. He stood with open-mouthed amazement watching Professor Flowers work rapidly through a problem and when it was finished he slapped him on the back and exclaimed: "Bobby, you shore do know your stuff."

During a visit to Trinity College, the late lamented humorist Will Rogers pulled a joke on Dr. Flowers which he did not resent, so I suppose I may repeat it. On his visit here, Rogers was taken around the campus and through the city by Dr. Flowers. Will was greatly impressed with him and included him in one of the short articles which he was syndicating in the papers at that time. It so happened that Dr. Flowers, as Secretary to the Corporation, had been pestered a great deal by persons asking honorary degrees either for themselves or their friends. He was a bit fed up on the whole matter and in some way mentioned it to Will. Will wrote in substance as follows: "I had a good time in Durham and out at Trinity College. There was a man out there that they called 'Professor Bobby.' He was awful good to me and showed me a good time. I don't know why, but he brought up the matter of granting honorary degrees and said to me, 'Will, I don't believe in honorary degrees, do you?' I answered, 'No, Sir, they didn't give me one either.'" That was the trip when someone asked Will if he saw the Durham Bull. He said, "No, but he must be there. I saw a lot of pretty calves on the Trinity College campus."

It is hard to evaluate the work of Dr. Flowers as President. One thing must be remembered, he did not want the presidency. For a

while he held out obstinately against accepting the office. I think he would never have agreed except for the fact that he was afraid of the election of someone highly objectionable to him if he did not accept. If he had done nothing more by accepting than to protect the university from an undesirable person, he rendered a great service. He held the institution together in the face of great upheaval. He kept alive a feeling of the old while facing the new. There were no precedents for many of his decisions. However, his administration was disappointing to many. What we did not know was that his health was failing to the point where he could not think as clearly as he once could. The magnificent mind had worn itself out with facts, figures, and faces. His inability to remember as clearly as he once did caused him to become hesitant and indecisive. There was some impatience with him on the part of those who did not understand, and who wanted to put across a deal and that quickly. Finally, realizing his difficulties, he agreed to take the position of Chancellor and allow a new president to be selected in his place.

His work was far from futile. If he had done nothing else except give the trustees time to look around for a new president and not rush into the selection of such an important person, he would have rendered a valuable service. Too, this was a time of readjustment and it was well that things were not rushed through. A great wall or building has to have time to settle. A great crisis in the life of an institution needs a settling period, too. I think that the feeling of a stalemate gave a sense of impatience which filled all concerned with a desire for activity which made the great program enterprised by Dr. Flowers' successor the more easily carried out because of the delay.

I shall never forget one incident connected with the latter part of his tenure as president. A group of men decided that this would be a good time to introduce an innovation at the University in the form of a senate. Such organizations seem to have worked very well elsewhere. The principle underlying such an organization seemed sound. It was very obvious, however, that this particular organization had some disqualifying defects. There was something of a superiority complex written all over it. One of its main proponents frankly stated in open faculty meeting that there were some departments in the University which did not have men of senatorial caliber in them. The plan was defective in that it made possible the concentration of power in some one bloc or clique. In the main it was fairly commendable. However, it was manifest that the plan had been worked out thoroughly and that its passage was "in the bag." I remember that this was the last subject which I ever discussed in open faculty meeting. Dr. W. T. Laprade, Dr. Holland Holton, and I held the record, I think, for talking most often at the old faculty meetings. Holton and I made our swan song speeches in opposition to the senate. In addition

to calling attention to the weaknesses already noted, I pointed out the fact that what they were doing was futile. They were putting themselves in the position of the proverbial French King who "marched his army up the hill, and marched it down again." I further called their attention to a fact which had seemed to escape the attention of many people, said fact being that the President of Duke University may veto any action of the faculties which he deems unwise. There is no recourse from his decision. The veto of the President of the United States can be overcome by a two-thirds majority vote. The President of Duke University only has to record his reasons for his veto in writing. So far as I can tell, the reasons do not even have to be good reasons. But nothing that anyone could say had any effect upon that group. They listened to me patiently, they laughed at my witticisms heartily, they actually applauded me—then voted me down at almost the old Free Silver Ratio of 16 to 1. A few hours later one of their advocates said jauntily to me: "Well, we swamped you under, didn't we?" He was an English teacher. I asked him if he remembered Southey's Battle of Blenheim. He replied that he did but that he didn't see what the poem had to do with this occasion. I told him that they were similar in that no one ever knew which side won the victory in the ancient battle. He saw what I meant but he didn't realize just how near I came to the truth. President Flowers declined to veto their action but at the next meeting of the Board of Trustees, he recommended and secured the promotion of two of his staunch supporters to the position of vice-president and had the action of the faculty placed in the hands of the Board where it still is, so far as I know. His action was far more effective than a veto.

Dr. Flowers had a capacity for hard work, a flair for details, an obsession for faithful attendance to every task, however small or large, which fell within his sphere of obligation or privilege. He rarely missed any meeting of any board of committee of which he was a member. He had the happy faculty of being able quietly to listen to other members of a group wander tiresomely and futilely about in the discussion of problems and then summing up the right ideas and saying the right thing as a climax to the discussions.

His life came to end in a rather pitiful way. The man who knew more persons than any man outside of the field of politics in North Carolina, and who could call hundreds of students by their names, even after they had left school for a quarter of a century, failed in his memory, and slowly but gradually succumbed to the infirmities of old age. His life had been long and useful. He held no public office, yet he was acclaimed "man of the year" on one occasion for service rendered his community. He wrote no books but he wrote his name large in the hearts of hundreds of students and other friends who will never forget him. I feel that it may be appropriate to record here some

of the sentiments expressed in the prayer which was delivered at his funeral.

"We are filled with both gladness and sadness as we come to say farewell to this our dear Friend and Loved One. We are sad at his going, at the thought that we shall see his cheering smile and hear his heartening voice no more. We are glad that the feeble frame has come to an end of its suffering, and that the old warrior, having fought a good fight, can now lay down his unsullied shield with honor.

"Our eyes are dimmed with tears as we look backward down the path of the long ago and see again in memory the vision of this good and great man, and recall what he has meant to us and the world. We recall his genial smile, his hearty hand grasp, his encouraging tones, his hopeful outlook upon life, his great courage, his wholesomeness, his goodness and the unselfish aid he was always ready to give to those who needed his assistance.

"We recall with gratitude what he has meant to our city, our commonwealth, and our country, in the role of citizenship. We remember that he was ever available to do any task, no matter how small; to render any service, no matter how menial; to give assistance whenever and wherever needed, and fulfill faithfully the functions of good citizenship in all phases of civic life. We thank thee for his openmindedness, his good-heartedness, and his ready-handedness. Our hearts but echo the praises of tens of thousands of his fellow-citizens, black and white, rich and poor, learned and simple, of both high and low estate, as they acclaim his greatness, praise his goodness, and give thanks for what he has meant to them. Our voice but sings a song of gratitude like that which rises from the throats of thousands of children who would have been deprived of kindly service and lavish love through the death of their parents, had not he and others of like charity and interest, through work with many orphanages made a happy life possible for them, in spite of their loss. We are glad for the high standards of citizenship and civic righteousness which he has so nobly upheld and illustrated by his own matchless example.

"We thank thee for the great service which he has rendered thy church and the kingdom of God throughout his long career of Christian living. We recall with gladness that he was ever ready with heart and hand, with work and money, to forward the affairs of the kingdom of righteousness. We are grateful for the long years of service rendered as Sunday School teacher, trustee, steward, member of many boards, which attend to the work of the church, but most of all for his own personal faith in Christ and for his godly example.

"We are profoundly grateful for the unlimited and immeasurable service which he rendered the cause of education as promoter of public education, as trustee of many schools and colleges, as benefactor of educational work for all types and races of people. We glorify thy

name for the unparalleled work which he did for this great university which he has served for more than half a century as teacher, secretary, treasurer, president and chancellor. We are grateful that this institution was his main interest and that his love for it amounted to a passion. We are happy that he chose to stay with it through its faltering years and gave his best work to it during its hours of great struggle. We are glad that he lived to see the fruits of his labor and the success which crowned his efforts. We thank thee for the inimitable way in which he worked his way into the love and sympathy of his colleagues and students, commanding their respect, causing their admiration, and binding them to himself by cords of love. Our tears are mingled with those that fill the misty eyes of thousands of boys and girls, now growing old, who always felt that their beloved Professor was indeed a friend to them. For the faith which he had in this institution, for his undying devotion to its every interest, for the tireless work which he did for its promotion, for the complete and whole-hearted committal to its every cause, we give thee thanks."

This prayer marked the close of the ceremonies held in the great Chapel in memory of him when he left us. Thousands of friends, students, alumni, and fellow-citizens came to pay their respects to the man who had filled such a large place in their hearts and in the life of the University, city, commonwealth, church and nation. With the poet we can truthfully say:

"None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise."

President Flowers was succeeded by Dr. A. Hollis Edens. We are too near to his administration for me to offer any suggestion as to its effectiveness. Certainly he has been well received and certainly he has rendered a momentous service thus far. All indications are that he will write his name in the annals of the institution with as firm an imprint as any name which has yet been written there. Only time can tell.

## CHAPTER XIII

# *The School of Prophets*

I must confess that I approach the task of writing my recollections and observations of the Duke Divinity School with greater dread and reluctance than I have hitherto felt in dealing with any phase of the life of my Alma Mater. To begin with, I am conscious of the fact that, since this is a particular phase of the work of the University, my field of interested readers becomes definitely narrowed. Too, I feel that there are some things which should be written which may possibly be misunderstood by friends of those whom I am discussing. I carried my "kibitzer" card with me into the work of that school and perhaps made myself a bit obnoxious to those who presumably had it in charge. I began my work with a "never-a-dull-moment" impetus which continued high-powered until just before my retirement. In fact, I think I might have been accurately described as a "trouble-shooter," or "trouble-maker," depending upon the point of view.

I believe that the Divinity School of Duke University has developed into one of the finest theological seminaries in America. By any fair standard, it must be ranked among the top ten of our land. It is without doubt the leading Methodist seminary in America judged from the standpoint of advanced studies. It measures up with the best in the quality of work done, the caliber of its teaching staff, and the provisions made for the practical training of its students. It also compares favorably with any other graduate-professional school in Duke University.

The school has "come up the hard way." I doubt if any seminary in America has had to confront such obstacles as this school has faced. It is commonplace for an excerpt from the Duke Indenture to be quoted by all three of the earlier organized schools—law, medicine, and religion—as a background for their organization. Especially are these lines pertinent: "And I advise that the courses at this institution be arranged, first, with special reference to the training of preachers, teachers, lawyers and physicians, because these are most in the public eye, and by precept and example can do most to uplift mankind."

The school may have been named first and organized first, but its first place stopped there. It had the misfortune not to have a representative upon the Duke Foundation, or anywhere else, who had an adequate conception of the needs of a theological seminary. On that Foundation were notable men in the other professions. Dr. W. S. Rankin had a complete understanding of the needs of a school of Medicine and a hospital. Judge W. R. Perkins and other notable persons were well versed in the law. Not only was there no person on the Foundation acquainted with theological training, but not a single person of the special committee appointed to have supervision of the School of Religion was a graduate of a theological seminary, or had an adequate understanding of its needs and problems.

Naturally, the planning for the School of Religion had to be left to someone, and President Few assumed that responsibility. I have already paid high tribute to President Few for his interest in religion. He used to say to me: "I am letting the law and medicine run their own affairs. I know little about either. But I do know religion." The assumption was that his knowledge qualified him for planning the details of the seminary. I have always felt that he surely must have underestimated his knowledge of the other professions. He did have a good understanding of practical religion as taught and practiced by the conventional church. He was a good student of the Bible and perhaps as well acquainted with the King James Version as most professional teachers of the Bible. I recall that on one occasion I was presiding at the lectern in the Chapel and could not find an appropriate scriptural selection. I simply announced that the morning lesson would be the tenth selection from the Sacraments of Common Life. Dr. Few turned half around and looked at the congregation. He then looked at me and grinned as much as to say "Go ahead, no one else realized that you were not reading from the Bible." It is no reflection upon him to observe that this did not qualify him for planning a theological seminary. A fine old family doctor might have a wonderful understanding of medicine and of human nature, but this would not qualify him to lay plans for a school of medicine or to organize a hospital staff. In fact, I have always thought that President Few's great interest in religion was a drawback, rather than a help, to the School of Religion. In a moment of exasperation one of the staff once expressed the hope that the next President of Duke University might be "a good atheist so that the Divinity School might get a fair break." It is not appropriate for me to say how far I agreed with that astute observation.

To start with, I thought that he had a wrong conception of the place of a seminary in a college community. If he had been a seminary man himself, he would have realized how important it is that theological students have a section of a university more or less to themselves. Here they build an *esprit de corps*, form friendships, and have

an opportunity to discuss common problems in a most helpful way. Dr. Few seemed to think that divinity students should room with other students and mingle with them. He hoped that thus they would "keep the common touch." This may have been helpful to the theological students, although this is problematic, but it was certainly tough on the younger undergraduates. Some of them were almost frantic because of the disturbing things which they heard the young preachers discussing.

It would possibly be considered poor taste for me to criticize the failure of the University to make adequate provision for the school in the way of building and equipment. The one excellent feature of the provisions made at first was the beautiful York Chapel. Undergraduates were allowed almost the free run of the building supposedly set aside for the Divinity School. Office space in the building was taken by teachers from other divisions of the University. Poor secretarial service was provided. Any complaint which might be registered was always met with a comparison of the provision made for *departments*, and not *schools*. One would be reminded that rarely were more than two teachers of religion compelled to use the same office while several teachers of other branches of study were compelled to use the same office. This showed a complete misunderstanding of the delicacy of the work of teaching religion. Men may not have any hesitancy about discussing an essay, or a language exercise in the presence of other teachers or students, but no student wants to lay bare his religious problems in the presence of other students, secretaries, or even other teachers. I do not think the trustees of the University were ever aware of these conditions. They apparently thought that the Divinity School and the Chapel were all tied in with each other and that both were thoroughly provided for.

When Dean Soper resigned to accept the presidency of Ohio Wesleyan University, Dr. Elbert Russell was appointed to succeed him. Dr. Russell had been connected with the faculty from almost the beginning of the school and had won the respect and affection of both students and faculty. For thirteen years he was the nominal head of the school, presiding over its functions, representing it on commencement occasions and at other times whenever it was appropriate. I used the word "nominal" because he was given neither full rein nor free hand in the workings of the school. He once declared that he soon learned, upon taking over the deanship, that a man could not work *with* President Few but could only work *for* him. He contented himself, therefore, with doing the best that he could under the prescribed circumstances and allowed the President to have his way without protest. The President proceeded to have his way. If he chose to employ a man on the faculty, he did so at times without seeking information or advice from those who were directly connected with the particular field. If he

wanted to change a man from one field to another, he followed his own judgment without bringing the matter to the faculty for advice or confirmation. He was so interested in the work of the school that he frequently sat in its sessions, presiding, and directing its affairs. His constant appearance was both an irritation and a thing of amusement. During a part of that period, sharp rivalries were manifest at times between individuals or cliques. If one faction first took a given position on a subject, the other side was sure to be fostered by the opposing party. At times the debates were sharp and almost unmannerly. Sometimes the issue became so keen that we went to the meetings ready to tear into each other and have a neighborly "knock down and drag out" session. Just about the time we were mustering our energies for the battle, Dr. Few would come sauntering in, settle things his own way and leave us with our "suppressed desires" still suppressed. Like Tam O'Shanter's wife, "nursing her wrath to keep it warm" we had to wait until another session to explode.

Dr. Few was widely criticized for appointing a Quaker to head up the School of Religion. Not that there was any prejudice against Quakers as such. Duke University had its origin, as will be remembered, through the cooperation of Quakers and Methodists when York Institute was founded. Its immortal Dr. Braxton Craven had been reared in a Quaker home. No one could possibly question the sincerity and validity of the Quaker religion. It was felt, however, that a much better representation of the interest of the Methodist Church, in particular, and the conventional Protestant religion, in general, might have been made by someone who had a wider appreciation of the regular work of the church. The fact that the man in question was irreproachable in conduct and overwhelmingly religious might even work against the general interests of the conventional church life. Certainly there was danger that the students might be influenced to look askance at corporate worship and learn to value lightly the ritualistic life of the church with such a wonderful leader who took little interest in either. To have a leader who represented the institution at the great ecumenical conferences, talked convincingly about the fact that men were drawing ever nearer together in their beliefs and practices, and then refrain from partaking of the sacrament with his own students, caused considerable criticism.

Only once did Dr. Russell find himself compelled to act in keeping with the ritualistic movements of the school. On one occasion, Bishop Clare Purcell, a splendid churchman and staunch friend of the University, was ordaining some ministers in York Chapel. When the time came for the laying on of hands, Bishop Purcell asked Dr. Russell to join the group of ministers who placed their hands on the heads of the candidates for ordination. Dr. Russell did so, and I suspect this was the only time in his life when he was ritualistic. He himself was, I

think, not ordained. But from the days of the early church until this day no holier hands were ever placed upon the heads of those being ordained.

Dr. Russell was one of the saintliest men I have ever known. He radiated spirituality in his quiet way. His very presence was a condemnation of evil. His influence upon the student body was far-reaching. I have never heard a man give more wholesome and inspiring chapel meditations than those which he gave. In fact, Dr. Russell was one of the great preachers of his day. His style was simple. His appearance was unpretentious and unobtrusive. But his spirituality was always upon a high level. His language was chaste and expressive. His messages were uplifting and convincing. Naturally, I did not know of his ability as a teacher. But his students loved him and were greatly inspired by him. I think he had a better command of sacred literature than any other person I have known. Not only was his knowledge of the Bible thorough, but he was widely read and deeply versed in much of the world's best literature.

Dr. Russell resigned from the office of Dean in 1941 and was succeeded by Dr. Paul Neff Garber. The office was not strange to Dr. Garber. He had been Registrar since the school was founded and was intimately acquainted with its workings. With the possible exception of one other, I think that Paul knew more about the workings of the Divinity School than any other person throughout the years. I called him "Paul" because he and I were intimate friends from the days before the Divinity School was planned. He was connected with the History Department of Trinity College and was a popular and enthusiastic young teacher of secular history before he was invited to become a member of the staff of the School of Religion. He was a splendid tennis player and many were the contests which we staged. He matched his youth and energy against my perseverance and experience. It has been thirty years since first we met. I am old and retired while he is an honored and useful Bishop of the Methodist Church. But I shall always remember pleasantly our associations throughout the years. It was through his kindness that I was enabled to arrange my credits from Chicago and Trinity College so as to gain a B.D. degree from Duke. In fact, he went to the trouble to give me a course in Church History so that I would meet the requirements in that field. With only one in the class, there was no limitation as to speed, extent of my work, or any other factor. I have never had a more illuminating course. I shall never forget my interesting experiences with him at Lake Junaluska. Paul was sent to Junaluska to take over a dying summer school and perhaps hold its last funeral rites. He worked so hard and did the work so effectively that the school became a going concern and continued in a thriving fashion until the exigencies of war caused it to close. Or perhaps, he was too busy with

his new position to help with it further. Paul also was instrumental in securing my first honorary degree, the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Asbury. I am not so sure whether I helped or hindered him in his work as Dean. I hope he has forgotten any unpleasant side of it, if there were such.

Dr. Garber had the most romantic career religiously of any one whom I know. He was trained in a small denominational college, belonged to a small, but thoroughly conscientious and religious church group, became a Methodist, studied the history and polity of the church, became an authority on its history, and one of its most useful Bishops. He was a most prodigious worker. In his earlier days as Dean he undertook to write a book each year. His books were popular, thrilling, and, so far as I know, scholarly. His affability made him a great favorite with faculty and students alike at Duke. He was almost idolized by the members of the Western North Carolina Conference, with which he cast his lot upon becoming a Methodist.

Sometimes I would joke Dr. Garber about his prospects for becoming a bishop. He would protest that this was not at all in his thinking. He disclaimed any ambition for the office and said that he did not want it. I would say: "That's just what I like to hear you say. Keep it up. If I were your campaign manager I wouldn't want a better speech than that as a slogan. They'll simply make you take the office if you keep that up long enough." Of course this was all good-natured banter. It turned out to be literally true. The church practically drafted him for the office. His work, especially in the troublesome foreign zones during the readjustment period following the war was little short of miraculous.

Through no fault of his, the period of Dr. Garber's term of tenure as Dean was stormy. The very year that he assumed office, the "Japs" went on a rampage at Pearl Harbor. University campuses were greatly affected. New procedures were instituted in keeping with the demands of the emergency. Divinity School groups were especially affected. Throughout the country there had been a campaign by the church in favor of peace. It was a bit too much to expect men to change over night and become militaristic. There were many young men in our divinity schools throughout the land who took their Christianity seriously enough to be consistent, and did not hesitate to oppose the whole plan of the government with regard to war. Some of them became conscientious objectors. Others were militant pacifists. Personally there could never be any other course for me, than to support my country in time of danger. I do not suppose that the reading public would be especially interested in my views on war and peace. But since I became so deeply involved in these matters in connection with my work at Duke, perhaps a word on the subject will be appropriate. I believe that war is inexcusable. There has never been a righteous war

and never will be. Even the Crusades were prompted by love of power, pride, and profit. Wars are begun in every instance for greed, for the expansion of territorial claims, for selfish desires on the part of nations. After wars are begun, the war-mongers work up slogans, platforms, purposes and aims of the particular war in order to enlist the church and other moral forces behind the cause. "A war to end war"; "To make the world safe for democracy"; "To bring the lights back on again all over the world"; "To protect the four freedoms," these have a pleasing and convincing sound, but they are only afterthoughts of men who realize that a war must be sold to the public before it can be won. After saying all this, the fact remains, in my judgment, that when a country becomes involved in war there is nothing for any citizen to do but to assist in carrying on to the successful conclusion of the conflict. To do less is to me unthinkable. I am not quite as patriotic as Commodore Decatur: "My country may she always be right, but my country right or wrong," but I do not fall far short of it. I have no patience at all with the cheap slurs of the columnist who said that one had as well say: "My mother, may she always be sober, but my mother drunk or sober." "I'll buy that," to use a slang phrase. I would stand by my mother under any circumstances. I fail to see how any one can do less for his country. I came by this hopelessly patriotic attitude honestly. My father was a Confederate Veteran. He served through all four years of the war without being drafted. He was wounded twice. But when the war was over, he became a citizen of the United States again and never did I hear him speak a single word in bitterness against his country. I have no patience with any man who accepts the protection of his country and refuses to give it aid in time of peril.

As to the form of aid which is given, that is optional. I also had a hard time understanding why any man, who was a minister, could fail to see that his work as chaplain was necessary and commendable. The boys who were drafted into the army, and who were sent to kill and be killed, were members of our churches and needed spiritual aid. I, therefore, gave whatever support I could to the drive for chaplains from our schools. In the Duke Divinity School there was such a strong opposition among the students to war that pressure was put upon men who were inclined to be patriotic. Some of our younger graduates were rather outspoken in opposition to the war and caused a great deal of criticism on the part of our constituency. It was true that they had a right to do this. Freedom of the pulpit has been one of great heritages. But there were those who thought it rather inconsistent and ungrateful for ministers to refuse to support the land which had given them that freedom. There were also thousands of mothers and fathers who sent their sons to war as a patriotic duty, and then were heartbroken over the failure of the church to furnish these boys suffi-

cient spiritual aid and guidance. The Fellowship of Reconciliation had done a splendid piece of work indoctrinating university students against war and in favor of many things which seemed to be against Christian Ethics. The fine man who had been at the head of the Divinity School for more than a decade, along with some conscientious, splendid colleagues, had indoctrinated many students with a sort of fanaticism. I suppose if I had felt as they did, I would have fought just as hard as they did for what they considered just and right. But I do not think it was right for pressure to be put on those who wanted to think for themselves and who considered themselves duty bound to support the government. I strove, therefore, to get at least an even break for the men who wanted to be patriotic.

My first clash with the Pacifists came at a Washington's Birthday party which was given in the form of a tea. Several ladies of the faculty group were kind enough to prepare and serve the refreshments and also to furnish the decorations. In part, these consisted of a large number of flags, American, British, French and other nations which were fighting on the allied side. Some thoughtless students, probably not realizing that they were insulting not only our flag but the ladies who were kind enough to assist us, drew the German Swastika and the Japanese Sun on handkerchiefs and placed them among the flags of the allies. When I discovered them, I removed them as quietly as possible without calling the matter to the attention of anyone. Shortly afterwards I traced the ownership of the handkerchiefs through the laundry mark and reported the names of the boys to the Dean. They were called in and properly reprimanded and they offered a very satisfactory apology in writing. Word reached the F.B.I. of the incident and its representative tried to get me to give him the names of the offenders. However, I thought that their conduct was not as bad as it looked and asked the privilege of withholding their names. I wanted to protect the boys, but I wanted even more to keep our school from any possible unpleasant notoriety. I am afraid that some of the boys did not appreciate my courtesy. One did, however, and although I indirectly opposed his joining of the North Carolina Conference later, he was friendly and quite understanding. I do not think I have a better friend in the Conference. The last time I saw this fine fellow he was dressed in the attractive uniform of a Chaplain in the Air Force. That was the beautiful thing about our boys. In spite of the fact that they were conscientiously opposed to war, the majority of them were willing to serve their country because they thought the cause of humanity was a higher call than their individual consciences. Our school sent more men to the chaplaincy than any other theological seminary in America in proportion to the number of graduates. I think that some of them took seriously an observation which I made to the class

one morning. One fine young fellow blurted out: "But I must save my own soul." I replied: "A man does not really love a thing unless he is willing to risk going to hell for it."

The real clash, and for me a crash, came when I made the address before the North Carolina Conference Historical Society. I was invited to speak on the subject, "Methodism and War." After tracing the relationship between patriotism and religion and combating, what is to me, the silly notion that religion knows no national bounds, I traced the history of our church with regard to war. When I came to our own situation in connection with the war then in progress, I suspect that I allowed my emotions to get the upperhand of me. I have just finished reading that speech, which I still treasure as a reminder of the one address I had rather have made than any other in my more than fifty years of public speaking. I shall not clutter this book with too long an account of its contents. But I should like for the boys who were most concerned to know some of the things I said at that hour. I plead with our men to serve their people. I stressed the fact that the people would respect them even the more if they served in spite of their hatred of war. I suggested the service which they might render boys in far off lands, sick and dying, lonely and in despair. I pointed out the service which we might render in homes which had received the inevitable: "Your government regrets to inform you" notice of death. I suggested that no man would want a preacher palavering over the body of his dead boy who had foolishly denounced that boy as a murderer. I admitted the right of any minister to say what he thought was the truth, and urged patience and tolerance. I pointed out the fact that these young men were misled by their elders and that these elders had come by their own convictions conscientiously. But having done that, I also stated that there was nothing in the Methodist policy of leniency which demands that we overlook or condone wilful violations of law. There was nothing which placed us under obligation to accept men in our brotherhood who deliberately defied the government and went to jail instead of conforming to reasonable requirements, or who connived at the violation of law and even helped picket embassies of countries friendly to our cause. I may have been a bit too rough on conscientious objectors, and have always regretted hurting the feelings of some friends whose sons were of that group.

The speech caused more comment than any other I have ever made. I am told that the greater part of the comment was favorable. At the conclusion of the speech, the church echoed to the ceiling with loud and long applause. But the aftermath was yet to come. A few days after I returned home, I was accosted by a student, incidentally one of the offenders in the foreign flag episode, who asked that he might have a conference with me. I soon saw that he was taking me to task for

making that speech. It must be borne in mind that the speech was not made at Duke University, that I was not making it as a Duke professor, but as a member of the North Carolina Conference, and that it was given as the result of a direct invitation to speak on a particular subject. After he had set forth his grievances, such as the fact that I had denounced some of my colleagues and had also opposed the admission of Duke students into the fellowship of our conference, the student intimated that unless I was willing to do something about the speech, all would not be well. I asked him if he heard the speech, to which he replied in the negative. I asked him if he would like to hear it, and offered to repeat it before the student body. That was the last thing he did want. He knew that three-fourths of the students would be won over to my point of view. He said he did not care to hear it. I offered to let him have the manuscript to read, but he was not interested in that. He suggested his only interest in the matter was that I make some sort of concessions or retractions which would soften the attitude of the students to me. He thought that unless some attempt were made to appease them it would be just too bad. I am not sure that my reaction to this theological blackmail was too much in accord with the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. I told him that I was speaking in my own rights, away from the campus, and said what I thought was the truth. I recounted my experience in hearing that first statement of academic rights ever pronounced at our institution and informed him that it was too late for me to begin to ask him, or any other man, what I should say. I firmly, and none too gently, told him that he could "go sit on a tack." He went, but I sat on the tack! Open boycott was entered into and for one or two terms I had practically no elective students at all. Pacifist alumni showed up at the registration date for two or three semesters. I have no proof of their interference with the registration, but it seems to me that there was some very close relationship between the boycott and their appearance.

To make matters worse, I was undergoing the worst combination of unpleasant circumstances which I have ever had to face. Obligations to unfortunate relatives caused almost bankruptcy, financially and physically. Nervous tension resulted in affliction which would make Job seem comfortable in comparison. For months I did not sleep as much as two hours at a time. Infection followed an operation, and my suffering amounted to almost continuous agony. When I left the hospital, I was allowed to take with me a cushion which I could use to make relaxation more comfortable, and told to keep it as long as I needed it. It was never returned. I wore it out after five years of constant use. Sitting was prohibitively uncomfortable. To cap the climax, my inner ear became infected and caused horrible nausea for the first two or three hours of each day. I have taught many a

class too sick to stand up and too sore to sit down. I was compelled to lean against the wall while I taught. But during all those terrible days I did not miss a single class and never stopped smiling. I was so raw and irritated that it was necessary to take all the seams from my trousers and cover them with a long ulster such as doctors use in a hospital. At first I created a bit of merriment and curiosity, but the students were sympathetic and soon appreciated my efforts to keep going. One over-curious woman stopped me in the hall and said: "Look here, I won't be denied an answer. Will you tell me why you are wearing that long ulster?" I replied: "Well, if you must know, I have taken all the *seams* out of my trousers, and I think it would be *unseemly* to go about the halls in that condition without some sort of covering." She agreed with me. The nervousness caused the outbreak of my trouble; the trouble increased the nervousness. Thus a vicious circle was created which threatened to destroy my health and usefulness. No wonder I was hard to get along with. Perhaps this condition keyed me up to the point of resistance of wrong conditions in the school which otherwise might have been by-passed.

With the drafting of Dr. Garber for the bishopric, the need for a new dean was precipitated upon the University. We were all surprised at the election, for the simple reason that we did not figure upon the insistence of the church. We were sure that Dr. Garber could be elected, but we felt that the church politicians would place someone else in the office, especially in the light of some hard campaigning which was going on. We were happy to see Paul elected bishop but regretted to lose him as Dean. The most obvious successor was Dr. Harvie Branscomb. He had been with the school since its foundation, was a scholar, writer, and teacher of some renown. There is no doubt that his writings *The Life and Teachings of Jesus*, are among the most popular and reputable in that field. These books are included in the bibliography of practically every man who writes in that area today.

Personally, I have always found my feelings badly divided when thinking of Dr. Branscomb. In some respects our relationship had been very pleasant. He was an affable gentleman, a good neighbor, a cordial friend, and a congenial companion. I enjoyed my tennis matches with him, although he was by far the superior player. I was largely instrumental in bringing him to Duke. He was teaching in the church school at Lake Junaluska. At that time he was not sure as to whether he would major in the field of psychology or New Testament. He gave a course dealing with young people and their social and religious interests. Dr. Few commissioned me to investigate his ability as a teacher, which I gladly did. In fact, I sat in the room next to where he was teaching and listened to him without his being aware that I was listening. I was not eavesdropping but over-listening. I was charmed both with the man and his work and so reported to Presi-

dent Few. He was employed as a teacher in the department of religion and worked under my direction for a couple of years.

I have a feeling that from the very first Dr. Branscomb was opposed to me professionally, although apparently not personally. I regret the difficulty which we had with each other more than any unpleasantness which has happened in my teaching career. As I have already suggested, he was agreeable and affable. I was very fond of his family. His boys and I were good pals and enjoyed burning off fields, picking up apples, making cider, and engaging in other enjoyable pastimes. But for some reason Dr. Branscomb did not seem to appreciate me as much as I did myself. He apparently did not seem to think that I knew my field, although he had no way of knowing. Through the twenty years that we were colleagues he never once discussed my work with me in such a way as to discover my knowledge of its contents or my acquaintance with the field. Once in a moment of combined braggadocio and exasperation, I offered to wager a thousand dollars that I knew more about his field than he did about mine; more about my field than he did about his; and more about the entire field of religion than he did. The wager was not carried out. Probably neither of us had the thousand dollars.

Perhaps it would be appropriate here to make a statement as to my position on several matters which affected the welfare of the University and also the cause of religion. Personally, I have been a theoretical ultra-liberal in religious thinking, but rather conventional in religious practices. I have already mentioned the hostility against me in my earlier teaching career because of my liberality in thinking. But I have always practiced conservatism when it came to a matter of putting into practice my ideas. I have held to the logical and reasonable position that a university does not belong to its faculty and administration alone. Neither does it belong to any given generation of students. All of us are part of an unbroken chain which runs throughout the entire career of the institution. Hence, no generation of students, or of staff either, has a right to take drastic action which would jeopardize the welfare of the institution. We must remember to keep sacred the heritage which has been handed down to us and should not carelessly or rashly overthrow the work which has been done before us. This does not mean that "the shadow of dead men's hands" should intimidate us and throttle our efforts, but it does mean that we should have a wholesome respect for the opinion of others and a high regard for the work of others.

Too, I have never fallen too much in love with the so-called social gospel. I think that it arose among people who had lost their belief in conventional religion and such ideas as immortality. Their hearts were better than their heads, and so they sought to build a religious faith to which they could reasonably subscribe. Then they began to persuade

themselves that the old-fashioned minister was afraid to tackle the problems of the present age, and, therefore, he talked about the future. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The old-fashioned minister preached about heaven and hell and immortality, but he was none the less interested in the present world and its reformation. In fact, the vehemence with which he attacked such social evils as intemperance would put to shame any modern reformer that I know. Soon the social gospel group became militant social reformers and nosed into every phase of social action seeking whom they might reform. That there is a place for, and a need for, such reformation cannot be doubted. But too many social reformers are working with the symptoms rather than the causes of evil and fail to stress the basic needs of humanity.

My philosophy of religion and education is to the effect that the sole end of both religion and education is to develop God-like personality. All activities, systems, philosophies, theologies, are of value in direct proportion to the way in which they brighten this development. Doubtless it is of value to stress social action insofar as it provides for a better development of the personalities of mankind and insofar as it furnishes an arena in which individual souls may be developed. There is a great tendency on the part of reformers to pay too much attention to minor details of social conduct and to ignore the fundamental concepts back of human life. I do not have any hope for the bringing to pass of the Kingdom of God in history. I think that this world is but a training ground for the personalities of mankind and that the struggles and difficulties here are for the purpose of bringing about the desired development. Therefore, it seems to me that we place too much stress upon incidentals and not enough upon fundamentals. So when our reformers get all bothered about poll tax, segregation, industrial inequalities and the like, I am not too much interested. Much of the trouble which we have confronted has arisen because of the fact that our reformers insist upon making major religious issues of minor political ones. So long as this takes place, we may expect the church to be badly divided on these issues and negligent of more serious ones.

Duke University has been more or less conservative in the fields mentioned, and naturally I was accused of standing pat because the institution was conservative. This doubtless influenced me to some extent, but I also treated each phase for what it might be worth and not because of any attitude which the institution might take. So when the students got wrought up over the Bill of Rights, I waxed cool because I thought, and think, that it was purely political in purpose and contained more facts and less truth than any document I have ever known. When the CIO sent a representative to speak in York Chapel and he called our students brothers and sisters as if he represented a religious organization, I was frankly disgusted. Nor did I

take too kindly to the movement to name Henry Wallace as being a true representative of Jesus and promote him as a presidential candidate on a religious platform. Naturally those who were obsessed with such ideas resented my aloofness, or interference as the case might be. So I waxed less and less popular as religion got snowed under by cheap politics. This opposition came to a head in a petition asking that my work in religious education be discontinued as required work. This would have been equivalent to forcing me out of the field entirely. All that the students would have to do would be to refuse to sign for my courses and I would be forced to go back to undergraduate teaching and leave them free to continue their pet projects unhindered and unopposed. I think that the movement originated with two students who resented my reporting them for unfair actions with regard to term papers. One student turned in three papers. He typed them himself and did the work very neatly. But in his hurry he copied the name of the original writer on his third paper rather than his own. This complete give away was followed up and it was discovered that not only had the man copied another man's paper, but this paper had been already used once for credit in another department. The man resented the exposure and a petition was started. How far it might have made progress I do not know. The naval officer in charge of work at Duke heard that some of his men had signed the petition and ordered them to take their names off immediately.

Because I thought that I was fighting for a principle and safeguarding the best interests of the University, I held on to my place with a death-like grip. "The good of the cause" is a fine motivation and I felt strongly that I was allied with such a good. I thought that my position on these problems was the cause of the opposition to me rather than the one which was suggested. Dean Branscomb told me that the boys said I was trying to oust a couple of their favorite teachers, and that they were going to get me first. As a matter of fact, I had never said a word against the use of either of the teachers as members of the teaching staff, although I did object to one as an official. One of these was my staunch friend. He was one of the few men I have ever know who could disagree with one and yet maintain a fine Christian attitude toward him.

One rather clever official way of attempting to force me out of the work was an effort made to strengthen the department of religious education. It was announced that such an enlargement and improvement would take place at once. I soon began to suspect that an ulterior motive was behind the whole movement. If such a teacher could be found, the majority of the work might be shifted to him and I be left flat. But even then I played the game and seriously assisted in the finding of a desirable person. Two or three came to be interviewed. One was the late, lamented Nevin Harner, an excellent gentleman and

a good man in his field. He was being considered for a larger position, however, and refused our invitation. I made every honest attempt to secure a satisfactory person. I nominated three men for the position but failed to get them even considered. Two of these have since attained places of national importance in our church work. Eventually it became quite evident that there was nothing to be gained by further attempts to secure a new man. It was quite apparent that if we secured one, the department would not be enlarged so far as required work, extension of activities, or any other important line was concerned. So I stood firm in my refusal to go further in the attempt to secure another man in my field.

I repeat that I think that Dr. Branscomb probably thought he was working for the best interests of the University in his attitudes toward me. I am willing to concede that, even when it looked as if he were serving his selfish interests, he probably thought that he was working for the much-talked-about "good of the cause." With both his methods and judgment, I was sharply in disagreement. One specific instance in which I thought he was wrong was in the sudden development of the Graduate Department of the Divinity School. I think the ultimate outcome was satisfactory. I believe that we have a graduate department which will compare favorably with the majority of such departments in America. But I feel that it might have been developed in a more satisfactory manner. We had been giving graduate work in religion ever since I took charge of the department in 1918. From the first, Professor Cannon and I directed Master's theses and sent many students to the higher institutions of learning to work for the doctor's degree. I think that the school was wrong in allowing all so-called two hundred courses to be listed as work for graduate credit but I do not think that such a drastic step as was taken should have been taken without allowing the faculty of the school to have at least some voice in the movement. Suddenly, without warning, we discovered that we had a graduate department of the Divinity School, that certain members of our faculty were to be accounted as worthy of membership on the graduate faculty, and the others were rated merely as teachers in the Divinity School. Fields of study serious enough for graduate research and investigation were omitted because those in charge did not have the doctor's degree; teachers with the doctor's degree were left out because their work was of too practical a nature to admit of research methods. I do not think that those who were admitted to the graduate faculty felt any sense of superiority or showed any attitude of an objectionable sort. But the inevitable discrimination was shown by the students. Students were naturally inclined to major with the "scholars" rather than the mere teachers. The work became extremely top-heavy toward the theoretical side of religion and the practical aspects were neglected. This seemed to me to be at variance with the

wishes of Mr. Duke and those who had sponsored and promoted the Divinity School. Our chief purpose was supposed to be the training of ministers, not merely scholars, and while scholarship is never to be despised, it is not the fundamental basis of preaching. Nor did it seem to me to be strictly ethical to give Duke Foundation scholarships to men who were not planning to enter the ministry but who were training specifically for the teaching profession.

After a long period of unpleasant and strained relationships, the whole scheme of study was changed and the old major system was discarded for what seems a much more satisfactory arrangement. This provided for the specific training of men along the lines in which they expected to do the greater part of their life's work, whether it be teaching or preaching. It also makes possible the proper balance between the practical and theoretical. Nor did the change hurt the graduate aspects of our work. I repeat that I think our graduate work is almost as good as any in America, and is perhaps at the peak of its efficiency.

The other far-seeing but short-sighted policy of Dean Branscomb which I opposed was his plan to use persons of other than the Christian faith upon the faculty at the expense of the adherents of other religions. A case in point was the kind willingness of certain Jewish philanthropists to pay the salary of Jewish scholars who would teach in the University without any expense on our part. I have the highest regard for the Jewish race and for their contribution to the religious life of the world. I do not subscribe whole-heartedly to the idea that the Judeo-Christian tradition is infallible or that the Jewish contribution to Christianity is overwhelmingly above the influence of other religions upon it. In fact, it would be none too difficult to trace the effect of Zoroastrianism, Mithraism, and the ancient Babylonian and Egyptian religions upon our faith, and not all of these influences came through the Jewish media. I think we are greatly dependent upon Old Testament literature for some of the finest and highest ideals of our own religion. Nor do I have any antipathy to Jewish teachers. One of the greatest men in the religious field whom I have ever known and whom I am proud to claim as a friend, is the distinguished Rabbi Morris Lazaron, who has preached several times at Duke. I would be willing to have a man of the Jewish faith teach in the Divinity School *if we paid his salary*. I thought it was none too satisfactory to have a man upon our staff who was so hopelessly committed to his traditions as to refuse to eat chicken at a dinner given in honor of one of his Jewish colleagues who was visiting the campus, merely because the chicken had not been properly sanctified by his prescribed ritual. I have no objection to a man's acting that way if he feels that he ought to do so, but I think it is stressing an incidental as a fundamental, and is too narrow for a modern progressive university.

This was not the main crux of the issue, however. Those who paid the salary of the visiting professor were not quite satisfied with the limited field in which he worked. So there was an attempt made to get some work for him in the undergraduate field, also. There was no objection to this and such a course was arranged. Still the demand came from some of our men for a still larger scope of influence for him. A demand was made that he be allowed to give courses in religion which would be accepted as meeting the requirements for graduation. Again, I would not object to having a Jew teach undergraduate religion as meeting the demands for the Old Testament side of the requirements. But to allow a man who was *paid by outsiders* to give work in undergraduate religion, thus meeting the requirements for graduation, would throw the university open to every religion or denomination which wanted to control the religious training of its own people or who wanted to take advantage of the situation to propagandize its faith. So it seemed necessary to combat the movement even though it might have made some of us seem rather narrow and provincial.

Under the brief tenure of Dean Branscomb quite an improvement was made in our teaching force. Several outstanding teachers were added to our faculty and the work made great progress. He was invited to become Chancellor of Vanderbilt University and after considerable hesitation he accepted, leaving us again without a dean.

Dr. Paul Root, a graduate of the Divinity School, and a member of the faculty at Southern Methodist University, was chosen to succeed Dr. Branscomb. He did not live to assume the duties of his office, and for a year we were working under the direction of certain committees with Dr. Gilbert T. Rowe acting as Chairman of the Faculty. It is impossible either to describe Dr. Rowe or properly appraise his influence in the Divinity School. He came to us from one of the general boards of the church where for some years he was Book Editor. He had filled every type of office short of the bishopric, minister, presiding elder, and the rest. He was rated highly as a preacher and was especially notable for his fearless promotion of the liberal point of view throughout the church. My associations with him as a colleague were always pleasant. It would be difficult to put on paper an adequate description of his methods of teaching. But his men all loved him and gained great inspiration from his teaching. It is doubtful if any man connected with the Divinity School ever made a greater impression upon his students than did Dr. Rowe. Incomparable, inimitable, indescribable, unpredictable, he was "in a class right by himself," to quote an over-quoted phrase. He had the finest Christian spirit of almost any man I have known. No matter how sharp a controversy might become, he always remained unruffled and met criticism with a sweet and disarming smile. His insight into the nature of men was

almost uncanny. If I dared give his analysis of many men known to my readers, this book would be extremely fascinating for that one reason. He was at his best in conversation but that doesn't mean that he fell short at any other point. He was, and still is long after he has retired, rated as one of the most effective speakers in our church.

One incident which is told in a spirit of fun, and is not to be taken too seriously, may be of interest to my readers. I sometimes tell Dr. Rowe that he never did forgive me for "stealing the show" from him one night at Lake Junaluska. We were teaching there in the summer session with classes held separate from the regular shorter sessions sponsored by the various boards of the church. An unusual addition to the usual run of conventions of various sorts held at the Lake was one known as the College of the Salvation Army. Several hundred of the leaders of that great movement were there for a couple of weeks' study, devotion, inspirational lectures, and other activities. When Commencement night came, they sent to the Mission Inn, now Lambeth Hall and invited several of us to be their guests and speakers on that occasion. Dr. Elmer T. Clark was invited to represent the Methodist Church at large, Dr. Rowe was to represent Duke University, and I just went along. These were supposed to make short addresses. I agreed to read Vachel Lindsay's famous poem, *General William Booth Enters Heaven*.

It was very soon evident that the group invited us to see and hear them rather than to tell them something. I have never seen such a meeting. Dozens of the people would be on their feet at the same time, clamoring for recognition in their eagerness to give their experiences. When prayer was called for, a half dozen or more would be praying at the same time. Emotionalism ran high. It was, indeed, an impressive and stirring service. Finally they asked that we take part in the service. I was really ashamed of my colleagues. They evidently were not expecting that sort of meeting and were not keyed up to it. Dr. Clark made a very few remarks to the effect that he was glad to represent the great Methodist Church in bringing them greetings. He had observed their marvelous work all over the world and he hoped that they would continue this work. Dr. Rowe said that as the representative of a great institution of learning he wanted to express his opinion that learning and religion were not incompatible, in fact the motto of our institution was *eruditio et religio*. He thought the high emotional fervor of the Salvation Army was a great contribution to the work of the kingdom and he hoped they would never let it die out. I saw that the group had not expected that sort of speech, so I decided to make one myself. To start with, I realized that this was the only audience I ever faced which would really appreciate that magnificent poem. I expected a fine reaction from reading it and tipped off the pianist and chorister to be ready to sing the old

Salvation Army Song, "Are You Washed in the Blood of the Lamb." This title is used over and over again as a repetend in the poem which I read. But before I read it I spoke to them in praise of their work and assured them of my own hearty sympathy with the work. I think I perhaps over-spoke myself for the speech had an overwhelming effect upon that audience. When I finished my exhortation, I read the poem and then signalled the choir leader. The whole group burst spontaneously into that highly emotional song. They were completely overcome with emotion. I have never seen anything like that burst of feeling since the old camp meeting days.

Dr. Rowe's description of that meeting is exceedingly funny. He said: "Spence lied like a hound dog. He told them that he approved of their shouting and that he wasn't a bit too good to shout now if he felt like it. He said that his old grandfather shouted forty-eight hours before he died and that he, himself shouted forty-six straight hours at a time once. He just lied, that's all." But I knew that the good Doctor simply regretted that he passed up the best chance of his life to stir the multitudes, and his exaggeration was kindly malicious.

While writing about the old-timers and the retired, I want to pay tribute to my old colleague and fellow-worker in the church, Dr. J. M. Ormond. Both Drs. Rowe and Ormond were Trinity graduates of the olden time before I ever came to Durham. Dr. Rowe was a member of the Western North Carolina Conference, while Dr. Ormond was a member of the North Carolina Conference. Both had this much in common: they were among the most popular and useful members of their respective conferences. Each of them headed up important boards in his local conference and each was on important committees of the general church. Each was repeatedly a member of the General Conference and each usually headed his delegation. Dr. Ormond had done remarkable work as a rural pastor, as well as city pastor, and was called to Southern Methodist University to teach Pastoral Theology. He came to help us at Trinity in 1923 and remained with us until his retirement a few years ago. During that time he was not only a beloved and effective teacher, but he was extremely useful as a public representative, also. He was Dean of the Pastors' School for fifteen years, and had charge of the Duke Foundation for a score or more years. The value of his service in assigning students to assist in summer work, as well as in distributing funds for the building and re-pairing of country churches and parsonages, was incalculable.

Dr. Harold A. Bosley, Pastor of the Mount Vernon Methodist Church of Baltimore, was the next person appointed to the deanship of the Divinity School. Dr. Bosley had made an excellent record as minister in that great church and appeared to have all of the qualifications for leadership. Our faculty had been consulted with regard to the selection of a dean but were unable to come to any definite conclusion.

I was to be in New York during the session of the summer school for pastors, which was being held at Union Theological Seminary. Dr. Bosley was slated to lecture each day for the week. President Flowers asked me to observe him and his work and report back as to his availability for the deanship. I was greatly impressed with Dr. Bosley from the moment I first saw him, and when I heard him speak I knew that here was one of the finest lecturers and most attractive personalities I had ever met. I observed him for a few days and was increasingly impressed by his depth of thought, ease of expression, attractiveness of manner, democracy of attitude, and geniality of spirit. Finally, I asked him if he would play a game with me. He agreed, and we sat out in the quadrangle at Union and "played like." I played like I had a position to offer him at Duke, and he played like he was considering it. Of course, we both knew that the interview was entirely unofficial. I had nothing to offer and he was not considering the imaginary offer seriously. But I was impressed with the man and his greatness. He had been offered two or three important places in connection with some of our larger theological schools and had refused them. It seemed unreasonable to believe that he would consider Duke's offer, if one should be made. When I returned and went to see President Flowres to make my report, the Executive Committee was in session. He had been greatly worried because such little progress had been made in the selection of a new dean. He was delighted at my report and recommended that Dr. Bosley be approached on the matter. After considerable negotiations, he was secured to head up our school.

I was very proud of my part in securing Dr. Bosley for this position. I still am. He is the only public representative Duke University has had since Dr. Kilgo was elected bishop, who could command attention just by walking out on a platform. He was tremendous in stature, handsome in form and features, energetic, vivacious, confident, poised, and self-controlled.

He had been a great athlete as well as a brilliant student while in school. Men were invariably impressed by his appearance. He was even more impressive when he spoke. I have known few men who were more eloquent, more thoughtful, and more convincing in the pulpit or on the rostrum. He asked odds of no one when it came to discussing deep and difficult problems. He is the only man I have known who could meet scientist and philosopher in discussions of profound problems and hold his own easily. On one occasion he addressed the general faculty at Duke on the place of religion in education and made such a clear case for religion that no one could successfully controvert his position.

Dr. Bosley made a definite contribution to Duke University in that he gained much favorable publicity for the institution through his lectures and preaching. He was more interested in the rostrum than

he was in the office, but that was in accordance with his theory of the contribution which a dean should make to a school. His dynamic disposition caused him to chafe against being cooped in an office while he longed to be on the platform. After all, it is difficult for a thoroughbred race horse to adjust himself to plow-harness, however necessary that may be. During his tenure the school made many important changes in its curriculum, requirements for graduation, as well as along other vital lines. The general tone of the school was boosted and many concessions gained toward its improvement.

A very amusing incident occurred while he was dean which brought about some publicity of dubious value. One afternoon, Mr. Dan Hill (of Rose Bowl fame, now on our athletic staff) and I were watching a ball game when suddenly we both looked up and saw a "flying saucer" in the distance. It flashed across our field of vision for a few seconds and then disappeared. We had no idea what it was, nor do we yet know. It was a large round disc in appearance and reflected a sort of white light such as is seen when the sun's rays are reflected from a crystal ball. We reported the incident to the morning paper and were twitted good-naturedly for "seeing things." It is natural for folks who don't see things themselves to doubt that others saw them. One morning I looked from a window of an uptown office and saw a large red object floating through the air. When it turned, it flapped its wings and stretched its long legs and I realized that I was looking at perhaps the only flamingo which had ever come as far north as North Carolina. My good friend, N. I. White, took a shot at me in one of his clever poems and suggested that it was not so strange that I should "see red" but that he was surprised that I didn't see double. However that may be, I saw this "saucer" and reported it. The following week, Dr. Franklin Young of our faculty saw a similar object in the same general direction and also reported it. We were both the object of good natured "joshing" for several days. Someone suspended a saucer, with small wings attached, from the ceiling in the Divinity School Building. The climax of the joke came when Dean Bosley undertook to get in on the fun. He issued an official proclamation to the effect that hereafter any member of his staff who saw a flying saucer should clear through his office before giving the news to the public. Of course, he was joking, but many of the students took him seriously and protested against his apparent attempt to suppress the truth. Several came to me and reminded me of our heritage of academic freedom, urged me to stand by my statement and assured me of their backing. A few weeks later, the *New Yorker* came out with a prominent announcement of the episode and a comment to this effect on Dean Bosley's ban on publicity: "If this man Bosley had been Dean during the time of Moses, we would never have had the story of the

Burning Bush." I have always wondered if the editor was really serious.

Much of the detail work during Dr. Bosley's tenure of office was attended to by the Reverend George Brinkmann Ehlhardt, who served as Registrar for the Divinity School. George was a rare character and choice spirit, to use two conventional and trite terms in describing him. My relations with him were nearly always pleasant. I was first impressed with him when he was a student in the school. Even as a first year man he was in wide demand for various types of work in other schools, such as holding religious emphasis week, and performing other services. In fact he was away from my classes so often I determined to "flunk" him if possible. His written work and examinations were of such excellent quality that I ended with giving him a good grade. George was also Librarian of the Divinity School for quite a while and rendered excellent service in that capacity. He was instrumental in forming the H. H. Jordan Minister's Loan Circulating Library, named in honor of one of our well-known Methodist ministers, an alumnus of the institution, and father of several of our rather distinguished alumni, including a vice-president, trustee, and other loyal supporters. It would be difficult to appraise fully Ehlhardt's contribution to the institution.

Mrs. Spence and I were the recipients of many favors at George's hands. I think the thing which endeared him most to us was his kindness to me during a severe siege of hospitalization. In my old age I had gone childish and developed a case of appendicitis. An emergency operation was performed and for several days I was thoroughly incapacitated for work of any sort. To add to the difficulty, my illness occurred just before the end of the term and I not only had my regular work to do in connection with theses and examinations, but I was also responsible for the detailed management of the Convocation which was to follow immediately after the closing of school. It seemed as if it would be utterly impossible to attend to this work. George volunteered to take over the work and thus relieved me of the greater part of this heavy task. The Convocation would doubtless have been a failure without his kindly and timely assistance.

But to return to my work in the Divinity School under Dr. Bosley. For the greater part of the time my work went smoothly and without any unpleasant incidents. In contrast with the past, it was as if a storm-tossed ship should suddenly come out of the raging seas into the quiet and safety of a landlocked harbor. My one exciting experience had to do with the proposed bringing of the session of the World Council of Churches to the Duke campus. The first session had been held in Amsterdam. Those in charge were anxious to hold the second session in America. It was necessary to find some place where men

and women of all races might be entertained and cared for without racial or other discrimination. The organization had a world-wide prominence and the amount of publicity which would have been given the host-institution or community would have been tremendous. It seemed very desirable that we should bring this great convention to Durham. Feelers had been extended by those representing the Council and tentative acceptance had been given to their requests for entertainment at Duke and in Durham. A wonderful cooperation seemed available on the part of all involved. The inevitable question of racial segregation arose and for a while it seemed as if it could be settled satisfactorily. Then suddenly a bombshell was thrown into the camp in the form of a special edition of a Negro newspaper which had an exaggerated statement concerning the situation at Duke University. The unfortunate appearance of this article the night before the trustees were to make the final decision as to entertaining the Council caused those who had hitherto favored the project to reverse their position, and the invitation was not extended.

The problem of extending the privileges of the facilities of Duke University to members of the colored race had been a difficult one for years. Always there had been the most helpful and pleasant relationships between representatives of the institution and colored people and institutions. The Dukes had backed colored institutions with their money and influence. When the Library and Craven Memorial Hall were torn away in the rebuilding of the Woman's College, these buildings were removed to Kittrell College for Negroes and rebuilt upon that campus. Dr. Flowers had been a trustee both for the North Carolina College for Negroes and for Lincoln Hospital. Many others on our staff had helped with the advancement of education among the colored people. We have always allowed colored people to make a limited use of our libraries and attend such meetings and conventions as our Convocation, the Phillip Brooks' Club, and other semi-public groups. I have a feeling that if the proponents of Negro rights and privileges had not been too impatient, a great cooperative movement might have been carried out in Durham which would have been the most remarkable of its kind in the world. There were some of us who were dreaming of the time when sufficient funds might be obtained for the North Carolina College for Negroes to make of it a great Negro university with facilities equivalent to any in America. Students in that institution might have been allowed to take advanced work at Duke or Carolina and have their credits granted through their own institutions without raising the question of granting degrees from these other institutions. I am afraid that this movement, as well as other developments of a wholesome sort, have been set back for many years.

The whole problem of racial relationships is a difficult one, and one which will probably never be settled entirely satisfactorily in America. I shall not attempt to throw light upon it here, but since I have been accused, on many occasions, of being prejudiced in this matter I should like very much to state my own position with regard to the colored race. I have personally been very fond of colored people all my life. I have tried to treat them as nearly as possible according to the standards set in the Sermon on the Mount. So far as I can recall, I have never spoken unkindly or harshly to a colored person. In forty years of being a householder I have never discharged a servant, docked one's pay for illness, or required one to pay for damaged or broken property. I have never asked a servant to undertake a task which I would not willingly help him perform. I have respected the rights of colored people and treated them with every courtesy. I have preached for them, visited their sick, and cared for their destitute. I have cooperated with them in their religious and other services. I have used them in my own pageants and written pageants for them to produce. But I have felt that the steady and significant progress which has been made by that race would be far more permanent if there were not a complete breakdown of all barriers too suddenly. The race problem in America is without parallel in the whole world. There is no precedent for its settlement. Neither civil nor religious history recounts any similar situation. The religious fanatics who have stressed so strongly the obligations to break down all barriers have often seemingly failed to take into consideration any factor save one: their desire to have their own way and force other people to accept their point of view without due consideration of other people's rights or even fairly well-grounded prejudices. We weep over the sins committed against "the poor Indian" by the whole people, and sit complacently by while the movement is ever-increasingly stressed by reformers, both religious and political, which would take over the property of the people who earned it through hard labor and great struggle, and share it indiscriminately with those who have had little part in creating this property, and have shown little evidence of being able either to use it advantageously or to appreciate it.

Still the cry of the reformers rises ever higher. James Whitcomb Riley's little poem might well be paraphrased here: "The communists will get you if you don't look out." At the shakiest time in our country's history, many persons and groups who want some special consideration given them are hinting that unless!!!—The implication is obvious. I wonder just how much communistic influence there might possibly be behind this constant agitation.

From time to time there have been attempts made to secure the admission of Negroes to the Divinity School. I do not think there was

any member of the staff who would have been unwilling to teach them. Personally I have taught courses in colored schools and have appreciated the privilege of so doing. I have attended schools where colored students were on the same class with me, and have gladly assisted these students in any way I could. The students were not opposed to having them take courses, but there was always a larger factor to consider—the position of the University of which we were only a part. When Dr. Bosley came, there was a suggestion on the part of many that he might do something radical along this line. In fact, there was strong pressure brought to bear from some outside forces to secure a “new deal” for colored people in some of the organizations over which he had influence. His answer was invariably the same: “We are working with, and in, Duke University and must always act in accordance with the over-all pattern of which we are a part.” Student petitions were received and considered as carefully as possible. Proper recommendations were made to the board of trustees with regard to a consideration of the possible service we might be to the colored people in our work. All of us, however, were mindful of the fact that our school was in a different relationship to Duke University than other divinity schools were to the universities of which they were a part. Since our school was an integral part of the university and our building was used by both undergraduate and graduates students, the mingling of white and colored students would be a university matter and not simply one for our school and its limited number of students. Whatever our desires might have been, we were compelled to conform to the general custom of the university. Hints came strongly from other sections of the country that we were unchristian and not conforming to the suggestions of the General Conference as to our treatment of other races. Naturally those who did not understand our local situation grew impatient and were disappointed. A carefully worked out document had been formulated and was ready for presentation to the proper authorities when this Negro newspaper “jumped the gun” and precipitated the whole affair prematurely and with disastrous results. How the editor ever got hold of the information or the documents, I suppose we shall never know. I have always thought the whole matter was precipitated maliciously to place the University in an awkward position. The World Council, to which I have referred, was about to be brought to Duke. Those who wanted Negroes admitted to the Divinity School unrestrictedly evidently thought that if the matter were brought to a head one of two things would happen: either the University would be shown up as being inconsistent in appearing to be liberal in order to get a world wide publicity, or it would have to make concessions to the group who were clamoring for the admission of Negroes into the school on an equal basis with white persons. Whatever may have been the motive, and whoever might have been

the impatient betrayers of the cause, the results were sudden and decisive. The Board of Trustees refused to confirm the tentative invitation to the Council to meet at Duke. I went to the highest persons in authority and plead for a reversal of the decision, but to no avail. Subsequent events have proved that, as was frequently the case, I was wrong. At the rate unscrupulous agitators have been at work in our land since that time, I realize that the University and community would have been imposed upon and embarrassed beyond endurance if the Council had been brought here. As a matter of fact, world conditions caused an indefinite postponement of the meeting and it has not met yet. All the trouble was for nothing. Some of our disappointed friends intimated rather bitterly that some day the old fogies might die out and there would be a new day. I informed them that the older members of the controlling board were not opposed to the plan. But the younger members saw the political implications and refused to allow the University to fall victim to the clever schemes of parties who were trying to make religious issues of political plots and plans.

Upon the death of Dr. Ernest Fremont Tittle, Dr. Bosley was called to the pastorate of the First Methodist Church of Evanston, Illinois, and we were once more left without a dean. Some critical persons began to hint that there must be something wrong with a school which lost its administrative officers so frequently. A glance at the reason for their leaving may be revealing, if not illuminating. Dr. Soper resigned to become a college president. Dean Garber gave up the deanship to become a bishop—the highest office of the Protestant church. Dean Branscomb left us to accept the Chancellorship of Vanderbilt University, one of the finest of the universities of the South. Dr. Bosley returned to his first love, the pulpit, and became the pastor of one of the outstanding churches in America. The fact that men, who occupy the office of Dean of the Duke Divinity School, are sought to fill the larger and more important positions in the educational and religious world is a compliment to the school.

Upon the resignation of Dean Bosley, Dr. James Cannon was asked to act as Chairman of the Faculty for a few months. It soon became apparent that there were certain duties which could not be performed by one acting merely as chairman of the faculty. Dr. Edens appointed Dr. Cannon as Acting Dean until a proper person could be found to succeed Dr. Bosley. Dr. Cannon was the oldest member of the faculty in terms of service. He had been with the school from its foundation and was thoroughly informed as to its every need and interest. It was soon very apparent that there was no need of looking anywhere else for a dean. He was at hand. Dr. Cannon was appointed the sixth Dean of the Divinity School and was inaugurated with simple ceremonies in the spring of 1951. I have been asked many times: "Were you responsible for his appointment?" I will let President Hollis

Edens answer that question. In his Commission to the new dean he said: "A host of people had a part in this appointment though their participation was on an informal basis. The voices of faculty, students, alumni, ministers, and friends of the University were heard in the process of arriving at a decision. Duke University is fortunate in selecting for its leaders a goodly share of men and women who have loved the University long and served it well. You, Dr. Cannon, have earned your place on such a list. You know your institution and its constituency. Your faculty believes in you and looks to you for guidance."

I was honored by being selected to bring greetings from the faculty on that happy occasion. I am recounting here a part of the message which I brought that morning.

"For more than thirty years, Dean Cannon and I have taught and worked together. I bear simple testimony to the fact that in all that time I have never known him to shirk a task, refuse to do his share of the work, fail to do his duty willingly and effectively, or do a poor or mediocre piece of work.

"It has been this devotion to duty and this effective service which has kept him high in the respect of his colleagues for these many years. The high regard with which they have held him is attested by the fact that he has always been entrusted with the most difficult tasks, placed on the most important committees, and been looked up to as one whose judgment was to be respected at all times. It was no accident that when a man was needed for the high position which he now holds, without any previous agreement, or any collusion or planning, members of the faculty went to the office of the President and requested him not to look away from home for a dean but to appoint our time-honored, and thoroughly tested colleague for this position.

"Calm in his deliberations, careful in his decisions, fair in his judgments, considerate in his treatment of all alike, Dean Cannon possesses those traits which qualify a man for leadership especially in administrative positions. It is this ability, his unquestionable integrity, his boundless capacity for hard work, his unswerving devotion to duty, his loyalty to the church, this institution, and the general cause of religion and education which qualify Dr. Cannon for the high position which he now holds.

"My colleagues would have me express their supreme satisfaction at his appointment; their unlimited confidence in his integrity and ability, and their complete committal to the task of assisting him to carry on the work of this school on the high plane of its present endeavor with ever-increasing efficiency and an ever-widening sphere of service. To this end we pledge our unstinted efforts and unfaltering loyalty."

This was the end of my message, but the tendency of old age persists in reminiscing. I go back in memory to my youthful days when I was a hopeful teacher of English Literature, and he a bright young student, and feel like quoting some lines which are appropriate of him, even as they were of the Duke of Wellington in whose honor Tennyson wrote them:

Not once or twice in our rough island-story,  
The path of *duty* was the way to glory:  
He that walks it, only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self, before his journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples, which outredden  
All voluptuous garden-roses.  
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,  
That path of duty was the way to glory;  
He that ever following her commands,  
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won  
His path upward, and prevailed,  
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining table-lands  
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.  
Such was he.

James Cannon came to his high place of honor by following the hard path of duty, persistently, with self-denial, without desire of praise or fear of blame.

It would require the vision of a seer to forecast the future of the "School of the Prophets." I see no cause to be disturbed over its prospects. Many of the men who have made it successful are still with it. A fine graduate faculty, with the versatile and efficient Dr. Shelton Smith directing their activities, are earning an ever-increasing high place in the esteem of scholars. The practical aspects of the work of the School are well cared for. A curriculum planned to meet the need of all religious workers has been arranged. Its best years lie ahead of it without question. As one who shared in its growth and development, I feel quite content with its prospects for the future.

## CHAPTER XIV

### *The Bells of Duke*

Many of the alumni of Duke University will recall a story which the late President W. P. Few frequently told to graduating classes concerning the sunken City of D'Is. The story appears in the writings of the French author, Ernest Renan, and is to the effect that, at some time in the far distant past, this imaginary city was swallowed up by the sea. But the fisher folk told strange stories of how in tempestuous days the tops of the spires of the churches might be seen in the trough of the sea. When the days were calm, one could hear the church bells giving forth the hymn of the day. Renan observed that somewhere in the depth of his heart there was such a city from which he received messages, calling him to a faith stronger than he would otherwise have. These strange vibrations came to him like a message from another world. In telling this story, Dr. Few expressed the wish and hope that Duke University might be a sort of City of D'Is from which the bells of the yesteryear might sound forth to the alumni, wherever they might be, music, cheering and stimulating them, and holding them true to the call of duty.

Perhaps the reader may be interested in following this fancy further, and thinking of the bells of Duke University as a symbol of the influence of the University in the life of the alumni through the entire world.

A preliminary word as to the history of the bells of the institution may prove of interest to its alumni and friends. The first bell, of which I have any knowledge, came from Old Trinity in Randolph County, and is placed, at present, in a room in the belfry of the Duke Chapel. The bell was formerly used at Old Trinity College and was said to be the property of some member of the Craven family. A few years ago, negotiations were entered into between Duke University and Mr. George B. Craven which resulted in the bringing of this bell to Durham. Mr. S. W. Myatt was instrumental in having it brought and placed in the tower of the Chapel. This was done in 1938. It was made by the McShane Bell Foundry, Henry McShane and Company of Baltimore, Maryland, and is dated 1876. The bell is of rough

material and is about twenty-eight inches across the mouth and approximately the same in depth. It has, of course, never been used since it was brought here, but is kept as a souvenir of the past.

In the old Washington Duke Building at Trinity College in Durham, another much larger bell was suspended in the tower of that building. While I was in college, this bell was rung by C. T. Hancock and Herman Walker. It was a sort of rare experience to go with these boys up into the tower and watch them ring the huge bell. This was rung to wake students in the morning as well as to call them to chapel and other special services. The bell was destroyed in the fire of 1911 and only molten fragments of it remain.

Friends of the Institution bought another bell and presented it to take the place of the one which was destroyed in the fire. This was an even larger bell and was called "Marse Jack" in honor of "Dr. Jack," as President John C. Kilgo was affectionately called by students and friends. The bell was cast by McNeeley and Company of New York, the oldest bell founders in America. Incidentally this was the same company which manufactured the bell which was destroyed by fire. "Marse Jack" was five feet and six inches in diameter and about the same in height, and weighed 6,500 pounds. It could be heard for ten miles around, and was said to be the largest bell in the South at that time. The bell was actually presented to the College by Mr. B. N. Duke and its dedication took place on July 22, 1911. At first it was placed in a tower near the Crowell Science Building but later it was mounted in a steel tower near the Memorial Gymnasium on the Woman's College Campus.

This was the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Kilgo's birth and, in honor of the occasion, the bell was sounded fifty times. Dr. R. L. Flowers presided over the dedicatory exercises. President Few made a short address and Dr. Plato T. Durham read his own poem, *The Bells of Trinity*. The poem is presented below. On the bell, in addition to certain data as to its make, size, etc., there are inscribed two stanzas from Dr. Durham's poem and the names of the four men most influential in the affairs of the college at that time: B. N. Duke, Donor of the bell; William Preston Few, President; William Ivey Cranford, Dean; Robert Lee Flowers, Secretary to the Corporation.

#### THE BELLS OF TRINITY

When weary on the storm-swept hills  
I hush the climber's challenge song,  
And yearn toward the light that fills  
The lotus-blooming vales of wrong,  
A warning song rings out to me—  
The deep stern bells of Trinity.

When bleeding on the battle field  
Where right's uplifting banners go,  
My coward soul would cry, "I yield,"  
And bend before the ancient foe,  
A bugle sound enheartens me,  
The clear brave bells of Trinity.

When standing where the bravest die,  
And scorning falsehoods blazing whips,  
I dare to own my soul and cry  
The truth, e'en tho' with bleeding lips;  
A song of triumph rings to me,  
The sweet grave bells of Trinity.

When far my pathway lies along  
The moorland of the afteryears,  
When life sings low her evening song,  
And all the west a glory bears,  
Then ring your vesper song to me,  
O sunset bells of Trinity.

Today in the tower of the Duke Chapel there is to be found one of the finest Carillons in the country. This Carillon was the gift of Mr. George G. Allen of New York, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Duke Endowment, and the late Mr. William R. Perkins, also of the Duke Foundation. It comprises fifty perfectly tuned bells ranging over four chromatic octaves. The bells weigh from ten to 11,200 pounds, and have diameters ranging from six inches to six feet, nine inches. The Carillon is a product of John Taylor and Company, of Loughborough, England, bell founders since 1360.

There was no formal dedication of these bells. The first recital was given in June, 1932, and was attended by approximately ten thousand people. The recital was given by the famous carillonneur, Anton Brees, who has been carillonneur to the University during the summer months since the Carillon was installed. However the use of the Carillon is not limited to the summer months. It sends forth its notes of beauty and inspiration on frequent occasions throughout the entire year.

It seems to me that there could be no more fitting close to this book than to write about the "Bells of Duke," using these bells as a sort of parable of the extent and nature of the influence of this great institution. I shall use them symbolically, ever mindful of the power of symbols to express ideas and sentiments. Our entire lives are influenced by symbols. The altar has always spoken of suffering and sacrifice. The cross tells of redemptive love. The flag wraps within its folds the loyalty and devotion of a nation. The symbolism of bells

is perhaps the most varied and far-reaching of any known to men. As children we were both thrilled and chilled by the sound of the school bell calling us to play and study. The wedding bells make us all lovers in retrospect or prospect. The fire bell strikes terror to listening ears. The funeral bell tolls the requiem for the dead and forecasts the shadow which must eventually engulf us all.

I think the use of the bells will illustrate clearly the relative and comparative influence of the various stages of this institution. In old Randolph, the smaller bell was heard by students and town folk, strong, clear, decisive, in its call to duty. The larger one in the tower of the Washington Duke Building was of the same clarity but had a wider range of appeal since its strong notes were heard for a greater distance. From the wreckage of its molten remains, emerged "Marse Jack" to carry on an even stronger and louder call to duty as its strong tones pierced the countryside for ten miles around. The Carillon is not stronger, nor louder, nor clearer, nor sterner in its call to duty and service. But it is more diversified, more beautiful, more expressive. There is hardly a shade of expression known to music which it cannot reproduce.

So with Alma Mater: in the earlier days when its influence was greatly limited, its light came forth like "a city which is set upon a hill and cannot be hid." As it advanced in size, wealth and power, its influence was increased also, and its voice became clearer and stronger. Today as a great university, its tones may not be stronger and clearer, but its breadth of influence is more far-reaching, and its richness and diversity of expression is far greater and more beautiful.

It would be both futile and unfair to undertake to make any close comparison of the *old* and the *new* in the life of Alma Mater. Such a comparison would be both artificial and inaccurate. It has been suggested that the old had quality, and the new, quantity; that the old had inreach and the new, outreach; that the old had selectivity and the new, size; that the old had morals and the new, money; that the old had development and the new, growth. The comparison is misleading and inaccurate. For the new has inreach as well as outreach; it has greater selectivity as well as greater size; it has a more thorough development as well as a greater growth; and I believe that it has more morals as well as more money. I think a better statement of the case is that, like the bells, the earlier had increasing strength of tone and simple clarity; while the new has added beauty, diversity and expressiveness.

Using the bells of the Carillon as a sort of symbol of the growth and influence of the University, I shall undertake to analyze the things for which its notes stand. I would remind the reader that there are seven sounds, or notes, in the musical scale, and there will be a like seven-fold series or phases of each division discussed.

*Division I—The Notes of the Scale*

Here there is indicated the seven-fold development of the institution since its beginning.

1. The first note struck is that of Religious Cooperation when Quakers and Methodists joined their forces in Randolph County in their attempt to abolish ignorance, with its consequent evils, from their community. York Institute was established, and Duke University had its simple but significant beginning.

2. The second note rings out and we have the Beginning of Teacher Training in North Carolina, long before those stalwarts, Aycock and McIver, ever conceived of establishing a normal college for the training of teachers in the state. This insistence came from Braxton Craven, the successor to Brantley York, as the head of York Institute. Dr. Craven was a pioneer in the field of teacher-training, and, so far as I can discover, was one of the first North Carolinians to call attention to the desirability of using women teachers in our school system. York Institute became Normal College.

3. Our third note sounds a clear call for the Preparation of Preachers. There had been but little emphasis placed upon the education of ministers in the South. One Methodist minister boldly stated that he thanked God for his ignorance. Whereupon the astute Bishop assured the preacher that he had a great deal for which to be thankful. The average minister had a very meager academic training. Dr. Craven is responsible for the conception of a better trained Methodist ministry in North Carolina. At the session of the North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, held in Goldsboro in 1856, he gave the college to that body. Its name was changed to Trinity College.

4. The fourth sounds forth the call for the Humanization of Education. Hitherto there had been a theory among educators that true education could take place only in splendid isolation. "Where cross the crowded ways of life" was no fit place for the establishment of an institution of learning. Dr. John Franklin Crowell, successor to Dr. Braxton Craven as President of Trinity College, realized with Goethe that character is best developed in the "stream of the world." He insisted that there would be an advantage in moving the institution to a center of population and industry. Town and gown, campus and city, were to have a beneficial influence upon each other. He was successful in persuading those in places of influence to assist him in bringing the college to Durham, and the humanization of education began.

5. Note five rings in the era of Academic Freedom. As has been earlier noted, academic liberty had been badly trammelled in the South. Social prejudice and political expediency had muffled free speech in many institutions. During the presidency of Dr. John C. Kilgo, a test

case was presented in the trial of Dr. John Spencer Bassett for making an untimely statement with regard to Booker T. Washington. Academic freedom went on trial with Dr. Bassett, and a clear-cut and decisive victory was won for the rights of men in halls of learning to present their honest ideas without being throttled by the oppression of public opinion or the tyranny of cheap politics.

6. The sixth note of the scale rings in the theory and practice promoted by Dr. W. P. Few, of the Christianization of Citizenship. Dr. Few was widely influential, both personally and in his public utterances, in bringing moral and ethical influences to bear upon the practical lives of students and other citizens. Under his wise guidance, the institution made rapid progress until its career reached a high peak in the establishment of Duke University.

7. Our seventh note might well be called the Alchemy of Insight and Foresight. Here we have the transmutation of power to personality, materials to manhood, waste to wealth. Mr. J. B. Duke, with an insight of almost uncanny quality and titanic proportions, caught a vision of what could be done with the waste water power of this continent. In several places in America he made experiments with harnessing power and using it for the development of wealth and industry. He stood in the uplands of his native state and saw the great river beds so dry, in times of drought, that but a mere trickle of water found its way to the sea. He watched the water rush headlong down these same river beds, in times of flood, wasting millions of tons of power. What could be more practical and effective than to harness this power and transform waste to energy? The Duke Power Company was born from this vision, and a large part of its vast resources was devoted to the establishment of Duke University.

#### *Division II—The Bells and the Standards of the Church*

A study of the facts will reveal that the Carillon is attuned to the standards of the church and Duke University meets these standards in every detail. Again we have the seven-fold set of notes.

1. The first standard established by the church is that an institution shall place liberal arts at the center of its educational interests. This Duke has done. Even while the institution was a small college, its reputation for excellent work in the field of the liberal arts was nationwide.

2. The second requirement is that there shall be a sound balance between the liberal arts and vocational education. This balance is properly maintained at Duke. In addition to its splendid training in the liberal arts, it has developed to an amazing degree its professional schools, its vocational work such as engineering, accounting, teaching, and other phases of vocational training.

3. The third note sounded by the church, and responded to by the University, is that there shall be academic as well as religious freedom. The first has been proverbial since the days of President Kilgo. The second is manifest in the fact that, while Duke is of Christian and Methodist affiliation, it extends welcome to persons of all religions, and gives each group an opportunity to follow its own religious bent without interference.

4. The fourth statement of the requirements of the church is to the effect that an institution is under moral obligation to maintain institutional integrity. Alma Mater has persistently and insistently demanded a high goal of endeavor, a high standard of excellence, and a creditable degree of achievement.

5. The fifth note calls for the development of personality. This looms large in every activity at Duke University.

6. The sixth note stresses leadership in the field of social thought and activity. Alma Mater is not remiss here.

7. The final note is the combination of education and religion. Like the Rich Young Ruler, without his failures I hope, we can truthfully say: "All these things have we observed from our youth up." For *erudition et religio* has been the motto of Trinity College and Duke University from its early existence.

### *Division III—The Challenge of the Carillon*

An attempt will here be made to show how the Carillon is attuned to academic life as it peals forth the contribution of the institution to culture.

1. The note of Law rings out, and just claim is made that the training of men in that profession is on a high standard at Duke. Persistent efforts have been made to raise that standard above all reproach, to cause the law to be considered a calling rather than a mere profession, and to make the bar a means of service, and not of self-enrichment or selfish promotion. The attempt is made to train statesmen, not shysters. Too long the statement of Mr. Samuel Weller, "The law is an ass," has gone unchallenged. The Duke Law School undertakes to disprove the ancient proverb, "Law is like a cobweb, the big flies break through but the little ones are caught." In addition to the splendid training given in the classrooms, there is signal service rendered the public through a law clinic which helps those who are poor, and unable to find counsel elsewhere, to secure justice in the courts.

2. The note of Medicine is sounded. Again the high ideals of the past are upheld. There is adherence to the Hippocratic oath. Personal needs are placed above professional profit. Thousands of suffering poor receive treatment who could not afford normally to pay the high fees incident to hospitalization.

3. Note three is concerned with Education. Here intellectual culture is stressed, but there is also attention paid to the influence which education is to have upon our civilization.

4. Our fourth note is in the field of theoretical scholarship. There is no cheap and empty talk of learning for its own sake, or scholarship without application or usefulness. Learning is valued largely for the service which it can render humanity. That type of knowledge is most highly valued which is functional in its application and pragmatic in its aims.

5. The fifth note sounds in the field of Politics. For long decades the South was held in the thrall of narrow political influence. For many years, men at Duke have been encouraged to think for themselves in politics as well as in the other realms of human interest. Independence has been encouraged, but cheap mugwumpery has been discounted. On the Duke campus, politics has been liberal and well-balanced.

6. The sixth note pertains to athletics. Athletic activities are prominent and popular but not paralyzing. All branches of athletics are encouraged and developed. Intramural, as well as intercollegiate, sports are stressed. Physical education for the sake of health has been provided.

7. The final note in this division is that of religion. Religion at Alma Mater is local in its emphasis but universal in its scope. Interdenominational and even interfaith cooperation is encouraged, but there is neither belittling nor underrating of denominational interests.

#### *Division IV—The Carillon and Duke Traditions*

One of the most frequently heard statements about Duke is that it has no traditions. This statement reveals a complete ignorance of the true situation. To be sure there are certain types of traditions not to be found at Duke. One is impelled to relate the story of the man who met with an accident which caused his blindness. An operation was performed which restored his sight but resulted in the loss of memory. The surgeons informed the man that he could have his memory and remain blind, or that he could see again at the expense of the loss of memory. He decided that he would rather see where he was going than to remember where he had been. Duke does not face such unpleasant alternatives. She has been somewhere and remembers her past with pride and pleasure while she plans for still further ventures and achievements. There may be no such traditions as the smashing of the beer mugs at graduation as at Maine; the Davie Poplar and the Campus Well as at North Carolina University; or Flirtation Walk as at West Point. This is due in part to the fact that we have changed our main campus three times within shortly over half a century. Old

trees are quite difficult to cart around. It is a well-nigh impossible task to move a well. If this statement is doubted, just try moving one sometime. But Duke has her traditions, nevertheless. Wherever a Duke Co-ed goes, there is Flirtation Walk, and she smashes hearts, not crockery. Our traditions are clear cut, well defined, and well established. Again we sound the seven-fold scale of notes.

1. Note one: Patriotism without Parade. In every war, Alma Mater's sons have done their part. President Craven was an officer in the Civil War. Thousands of students and many professors went from our campus in World War I. Practically every Trinity man who died in that great cause was a volunteer and did not wait to be drafted. In other conflicts involving our nation we have always done our part. In spite of the strong antipathy to militarism and the hatred of war, the Duke Divinity School has sent more men to the chaplaincy of the armed forces than any other seminary in America, in proportion to our number of graduates.

2. Scholarship without Show. I believe that Duke could safely claim to have as many outstanding scholars on her roster as any institution of like size in the land. Yet there is little boasting about their prominence, achievements or greatness.

3. Service without Self-seeking. It is true of the Duke of today as it was in those early days of the "909": the stress is on the work and not on the credit which shall be received for that work when it is done. Men are encouraged to work for the "good of the cause" regardless of their own personal profit or praise.

4. Fun without Folly. There is no lack of wholesome enjoyment at Duke, but there is a minimum of reprehensible conduct in the field of folly. Of course there are always those who act differently from the way their elders would commend. Times are always changing in customs and manners. One of our girls said to me once: "Professor, these young folks are all right. They just don't look at things the way that you old folks look at them. Why, kissing doesn't mean any more to us than shaking hands." To which I replied: "Then don't bother to shake hands with me any more."

5. Spirituality without Sanctimony. I have been deeply impressed by the solid religious character of the average Duke student but there is little of the offensive "holier than thou" attitude on the part of any of them. Character is highly regarded, but cant is without appreciation on the part of any.

6. Victory without vaunting. Naturally elation frequently is shown when signal success crowns the efforts of any of our competing groups, especially in the field of athletics. But Duke normally takes her successes in stride. When she wins, she does not "rub it in," and boast of her prowess *ad nauseam*.

## 7. Loss without Lament, and Defeat without Despair.

These are Duke's traditions. They are not spectacular, but they are deeply ingrained into the consciousness of her students. No more creditable list could be found.

*Division V—The Call and Challenge of the Carillon*

Lest the reader might become lost in a maze of details, I shall not undertake to amplify each of the notes which the Carillon sounds forth in these closing sections. Like the famous passage on the Bells in Tennyson's *In Memoriam* there is the call for the ringing in of the new. Unlike that passage there is no call for the ringing out of the old. As has already been suggested, Duke University strives to conserve all that is good and great from the past, and transmit it to succeeding generations. There is the call for the new in the sense of a demand for ever-increasing progress, improvement and development. There is a demand for the quantitative, but it must be qualitative also. There is the call for liberty, but it must not be confused with license. There is a call for the fundamental, but liberality also must be tolerated. Both petty narrowness and loose liberty are discounted and discouraged.

There is the call of the Wedding Bells, a wholesome insistence upon the respect and regard for the marriage vows as made holy through the long years of sanction of the church, and practice in the highest strata of decent society. The Worship Bells sound out, calling for communion with the highest in the universe, but worshipping not blindly but with head as well as heart. The Joy Bells ring of happiness tempered with restraint. The Funeral Bells sound solemnly and sadly but with assurance that the Christian does not "sorrow as those who have no hope."

It is to be hoped that Duke Alumni will hear and heed the message of the Carillon. What has that message meant to the world? How poor indeed would the world be if that music should cease forever! That music has brought cheer to the countryside, as the Duke Foundation built country churches and parsonages, subsidized salaries, sent pastoral assistance to overworked rural preachers and their needy charges. The music has been heard by the orphanages throughout the Carolinas as the munificence of the gifts of that same Foundation has made possible the enlargement and equipment of those homes for the fatherless and needy. The music has been heard by the superannuate ministers and their families as the Foundation has supplemented the appropriations given by the church for the support of those too old to continue their labor. Thousands of persons, sick and impoverished, have heard with gladness the notes that proclaim a new chance to overcome disease and fight their way back to health and happiness, as the Duke Foundation has made it possible for them to receive sympathetic, scientific treatment in the various hospitals which it has endowed.

It is to be hoped that the call of the Carillon will not fall upon unlistening ears. Duke alumni should be proud of their Alma Mater. It is fervently to be hoped that the bells of Duke, like those of the sunken city of D'Is, may call to them across both the miles and the years, furnishing them strength for life's battles, giving them joy in their labor, and filling their hearts with hope above all the discouraging experiences of life.

## CHAPTER XV

### *L'envoi*

My task is finished. It has been a work of love, marred only by a sense of hopeless inadequacy in paying just tribute to my Alma Mater. For it would be impossible for me to express fully my feelings with regard to her. Once, when a young man, I was foolhardy enough to make the long trip to the bottom of the Grand Canyon and back on foot. No one has even seen this Eighth Wonder of the World at its worst and best until he has made that trip. Seven long miles down to the river; an interminable distance back to the rim of the canyon. The rarefied air, the alkali dust, the steep slopes and rough pathway make an unforgettable impression upon one's mind. Added to this, I found a rattlesnake in my path challenging my passage up the steep hill. Only the accidental presence of a set of miner's tools which furnished me weapons with which to fight him made possible my triumph over man's first foe. That experience will never be forgotten. I was writing an account of my trip for the papers and in order to be sure that I would do justice to this great natural phenomenon, I purposely exaggerated greatly in my description of it. When I had finished, I discovered that I had still fallen far short of a worthy description. That was the only time I have ever deliberately tried to tell a lie about a thing's greatness and failed to tell as much as truth demanded. It is impossible to exaggerate the Canyon's greatness.

So with my Alma Mater. No matter what extravagant terms I might use in describing her greatness, I must necessarily fall short of the truth. Perhaps it is obvious that I am prejudiced in her favor. How could I be otherwise? For more than two-thirds of my life I have worked on her campus, and my entire adult life has been wrapped up completely with her fortunes. She has been to me "my meat and my drink." Wordsworth described his feelings toward nature as "an appetite, a feeling and a love." So have mine been toward Duke.

As I come to the end of the story it is with no sense of sorrow over lost greatness, or any feeling that "the good old days are gone forever." For rather than lament over any imagined fading glory, I am inspired to foretell her future greatness. She has gathered all that is good from

the past and is transmitting it with multiplied greatness to the future. Her ideals are high, her hopes are undimmed, her goals are challenging. Those of us who have come the long distance with her, from her modest existence as a small college to her present glory as a great university, are overwhelmed with both gratitude and amazement by her achievements as well as her prospects. Her alumni may feel sure that her earlier aims and ideals are being carefully safeguarded, and that her future promises a greatness beyond anything of which we have hoped or dreamed. Her affairs are in the hands of men who are as devoted to the cause of education, civilization, and religion as any men who have yet helped shape her destiny. President A. Hollis Edens has already done a "Labor of Hercules" in putting across the great financial drive which he has undertaken. His devotion to the church, his country, and the cause of humanity is equal to that of the other worthies who have headed the work of this great institution in the past. He is surrounded by an able, willing, and enthusiastic corps of workers who will doubtless carry on the plans and programs of Alma Mater to an unbelievably successful future.

Matthew Arnold once described Oxford as "Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely—steeped in sentiment she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages." Duke has no less enchantment, no less beautiful towers, or moonlit gardens, but she whispers of coming greatness and reflects the glory of a rising, not a setting sun.

At the 1952 commencement I was among those who were retired because of the time limit now set upon the tenure of employees here. The last days of my teaching experience were sadly happy days. I was sad that my active work was ended. I was glad that I had been permitted to stay on and teach until my full tenure was completed. On my last class I quoted, as my parting message, the passage from *Ulysses* which Dr. Edwin Mims had required me to memorize as a freshman fifty years ago. But what a difference in the situation! I was then young, and the world lay before me. Now I was old, and my work was done. But I was more nearly like that ancient warrior in my old age than I was when a student. A "newer world" did lie ahead with some possibility, perhaps of doing something yet which might help others. When I came down to Dean Cannon's office, I told him of my experience. He too, had been required to memorize that same passage when I taught him English long ago. Said he: "Quote it again and I will repeat it with you. I have never forgotten it." So in the quietness of his office, he joined his former teacher and his now retiring colleague and went through the entire selection unfalteringly. I repeat it again here because it seemed so appropriate for one to quote who learned his optimism from his dauntless Alma Mater.

"Come, my friends,  
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
 Of all the western skies, until I die.  
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;  
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
 Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'  
 We are not now that strength which in old days  
 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are,—  
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

At the 1953 Commencement, I was accosted by Robert M. (Prep) Johnston, now on the editorial staff of the Chicago *Tribune*, one of the world's greatest newspapers. He told me that he wanted to thank me again for the inspiration he had received from my teaching English poetry so long ago. I related the incident just described in connection with Dean Cannon. "Prep" said: "If you will lead the quotation from *Ulysses* I think I can say it with you also." So we two stood and quoted the immortal lines again, both choking because of the beautifully sad memories of the long ago. I wonder how many of my old boys and girls could quote the poetry now which they learned on my classes more than forty years ago!

The University and my students and colleagues were kind to me upon my retirement. Expressions of appreciation were profuse. I was overwhelmingly pleased and flattered when President Edens, accompanied by Vice-Presidents Jordan and Herring and Dean Cannon, came to my home to present me the Algernon Sydney Sullivan Award, which they were kind enough to say that I deserved for work for which I had expected neither praise nor pay. So many other tributes of appreciation were paid me that I jokingly remarked that there was nothing left to die for. All the beautiful tributes which could be paid a man at the time of his death had been paid me while living. My only prayer is that in my old age I may not do or say anything which will cause embarrassment to the institution which has been such a part of my whole existence.

I feel as did Thomas Hood when he wrote *Oft in the Stilly Night*:

"When I remember all  
 The friends so linked together,  
 I've seen around me fall,

Like leaves in wintry weather;  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but him departed."

I am leaving Duke for the third and last time. But this time I do not weep. For with Wordsworth I have those "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." *Ave atque vale!*

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